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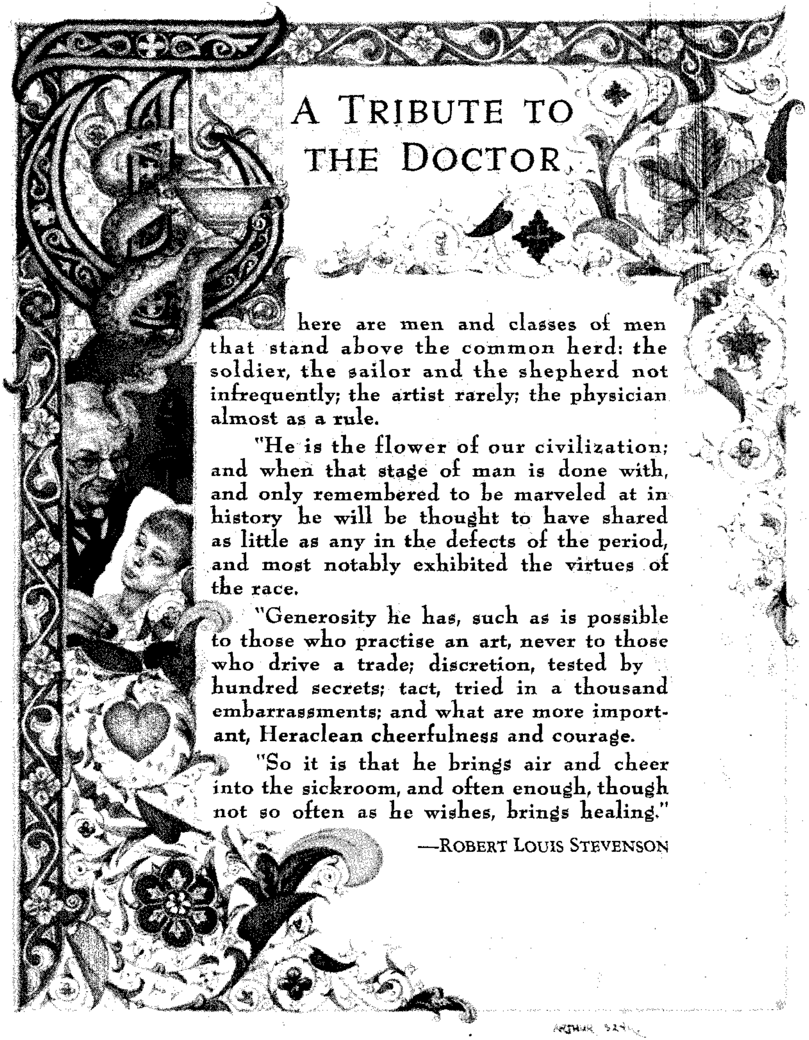
Don't miss:

GOD WAS IN MY CORNER

Barney Ross tells the full inside story of his fight against dope



A TRIBUTE TO THE DOCTOR

There are men and classes of men that stand above the common herd: the soldier, the sailor and the shepherd not infrequently; the artist rarely; the physician almost as a rule.

"He is the flower of our civilization; and when that stage of man is done with, and only remembered to be marveled at in history he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period, and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race.

"Generosity he has, such as is possible to those who practise an art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion, tested by hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Heraclean cheerfulness and courage.

"So it is that he brings air and cheer into the sickroom, and often enough, though not so often as he wishes, brings healing."

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Two great talents—Robert Louis Stevenson and Arthur Szyk—are brought together in this superb illumination of a superb tribute to the medical profession. The doctor ministering to a sick child typifies the heart of human kindness. The serpent is part of the caduceus, or staff—symbol of the physician.

Vol. 23, No. 1 Coronet November, 1947
Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

Can Medicine Make You SMARTER?

by Madelyn Wood

The case of the backward boy was a baffling one. Tests showed that development of his brain had not kept pace with his body. In seven and a half years, his mental age had advanced less than two and a half years. No ordinary treatment would produce results: something special was needed.

A group of pioneering doctors went to work—not with surgery, not with "wonder" drugs, but with a substance called glutamic acid, given in capsule form three times a day. Within six months a miracle had occurred in the boy's brain.

His mental age had taken a tremendous jump, increasing his I.Q. by more than 20 per cent. His mind had made more progress in a few months than it would have made in *four years* at his previous rate of development!

Here was something astoundingly new in medicine. An atomic bomb had been tossed into medical theories about intelligence. In a series of amazing experiments, these pioneering researchers have opened up breath-taking possibilities that may affect you and every other human being in the world.

Medical men are being properly cautious about this major discovery, but it is hard for even the conservatives to restrain their enthusiasm. Although progress hasn't reached the stage where you can walk into a drugstore, ask for a box of "intelligence pills" and generate enough extra brain power to secure a better job or pass an examination, it is no longer fantastic to think about such a possibility.

What is the secret of glutamic acid? Doctors don't know exactly, but they do know that it is linked to one of the world's most amazing substances—a super-powerful chemical called acetylcholine. Right now, a tiny bit of this stuff in your body is enabling your brain to read these words.

Scientists have learned that acetylcholine helps to convey the elec-

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trical and chemical messages that flow through your nervous system. They know that somehow the substance is manufactured in your system and released at the proper moments to accelerate these messages to and from the brain. They know, too, that acetylcholine has to be present to make your nervous system work. And evidently that is where glutamic acid enters the scene, for tests on animals reveal that more acetylcholine is present after glutamic acid has been taken.

Picture your brain as an incredibly complex collection of nerve cells, some 10 to 14 billion of them. Somehow those cells have to be hooked together if your mind is to function properly. Science doesn't yet know precisely how the connections are made, but it is probably a combination of electrical and chemical action.

Find a way to open up new connections, increasing the intensity of the nerve impulses through these connections, and you have gone far toward stepping up intelligence. Today, the most promising method seems to be the use of glutamic acid to increase the production of that magic chemical, acetylcholine.

GLUTAMIC ACID has been known for a long time, but only in the past decade has medicine sensed its super-powers. At the Neurological Institute of Columbia University, Frederick Zimmerman, an eminent medical pioneer, and his associate, Sherman Ross, decided to experiment with rats. The animals would have to thread through a bewildering labyrinth of passageways in a big box, at the end of which was a reward in the form of food.

Half of the normal, healthy rats selected were given daily amounts of glutamic acid. Then, one after another, all the animals were turned loose in the maze. Those which had been given glutamic acid got through the maze in *half* the time. The hint broadened when two researchers, K. E. Albert and C. J. Warden, announced the results of their experiment with rats.

First, they built a problem box that was guaranteed to give even the smartest rat a mental workout if he wanted to eat. Inside were a series of floor plates, and at one end of the box, beyond the plates, food was placed. The rat in the box had to learn that, to reach the food, he must step on the plates in a certain order.

Ordinary rats could negotiate two plates without difficulty and, given time, they could manage a three-plate combination. But no matter how hungry they were, that was the limit of their calculations.

Now to a group of these rats the experimenters fed glutamic acid. What happened? The rats zipped through the three-plate combination with ease. But that was not all. Glutamic acid had obviously done something to their brains, for they went on and mastered the four-plate combination.

These amazing experiments set off a chain of research that may make glutamic acid a name to change human history.

If glutamic acid could do what it did to rats, how about humans? Three medical researchers—J. C. Price, H. Wealsch and Tracy Putnam—tried glutamic acid on petit mal epileptics and found that it not only reduced the number of seizures but helped to ease the patients' mental activities.

Typical was the case of a young man of 25 who had sustained a head injury as a child. He was restless, and subject to anxiety and occasional petit mal epileptic seizures. Twelve grams of glutamic acid a day not only stopped the seizures but increased his physical and mental alertness. Then, after seven months, the treatment was stopped. Almost at once he went back to his previous state.

Next came extensive I.Q. experiments at Columbia, conducted by Zimmerman, Putnam and Bessie Burgemeister. Glutamic acid had raised the I.Q. of rats. It had also helped epileptics. But what would happen when you applied it to the job of raising human intelligence?

For the experiments, the Columbia trio selected a group of children of various ages, from babyhood to adolescence. Many had been suffering from mental difficulties or epilepsy, or both. This provided the researchers with valuable case histories, including complete records of previous mental attainments. Then batteries of tests were given to the subjects—the standard Stanford-Binet, by which most I.Q.'s are rated, the thoroughgoing Wechsler-Bellevue, the increasingly used Rorschach blot test, and others.*

For six months the group was fed glutamic acid and then the tests were given again. This was the day the researchers had been eagerly awaiting. Had anything happened to the minds of these children? Or would the experiment merely prove to be a blind alley?

Here was a boy who had started with an I.Q. of 45. Now it was up to 56. Another boy who had begun with a superior I.Q. of 131 had jumped to 138. The list grew and the figures added up to something startling. The I.Q.'s of every child tested had gone up. Glutamic acid had actually made these children more intelligent!

Apparently this "miracle" substance has the same amazing effects on very young children. Consider the case of a retarded child of two, who had made no effort to walk, talk or even to play normally. Dr. Zimmerman tried glutamic acid. Within a month the child was happily piling up the blocks which she had previously ignored.

Then the treatment began to affect her stomach, so for a time it was halted. Immediately she stopped playing with the blocks and went back to her old lethargy. When the doctors began to give her small amounts of glutamic acid again, gradually increasing the quantity, she soon regained her interest in the blocks and six months later was beginning to walk.

There had been only nine children in the first group tested. The results were so promising that a larger experiment with 69 children of all ages was conducted, again over a period of six months. The larger experiment confirmed the results of the previous investigation. The I.Q. rating of the entire group went up an average of eight points. In terms of mental age, they gained twelve months in six, or twice the normal rate.

After demonstrating to their satisfaction that the experiment worked, the investigators then tried to establish how high the I.Q. could

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*See *Take Your Own I.Q.* on page 131.

be pushed. A study of 30 cases for one year again showed a growth of mental age at twice the normal rate, with an average gain of 11 points in the I.Q. test after one year. However, investigators found that the rate of increase of intelligence was slowing down after one year, even though the doses of glutamic acid were continued, and a definite ceiling over that growth is indicated for the second-year span. Experiments are now being conducted to find out whether or not the effect of glutamic acid is permanent.

A MOST PROMISING feature of glutamic acid treatment is that it can be taken as a powder, tablet or capsule. There are no injections. Nor is glutamic acid a powerful, habit-forming drug. Here, rather, is a substance closely allied to a food product that we eat in one form or another every day. However, it should be administered only under the care of a physician with considerable experience.

There is no standard dosage, and too much glutamic acid may cause insomnia and distractibility. The required dose may go as high as 24 grams daily, or six teaspoonfuls of an insoluble powder.

In nature, glutamic acid is found in a variety of foods, including peas, beans, cotton seed, sunflower seed, gelatin and coconut. In commercial quantities it is obtained from wheat gluten and the waste water from beet-sugar manufacture. More than 100 patents have been granted on methods of extraction since the first was issued in this country to two Japanese scientists in 1912. Thus glutamic acid is a cheap and plentiful substance which could be produced in quantity if needed for the super-project of raising intelligence and for the treatment of the mentally retarded all over the world.

The experiments have dramatically demonstrated something else—the important connection between the way your mind is working and your personality. This does not mean that you have to be brilliant to win friends and influence people, but it does mean that if your six-cylinder mind is hitting on only four cylinders, your attitude toward the world is bound to be affected.

You struggle with physical activities that should be easy, you are frustrated and ill at ease. Yet amazingly enough, glutamic acid has not only stepped up intelligence but has also improved personalities!

Look at what the doctors were able to do for a seemingly normal girl of 16 who just couldn't become adjusted to life. She was sullen, had no desire to make friends or join in social activities, and took slight interest in her school work.

Then she was given 12 grams of glutamic acid a day. Within five months she became smiling, vivacious and attractive. Her marks went up and she plunged into social activities. For the first time she wanted to go to school dances.

One of the youngsters in the Zimmerman-Burgemeister-Putnam experiments was a 12-year-old boy who should have been a happy, active youth. But something was wrong with his mind. The electroencephalograph, a device that records the brain's electrical waves, showed that his brain was not sending out the normal alpha waves. The boy was slow-moving, couldn't concentrate. Sometimes he would lose his sense of direction. When he was nervous, he would stutter.

The experimenters started giving him glutamic acid — two grams, three times daily. Nothing happened. They stepped it up to eight grams, three times a day. This time there were startling results. The boy became alert and active. The nervousness disappeared and his coordination, which had been so poor that he had had trouble even riding a bicycle, appeared normal. School authorities were able to advance him two grades.

Despite the success of such treatments, however, the story of glutamic acid has not yet reached the point where you can buy tablets at the corner drugstore and step up your I.Q. by 10 or 20 per cent. Not yet. Medicine must be given more time, perhaps much more time, to complete its findings in a field that promises widespread benefits to the human race. But meanwhile, doctors are keeping glutamic acid at work on a job that stirs the imagination of even hard-boiled scientists — the job of making people more intelligent.

Juvenile Jive

I WAS SEATED ON A BENCH in Audubon park the other noon when a little chap about five sat down next to me. He was winding what I could tell was his most prized possession, a dollar watch. "My, what a beautiful watch!" I remarked. "Does it tell time?"

"No, ma'am," was the wee fellow's serious response. "You gotta look at it."

—*Times-Picayune New Orleans States Magazine*

* * *

TOMMY HAD A CHARMING and personable manner, which he exercised with telling effect upon little Mary, who sat next to him in school. Unfortunately, he was an indifferent student.

Observing the attraction between the two youngsters, the teacher devised a subtle appeal to Tommy's ambition.

"Tommy," she warned, "you must study harder or you won't be promoted. How would you like it if you had to stay in this class and little Mary got ahead of you?"

"Well," he replied, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."

—MRS. OSSIE BERRY

* * *

TRYING TO REST after an exceedingly hard day, poor father was being bedeviled by an endless stream of unanswerable questions from Little Willie.

"Whata you do down at the office?" the youngster finally asked.

"Nothing," shouted father.

It looked as if the boy had been put off for a while, but not for long. After a thoughtful pause, Willie inquired: "Pop, how do you know when you're through?"

—*Capper's Weekly*

"Mom" Tucker and Her Sudden Family

by **JEANNETTE EYERLY**

She had only intended to cheer a lonely boy in a hospital, but she ended up by opening her heart to three fine sons

ONE EVENING AFTER the dinner dishes were done, Mrs. Lloyd Tucker of Little Rock, Arkansas, took pen and paper and sat down at the dining room table. Never before in her 50 years of life had she written to a stranger. Yet words straight from her heart moved from pen to paper.

"February 1, 1943.

"Dear Al:

"I saw the story about you in the newspaper tonight, saying that you wanted to hear some news from Arkansas . . ."

Mrs. Tucker paused, staring through the window into the darkness outside. All around her was the well-ordered neatness of a home in which a couple lived alone. For a moment she wondered about the urge which had prompted this letter. Here she was, a woman of 50, writing to an orphaned 19-year-old veteran, lying wounded in a naval hospital in Oakland, California. Then with a smile she picked up the pen again.

"I suppose you'll get letters from lots of folks," she concluded, "but not having any children of my own and some time on my hands, I'll write again if you want me to."

As it happened, lots of other folks wrote to Alvin Durboraw. In fact, 2,000 of them. Four hundred more sent Valentines. Another 60-odd sent gifts and boxes of homemade candy. Yet the story responsible for this avalanche of mail resulted from a chance conversation between Alvin and an Oakland reporter.

The reporter, assigned to "cover" the hospital wards, was attracted by the boy with a shock of curly brown hair who lay staring blankly at the ceiling. He asked the boy's name, and whether there was anything he wanted.

Alvin, painfully wounded and homesick for a home he had never known, spilled out his story.

Following the death of his parents, he and his two brothers — Clive and Clifford—had been placed in an orphanage in Fort Smith, Arkansas. Past the desirable adoptive age, people looking for babies passed them by. They grew from awkward, gangly boys into young men.

Then came Pearl Harbor. A few months later, when Alvin reached 17, he enlisted in the Marine Corps and was assigned to the 10th Marine Regiment. Guadalcanal followed. Then Tarawa. But after that, there was no more fighting for Alvin Durboraw. During the landing on Tarawa a Japanese mortar shell struck him, tearing his chest and left arm. For weeks he lay in a hospital on shore. Then began the slow, painful voyage back to the States.

With longing eyes Al watched the mail being distributed to his buddies in the hospital ward. Only occasionally were there letters from his brothers. Like Al, both had enlisted from the orphanage as soon as they were old enough—Clifford in the Air Forces, Clive in the Navy. But it took letters a long time to go from one fighting front to another. And news of faraway places was not news from home.

The reporter felt tears in his eyes as he listened. When he wrote his story about the hospital ward, there was a paragraph about Alvin Durboraw, the orphan boy who was hungry for the sights and sounds of Arkansas.

Out over the wires the story went to hundreds of newspapers. All over the country, people like Mrs. Tucker, struck by the boy's yearning, wrote letters. Ambulatory patients in the ward camped by Al's bedside to see what the day's mail would bring and to help him unwrap packages.

Al, a conscientious boy, became worried. He hadn't done anything, he told his friends, to deserve these wonderful letters and gifts. How would he ever thank people for all they had done?

Anyone would have quailed before the task of writing nearly 2,500 "thank-you" notes. But for Alvin Durboraw it was physically impossible. He was left-handed and, as a result of his injuries, his left arm was paralyzed.

A sympathetic reporter suggested that Al dictate a letter, have it mimeographed and send it to his many friends. Nurses also volunteered to write personal notes, at Al's dictation, to those people whose letters had appealed to him the most. That is why, a few weeks later, Mrs. Lloyd Tucker found a letter in unfamiliar handwriting in her mailbox.

It was from Alvin, as she had known in her heart it would be. It was a stilted, boyish letter, but somehow Bertie Tucker was able to read between the lines. She went into the house, got pen and paper and started to write. This time she knew exactly what she wanted to say.

A NURSE WROTE ALVIN's next letter to Mrs. Tucker. And the next. The fourth one, however, was in a new and shaky handwriting. Alvin's right arm was beginning to take the place of the left. And, for the first time, he asked for something. Would she mind if he called her "Mom"?

There was a new briskness in Mrs. Tucker's step, a new brightness in her blue eyes. Mr. Tucker, chief dispatcher for the Rock Island Railroad, was gratified. Never before had he seen his wife so well and happy. Then on Easter morning a florist's box came to the door. Alvin Durboraw had sent his "Mom" an orchid.

The letters kept coming. Mrs. Tucker pieced together bits of information until it seemed as if she had known this boy all her life. Then again Al made a request. The hospital had granted him a 30-day furlough and he planned to return to Arkansas. Would it be all right if he called on the Tuckers?

Mrs. Tucker took care of that request in a hurry. She said that if Al had no other plans he should spend his entire furlough with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker met him at the station. Out of all the uniformed boys stepping off the train, she would have known him—even if it hadn't been for the left arm hanging by his side. Here was a cheerful face with a wide grin, a shock of curly brown hair, a strong right arm to hold her close.

The Tuckers took him home to the guest room that had been scrubbed and polished. There was a roast in the oven, purchased with precious red stamps, there was a banana pie (the kind Alvin had said he liked best) and there were cookies in the cupboard.

Soon the hollows in Al's cheeks began to fill out: he lost his hospital pallor. Freckles appeared once more. Mrs. Tucker baked and cooked and washed and ironed, happy in making Alvin happy.

Before the boy returned to the hospital, he shyly asked Mrs. Tucker if she would write to his brothers. Her letters had meant so much to him that he wanted to share his happiness with Clive and Clifford.

Her answer was a smiling "Yes." Letter-writing came naturally to Mrs. Tucker now. She had had lots of practice. And besides, her heart was big enough to "mother" two more lonely boys.

Twice more Alvin was granted furloughs, and twice more he came back to the Tuckers. Then the day arrived when he was given his medical discharge from the Marine Corps, and he came home for good.

The hearts of Bertie and Lloyd Tucker opened to meet him. The spare bedroom was no longer the "guest room"—it was Alvin's.

ONE NIGHT THE TELEPHONE rang. Mrs. Tucker heard a voice that sounded curiously like Alvin's—although Alvin at that moment was asleep upstairs.

"Mrs. Tucker, you don't know me, but I'm Clive."

Mrs. Tucker's heart skipped a beat. "Where are you calling from, Clive?" she asked.

"San Diego. My ship just got in."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, nothing much, I guess," Clive said. "I just wanted to thank you for your letters. They've been swell."

Now Bertie Tucker's voice was firm. "Clive, I don't want you hanging around out there in San Diego. You just come on home."

Clive came.

For ten days Mrs. Tucker cooked and baked twice as much as before. Clive looked something like Alvin. Perhaps he was a little more happy-go-lucky and, she had to admit reluctantly, just a shade neater. But he had the same wistful look about his eyes.

It was a wrench when Clive had

to leave, but Mrs. Tucker made him promise that when he received his discharge from the Navy he would come "home" too.

A few months later, the Tuckers and Al were again at the station to meet Clive. And again Mrs. Tucker cooked and marketed and laundered for a family of four. But still she wasn't satisfied. She kept wondering about Clifford, the "baby."

Then word came from San Antonio that Clifford had a furlough.

"Come home," Mrs. Tucker wired. And Clifford came.

Then Mr. Tucker began to worry a little. He thought that perhaps his wife was doing too much. But when she started complaining, like all mothers, about the "mess" the boys made and how many shirts she had to launder, he knew that everything was all right.

Life settled down to a peaceful but busy routine. Clifford returned to camp. "Dad" Tucker got Clive a job as an apprentice railroad telegrapher "down the line"—but close enough so he could get home week ends. And Al, under the GI Bill of Rights, enrolled at college.

His left arm is still paralyzed, but the Tuckers don't notice that any more. Apparently neither do the girls, who keep the phone busy.

Mrs. Tucker wonders what she used to do with her time. Before she had her "family," her principal worry was whether it would rain on wash days. Now, like all mothers, she worries about the boys.

At 22, Alvin hasn't decided definitely what he wants to do in life. But if his present ambition is realized, the Tuckers will have a minister in the family.

Not long ago a friend Mrs. Tucker had not seen for years came to call. Soon the front door slammed and Al came into the living room with a pile of textbooks.

Mrs. Tucker smiled and turned to her friend. "I'd like you to meet my son, Al."

Al greeted her, then went to the kitchen for the snack that always awaits him when he comes home from school.

A look of bewilderment passed over the friend's face. "Why, Bertie," she said. "I didn't know you had any children! I thought . . ."

"I have *three* sons," Mrs. Tucker said. "Al's the oldest. Then there's Clive. And then Clifford. He's still in the service."

Before the friend could reply, the telephone rang. Al's strong young voice called out, "Hey, Mom! It's for you!"

With a look of quiet triumph, Mrs. Tucker went to answer it.

True, Isn't It?

THEY SAY THE WORLD is round, and yet, it must be square; so many little hurts we get from corners here and there. We flatter those we scarcely know, we please the fleeting guest, and deal full many a thoughtless blow to those we love the best.

—*Walker Log*

GEORGE SPERTI'S

House of Wonders

by NORMAN CARLISLE

Teamwork is the keynote of a Cincinnati laboratory whose amazing achievements have touched your life; and back of it all are the vigor and genius of one man

TAKE A CHEMIST, a physicist, a biologist and a botanist, give them a scientific problem to work on together, and one thing is certain: you should get some spectacular results.

Now go a step further. Make their project a determined assault on cancer, the master killer which takes 171,500 American lives a year. Give them everything they need to work with and inspire them with fanatical loyalty to a director. Then you will have an idea of what is going on today in the laboratories of the Institutum Divi Thomae in Cincinnati.

One of the most unusual scientific organizations in America, the Institutum is as remarkable as its name. On a commonplace level, it is probable that the Institutum is already affecting some phase of your daily life, from the orange juice you drink at breakfast to the sun lamp that gives you wintertime tan. On the level of great scientific achievement, the Institutum can point to accomplishments in an incredible variety of fields—medicine, physics, biophysics, biochemistry, nutrition, botany, zoology and genetics.

To picture the Institutum, visualize an organization with huge laboratories in Cincinnati and 14 others scattered through 11 states. Picture a group of scientists at work on subjects as far-ranging as the activity of a guppy's liver, an improved bread-toaster and the ever-present menace of cancer.

Envisage these men, whatever their project, working together with little formality and much enthusiasm, and you will have a picture of everything but the spark plug of the Institutum, its equally fabulous head and founder, George

Speri Sperti. His is a story that goes back to a day when Dean Herman Schneider of the University of Cincinnati received a delegate from the scholarship committee.

"You've got to do something about George Sperti," the professor told the Dean. "He's brilliant, but if he doesn't pay more attention to his work, we won't be able to let him graduate."

The Dean sent for Sperti. "George," he asked the stocky young man, "why haven't you been going to classes?"

"I've been too busy," Sperti answered. "You see, I'm working on an electric meter."

Whereupon the student launched into an enthusiastic description of a meter to measure kilowatts, volts and amperes in huge quantities for big industrial concerns. Schneider's eyes lighted. Top engineering brains had long been wrestling vainly with just such a complicated meter. Now this student seemed sure he had the answer.

"So you really think you can measure electricity better than all the experts?" he demanded.

"I know I can," Sperti answered.

"Well, if you can do that," the Dean promised, "don't worry about the scholarship committee."

A few months later the meter was finished. It worked, and a big electrical company hastened to offer Sperti $5,000 down on a $50,000 contract. But Sperti turned it down: he wanted to do research, he said. So instead of a big salary he accepted a tiny $500 scholarship in what some people thought was a wild scheme of Dean Schneider's.

The Dean had long believed that a group of scientists in varied fields should get together on a program of basic research. But the first group that he had picked couldn't agree on a project. The attempt was a failure. Now the Dean wanted to try again. Could Sperti assemble a research group that would work? Sperti thought he could.

There was little to start with—just a room in the basement of the physics building and no equipment. But there was something else there, far more vital than equipment. Young George Sperti had the ability to inspire loyalty: he could make men work as a team. It was this special genius that led to the far-flung scientific enterprise that Sperti, at 47, runs today.

Knowing that the big scientists had failed to work together, Sperti forgot them and rounded up a group of zestful young science students. First, he wanted to find out how lights of different energies affected living organisms. So the brilliant group of youngsters went to work, with no air of weighty scientific doings.

They laughed and played practical jokes. When anybody had an idea, he expounded it. Maybe it was crazy, and the others tore it to pieces. Maybe it made sense, and with a whoop they rushed off to test it. Soon their unorthodox efforts added up to a new kind of teamwork. Science had dropped off its pedestal and become fun.

Before too long the researchers found that they could use some kinds of light to kill bacteria. Here was a discovery with plenty of practical applications. For instance, you could preserve foods by using a filter to kill the enzymes that cause fermentation. Or by filtering out certain kinds of light and admitting others, you could increase the vitamin-D content of foods without the usual harmful effects.

By this time, Sperti was getting offers of grants and gifts, but he turned them down because he saw a better way to raise money for further experiments. Why not sell the patents of the Basic Science Research Laboratory of the University of Cincinnati? Soon a food manufacturer offered $300,000 for a part interest in the filter patents. Other companies were eager to buy other laboratory developments.

With some of this money, the University moved Sperti's Basic Research into a handsome building. Glittering laboratories replaced the battered facilities that had served Sperti's eager workers so well. Then the Depression came. Worried University officials informed Sperti that funds were short. Some of his researchers would have to go.

Sperti pleaded with the officials in vain. Then he fell back on a plan which he had developed with his friend, Father Cletus Miller (now Monsignor). They took it to Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati.

Could they help to secure funds for a research organization that would be independent of the University? Before long, said Sperti, the organization would pay its own way. To the Archbishop, the idea of a scientific organization sponsored by the church seemed sound, and that was the beginning of the Institutum Divi Thomae.

Today, there is the Institutum itself; the Graduate School of Scientific Research of the Ohio Athenaeum; the Institutum Divi Thomae Foundation, fiscal agent for the Institutum; and Sperti, Inc., the company that produces much of the Institutum's income by marketing the patented products that emerge from the laboratories.

Besides the main laboratories in Cincinnati, there are 14 others in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, New Jersey, New York, Florida, Texas, Minnesota, Kansas, Pennsylvania and Louisiana. The roster of scientists in them grows continually as more young men and women enter the organization. But to get to the top, an Institutum scientist goes through rigorous training.

When he arrives fresh from college, he is made an assistant and for a year performs minor jobs. If he has aptitude, he becomes an associate. The next three years he must prove his ability by conducting a research project of his own. If he is really good, he then rates a Fellowship. More years of work must follow before he is named a Member, permitting him full use of the Institutum's facilities.

Sperti hasn't forgotten the *esprit de corps* of those early days in the basement. The atmosphere of the laboratories is still one of easygoing informality in which the scientists casually talk about their work. Once a week formal discussions are held, and there is an annual meeting at which the scientists from all the laboratories get together in Cincinnati to tell colleagues about the year's accomplishments.

WHEN SPERTI GOT his chance to go ahead with the Institutum after its formation, one big subject challenged him at once. Why not tackle cancer, the killer that absorbs the attention of so many great medical researchers? Since cancer is a result of peculiar cell behavior, Sperti approached the problem thus:

"Let's find out everything we can about how all kinds of cells behave under all possible circumstances. In that way, we're bound to hit on something."

When the young researchers of the new Institutum swung into action, naturally they went back to the work of their predecessors. Among them was a German scientist, Otto Warburg, who had started by studying the amount of oxygen consumed by the cells of sea-urchin eggs, an impractical-sounding occupation. Successful here, he asked himself: how about cancer cells? And when he tried his little respirometer on them, he made the striking discovery that they used less oxygen than normal cells!

After further investigation, he concluded that when normal cells suddenly change their normal oxygen consumption, they become malignant. Investigate this situation, reasoned Warburg, and you might discover the cause of cancer.

But unfortunately for Warburg (who subsequently won a Nobel Prize for his work with enzymes), the scientific world found that his conclusions didn't add up to much. There were too many exceptions. So his work was tossed out the window by leading scientists.

But not by Sperti. In his research into cells, this "breathing" was something that needed further study. Among other things, he wondered what would happen to the oxygen consumption of dead cells. Would they stop using oxygen at once?

Onto a test tube of yeast cells, the researchers projected a wavelength of light which they knew would kill a given number of cells. Now, theoretically, the oxygen consumption should drop in proportion to the number of cells killed. But the researchers killed half the cells in the tube and *oxygen consumption doubled!*

Sperti considered this strange turn of events. Those cells were dead, and they weren't breathing oxygen. So now into a tube of dead cells they dumped a tube of live cells. The oxygen consumption of the living cells doubled!

Here was something terrific. Something in those dead cells was being released — something that stimulated the living cells. Sperti pictured this something as minute chemical units, to which he gave the name "biodynes," from the Greek *bios* (life) and *dyne* (force).

Now the Institutum scientists proceeded, in the course of thousands of experiments, to prove that the biodynes had more than one capability. One biodyne family had the capacity to stimulate oxygen consumption, another to stimulate cell growth, still another to affect the method by which cells use sugar.

When the researchers separated the dead cells from the liquid in the tube, they discovered that not the dead cells, but the cell-free liquid, contained the biodynes.

Sperti remembered an experiment that had failed in the Institutum's early days. John Fardon had been tinkering with the notion that extract of spleen might be a means of combating cancer. He and Sperti thought they were getting somewhere when they injected spleen extract into mice into which they had transplanted cancers. The number of mice in which cancers would not grow plummeted to 14 in 100 as compared with the normal level of 80!

Now the proper course was to separate the spleen extract into its protein substances to find out which one had caused this striking effect. But when the separate substances were injected into the mice, their susceptibility to cancer *rose* sharply. Fardon and Sperti were licked.

Now the explanation was suddenly clear. In the early experiments they had literally thrown away the mysterious substance that was saving the mice. The lifesaving substance, made up of what he now called biodynes, was in the liquid, not in the proteins that they had so carefully separated.

Sperti and his workers plunged into a series of experiments with mice and rats that lasted eight years. They did wonderful things with these rodents, developing resistances to cancer with injections of biodyne-containing substances.

Then, one day, a nun working in the laboratories was terribly burned when some ether exploded. Fellow scientists smeared a greasy substance on those burns. Instantly the terrible pain stopped and the burns healed without a scar. What was the ointment?

It was a compound containing great quantities of the biodynes known as intercellular wound hormones, which are discharged by injured cells to help uninjured cells build new ones. It was made, quite simply, from injured animal livers and respiratory biodynes from yeast, combined with a greasy base.

The ointment performs a double task. It relieves pain, although Sperti himself does not know why, and it helps to build new tissue. An amazingly effective burn remedy, it has been used in thousands of severe cases with great success.

THE BIODYNES HAD proved their effectiveness in one form of therapy—but what about cancer? Have Sperti and his co-workers found a new weapon with which to conquer the dread disease?

Sperti himself says he doesn't know. There is still so much to be done. But he is optimistic, for no one can deny that we now know much more about what makes cells act the way they do.

Meanwhile, ideas and inventions are pouring from the 15 busy laboratories of the Institutum Divi Thomae. Sperti, Inc., now a fabulously successful company, manufactures and markets a host of appliances, including a portable sun lamp, a device that kills germs on drinking glasses, and an air sanitizer which is widely used in hospitals.

Through the drug division of Sperti, Inc., biodynes ointment is on the market as a treatment for burns. For women whose skin pores are clogged by cosmetics, there is a biodyne cream that helps tiny cells to get their proper quota of oxygen.

Not content with electrical appliances and drugs, the sprawling organization is already one of the world's largest manufacturers of animal feed yeast, the high-protein food derived from a brewery waste product. And in Florida, Sperti Citrus, Inc., is employing a new process of freezing orange juice in concentrated form. Just add water, and you get fresh juice.

As the list of commercial products grows, Sperti himself concentrates on the broad scientific achievements of the Institutum. He is glad to see the companies that bear his name succeeding, but he remains aloof from commercial activity; he does not own a single share in the Sperti enterprises.

Although he could be a rich man, George Sperti has turned down all offers of financial reward. Instead, he is satisfied with seeing his dream of scientific teamwork come true—a dream that began in a basement laboratory where a lack of scientific equipment was more than balanced by a restless spark of genius.

Let Us Give Thanks

MORE THAN THREE hundred years ago a pilgrim colony came out of a winter of suffering and privation; a tiny band of men, women and children who braved a new world. And a governor named Bradford said, "Let us give thanks."

Nearly a century and a half later, a man named George Washington turned to a nation born out of a crucible of pain and sacrifice to say: "Let us give thanks."

Seventy-five years later, a man named Abraham Lincoln came out of a long night in which a people and its destiny were caught in a valley of crisis. And he, too, chose a day in November for a day of thanksgiving.

Today we look out on our world, and somewhere perhaps a voice, wearied by burdens, whispers: "What have I for which to give thanks?"

"What thanks shall I give?" asks a gray-haired man of 70 who faces old age, which should be a sunset of tranquility but instead is a nightmare of want and privation.

For what shall we give thanks? For life itself. In a cool November twilight a woman, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, looked back 75 years—years burdened by sorrows. And yet she was able to say: "To live is to be thankful; to know night and day, and changing seasons, to hear golden laughter, and even to weep softly—just to be alive is to be thankful."

For what shall a man give thanks? For glad laughter; for the child who walks beside him, and in whose eyes a great light shines; for grass and trees and water and sunshine, the rustle of oak leaves, and the friendly bark of a dog; for neighbors and friends, and strangers too, who pause in a teeming, turbulent highway called Life to remind us that it is good to live.

Pity him who weighs his blessings by counting what he holds in his purse. Pity him who cannot feel a real exultation and a deep humility as he says, "I will give thanks because I am alive in a free America!" For in that is the root of gratitude . . . the principle of divine law.

—*Zephyrs*

Sure Cures for THE BLUES

by **William Moulton Marston**

When despair and turmoil beset you, follow these recipes for inner peace

When I was a student in Boston Psychopathic Hospital, I saw a case I shall never forget. A man lay on his back on the floor, his face livid, his eyes fixed and staring.

"I can't breathe," he kept muttering. "I can't move. She's got me down—I'm helpless—*helpless!* My wife's sitting on my chest!"

The deluded fellow's wife, who I am sure had not made a habit of sitting on his chest, had nevertheless divorced him some years before. This started the husband's blues. When he encouraged these silly emotional invaders, depression naturally followed—and a mental hospital became his ultimate haven. There he could wallow in his false, introverted, egotistical intoxication, until he had truly made himself "helpless."

Actually, this unfortunate victim of self-delusion was "sitting on his own chest." An extreme egotist, he had prided himself especially upon his fatal attraction for women. When his wife left him, he fell into an equally egotistical obsession with his own colossal failure. Either way, this great I AM was absorbed utterly in himself and his own self-dramatized experiences.

The blues are really egotistical impostors. And because we are all egotists at times, we all occasionally have the blues. Hence the big question is: how to get rid of them?

What you must do is forget yourself—escape from your little world of inverted ego and realize that your woes, in reality, are small and unimportant. Once you have distracted your attention from exaggerated self-pity, you can heed some stimulus outside yourself which will bring you back to normal.

Different people accomplish this

objective in different ways. Bing Crosby, for example, tells me that his favorite prescription for escaping the blues is trout fishing.

"The ideal situation," says Crosby, "is achieved with a small trout rod and a mountain stream. The weather doesn't matter and whether the fish bite or not is of no consequence. I can become completely absorbed. Business problems, personal difficulties, home and mother, dinner, everything leaves my mind and all depression disappears. I'm entirely happy again."

Of course, it takes freedom from financial cares to follow Bing's prescription. Most men cannot rush to the uplifting atmosphere of trout streams and mountains whenever they wish. But—anybody can take a week-end walk in the country, for there are woods and fields and brooks and hillsides within easy reach of any town in America.

At my home in Rye, New York, only 26 miles from the largest city in the world, you would never know that urban turmoil existed. Looking at the trees and grass and flowers, it is hard *not* to forget yourself and your egotistical despair.

"My method of dispelling the blues," writes Gladys Swarthout, "is to head for my place in the country. I find the greatest relaxation in being surrounded by the quiet, green, peaceful atmosphere of a Connecticut farm. In fall and winter, sitting before a large log fire in a rustic fireplace soothes my nerves and makes me see the rosy side of life again."

The favorite depression cure of Dr. Ernest Martin Hopkins, recently retired president of Dartmouth College, is a Crosby-like fishing trip in the big woods. But frequently, Dr. Hopkins tells me, he finds extended absence from his office impossible.

"Then my resource is reading," he says, "and the more exciting the book, the more immediate and effective its antidote."

Still another method of getting outside oneself is preferred by one of America's great financiers, Herbert Bayard Swope. "I contemplate various forms of suicide and find myself unable to decide which is best," he says. "After this mental exercise, I am less blue and thus less inclined to self-destruction."

Mr. Swope is a realist, treating himself with the same relentless objectivity that he shows toward an ailing corporation. If a company sinks too far into the red ink, a sound businessman considers the advisability of liquidating it. But if, after due consideration, he cannot clearly see that liquidation is to his advantage, he rejects all destructive plans and sets about curing the sick concern instead.

As a consulting psychologist, I have found a blues remedy always at hand—concentrating on other people's problems. This cure carries a double benefit—it compels the self-sick consultant to think exclusively about someone else; and it reminds him that others have personality troubles worse than his.

But you don't have to be a psychologist to find surcease in service to fellow humans. Representative Mary T. Norton of New Jersey, chairman of the important House Committee on Labor, runs away from herself to hospitals.

"We all have moments," Mrs.

Norton says, "when we are depressed. My solution has been to visit those who are ill in a hospital. I have always come away with a feeling of grateful appreciation for my own blessings."

Try this method of dispelling the blues next time they attack you. You can always find someone to help—a friend in a quandary, an ill person or invalid who needs human companionship, a mother who never gets out because she can't afford a baby-sitter.

While I lay in bed terribly depressed by a long illness, an amazing number of friends cured their own blues by lightening mine. Not that this was their motive—they came to see me out of the goodness of their hearts. But many of them told me: "I was feeling pretty low when I came to see you—now I feel fine again. You certainly do cheer a person up!"

Perhaps you prefer animals to humans as objects of beneficence. Emily Kimbrough, co-author of *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, keeps a "dog room" for blue moments. Inviting a dog to the combing table, she clips and brushes his tangled coat, untangling her own ego kinks simultaneously.

"The lick of a dog's tongue against my hand," says Mrs. Kimbrough, "is a reassuring message of trust and affection—one that dispels my own vexations."

Milton Caniff, the comic-strip artist, often finds himself prey to worry and depression over his subjectively created creatures, like Steve Canyon and Copper Calhoun. When this happens, he tries his own cure for the blues:

"The most pleasant diversion for anyone tied to newspaper-strip production is to join some pleasant gathering of people, all of whom are avid followers of your work and who are willing to praise it as long as you care to listen. This is truly a diversion, since up to now all such praise has been just a thought in the mind of the promotion manager of my syndicate."

The modest Caniff tries to be self-deprecating, but I suspect he has attended many adulation parties of the sort he describes.

And that gives you another method of "getting off your own chest." Instead of trying to forget yourself, try to remember your own abilities and triumphs. It doesn't take a whole roomful of people to remind you of your merits—one or two well-chosen admirers will do.

The big executives in Hollywood employ their fabulous army of yes-men principally for this purpose—to remind the master of his fame and glory. Cinematic egos are notoriously well-developed, and self-induced depressions in the Front Office are correspondingly frequent and profound.

Now it is erroneously supposed

William Moulton Marston, late author, psychologist and originator of the lie-detector test, taught and lectured at several leading universities and colleges, including Radcliffe, Columbia and the University of Southern California. Drawing on his years of experience as lecturer, teacher and consulting psychologist, he wrote widely for scientific and general publications, and was the author of several books, among them *Emotions of Normal People* and *Try Living*. This article is one of the last things he wrote before his death a few months ago.

that the yes-man's function is to agree with his chief's ideas and thus encourage him to put his plans into action. But a movie mogul will do that anyway. He needs the yes-man to remind him, when his ideas go haywire, of previous occasions when his plans met colossal success.

You may not be able to afford a trained corps of yes-men, but you probably have at least a few friends who honestly believe that you are a pretty swell person. These are the people to see when you want to convert your blues into self-confidence.

Finally, there is one infallible cure which you can enjoy if you are a rugged character—hard physical labor. Senator Leverett Saltonstall, former Governor of Massachusetts, enthusiastically advocates this method. Says he: "When I feel depressed, I go to my farm and join in the work of the day—haying, painting, cleaning up—and then take a horseback ride. After the healthful exercise, I sleep well again with an easy mind."

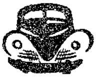
There is always plenty of physical work to do when your mind needs refurbishing. You can clean your car, run your vacuum cleaner, mix an angel-food cake, clean up the cellar or repair the furniture your children broke yesterday.

Kathryn Forbes, in her book, *Mamma's Bank Account*, says that her mother, when problems overwhelmed her, got down on her knees and scrubbed the floor.

An editor I dare not name keeps a midget racer (which hasn't run for years) in the basement. When the blues get him, he spreads the engine all over the cellar, then puts it together again. One snort from the reassembled machine lifts his ego to a rosy and normal level.

It doesn't matter so much what you do when you are depressed—as long as you *do something*. Don't let that imaginary weight on your chest get too heavy or you will need a psychiatrist to help you lift it.

That mischief-making ego of yours is like a small boy calling attention to himself by playing sick. Just give him a healthy dose of bitter medicine, and the next time Child Ego will be glad to have you concentrate your attention on somebody else.

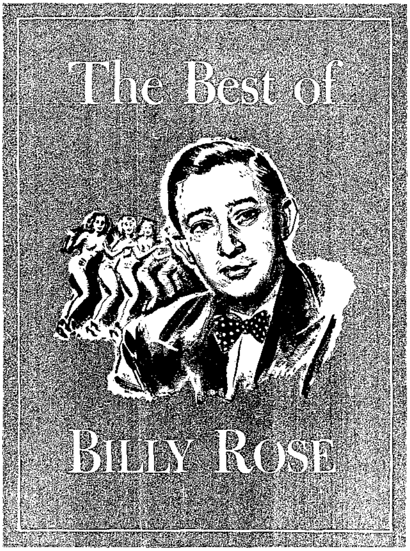


Of Men and the Law

When the police arrested a paroled auto-thief for speeding in a stolen vehicle he explained that he had taken the car because he was late for an appointment with his parole officer. —Simpson M. Ritter

A Texas man appeared in Court of Justice and asked for an order evicting him from his home. He explained his landlady wanted the place but was reluctant to get tough about it. —Harold Helfer

The Best of Billy Rose



Here are some vignettes of the American scene, gleaned from the column of one of today's most imaginative writers

Wherever you are, Mr. Maxwell, I forgive you.

For 35 years, I've hated you. I started hating you the day I went to work in your drugstore back in 1912. When I answered your "Boy Wanted" sign, you looked me over as if I were a sore throat and offered me $2 a week to help out around the store after school.

For months I washed bottles, ran errands and aired Mrs. Maxwell's pooch. More than anything else, I swept the sidewalk. You were always handing me a broom and telling me, "Sweep up outside!"

Yes, I always hated you, Mr. Maxwell. Until the other day. . . .

I was up in Washington Heights and wanted to call the office. I stepped into a smallish drugstore and said to the man behind the counter, "Give me two nickels for a dime, please."

When I finished the call, I remembered a couple of letters Eleanor had given me to mail. I didn't have an odd penny so I handed the druggist a $10 bill and said, "May I have two three-cent stamps?"

The druggist counted out my change. After I licked the stamps my mouth felt gluey. "May I trouble you for a glass of water?" I asked. As he walked behind the soda counter, I could tell from his shuffle he had misery in his feet. When he handed me the glass, he sighed. "At least you haven't got a baby. Some customers want me to mind their brats while they shop down the street."

This druggist reminded me of you, Mr. Maxwell. Same patchy hair, same watery eyes, same steel-rimmed specs. Maybe that's why my tone wasn't exactly friendly when I said, "You make a good living, don't you?"

"I suppose so," shrugged the pharmacist, "if you call this living. I work 16 hours a day and sleep over the store. Last night a fellow rang my bell at 2 A.M. When I came downstairs he asked for a dime's worth of bicarbonate for his indigestion. I told him he had a heck of a nerve waking me when a glass of hot water would have done as well. 'Thank you,' he said, putting the dime back in his pocket. 'Then I won't disturb you.' "

"A wise guy," I said.

"I get a lot of wise guys," said the druggist. "In the old days a druggist sold drugs. Today he has to stock up on everything from liverwurst to helicopter parts. If the customer asks for a tablet, I've got to guess whether he has a headache or wants to write a letter.

"On top of everything, a lot of lady customers have stopped buying medicine. A good-looking psychiatrist has opened an office a gallstone's throw from here. He diagnoses your case by feeling your purse. But he's young, and now the girls are convinced their sicknesses are all mental."

At that moment, a skinny kid came in, walked back of the soda counter and started fixing himself a marshmallow sundae.

"Get away from the ice cream," barked the druggist. "Take the broom and sweep the sidewalk!"

"I swept it an hour ago."

"Sweep it again!" thundered the druggist.

I had had enough. I bought a pocket comb I didn't need and left.

As I was saying, Mr. Maxwell, wherever you are, I forgive you. . . .

* * *

Roy McLean was a newspaperman with a lopsided grin and a trick memory for trivia. Whenever the make-up man was stuck for a three-line filler, Roy would rummage in his head and tell him the Gotthard Pass in the Alps was the longest tunnel in the world, or that the crocodile's teeth are picked for it by a little bird.

One thing in Roy's mind, however, didn't come under the heading of trivia. Her name was Jan Morrison. She was a photographer's model, and to do her justice, this piece would have to be printed in Technicolor.

Back in '33, Roy fell in love with her at a cocktail party between the first and second Martinis. Over the third, he asked her to marry him.

"You're a sweetie," she said, "but I'm not ready to give up my seat on the merry-go-round. Besides, I'm leaving for Hollywood next week. Got a year's contract with Paramount."

Roy was down at the station to see her off. That night, he wrote her the first of 365 letters. On the day she got the 365th, Jan was packed to go back to New York. All she had to show for a year in Hollywood was a sun tan and a few jiu-jitsu holds she had learned saying "No" to assistant directors.

Roy was waiting for her at Grand Central and taxied her to her apartment. "What's new in the old town?" she asked him.

"You," said Roy. "I know an aisle nobody will be using next Sunday. How about marching down it with me?"

"Thanks for the offer," said she. "But I've been away a year, and I have a lot of catching up to do."

Roy smiled. "You've been away a year. There's a new crop of chicks in town. Your old playmates have a lot of new phone numbers in those little books."

"Maybe so," said the cover girl, "but I wrote some of the old bunch I was getting in today and I'll bet you my phone rings a dozen times tonight."

"I'll bet you," said Roy quietly, "but let's make the bet interesting. Will you marry me if nobody phones you for a date by midnight?"

"Done and double done," laughed Jan.

"Wrong numbers don't count," said Roy. "I'll be around to collect my bet at midnight." He picked up his hat and left.

Jan began unpacking. A few minutes later the phone rang.

"Is Mrs. Tannenbaum there?" a rasping voice asked.

"Wrong number," snapped Jan.

By the time she finished unpacking, it was 7. "Pretty late for a dinner date now," she told herself. "I suppose I'll have to settle for the theater."

She laid out the Adrian gown she had brought back from California and sat down at her dressing-table mirror. The face that had sold a hundred carloads of tooth paste looked back at her. She smiled—and then the smile cracked. What was that near her eyes—a wrinkle?

She picked up a book and started to read. Then she slammed it shut. The clock told her the curtain was going up in 30 theaters.

She decided to take off the Adrian gown and keep it fresh. In the closet, she found an old bathrobe and put it on. Back at the mirror, she took a long look.

"Some glamour girl!" she said. "In this bathrobe, you could understudy Lionel Barrymore."

From an apartment down the hall, Jan heard a cocktail shaker and the beginning of a party. She began to cry.

Suddenly a thought hit her. How sure was she of Roy? That new crop of chicks—did he have their numbers in his book?

At 12, the bell rang. She ran to the phone, then realized it was the door. She opened it, and fell into Roy's arms—bathrobe, tears and all.

They drove to Maryland and got spliced that night. I've seen them around town for the last dozen years, and they look as happy as two kids in a jam closet.

But I wonder if Roy ever told Jan this interesting bit of trivia? Back in 1934, if you dialed a phone in New York and then kept your receiver off the hook after the other person had hung up, the other person's phone was dead to incoming calls.

◆

I HAVE A CLIPPING from the Pittsburgh *Press* that tells a story of great courage. But the news item depresses me. Before I tell you why, let me give you the story.

Two kids were playing on a street in suburban Pittsburgh. Jimmy Boustead, 8, was poking around a storm sewer when he slipped and fell into the black water. The current swept him underground toward the Allegheny River, a few hundred feet away.

His chum, Lawrence Wildi, 10, heard his scream. His grade-school mind did some college-professor thinking. He sprinted to the next sewer opening and dropped into the evil-smelling stream below. This despite the fact that (a) he couldn't swim, and (b) he didn't know whether the water was three or thirty feet deep.

Fortunately, it was only up to his waist. In a few seconds Jimmy came tumbling out of the darkness, struggling weakly. Larry grabbed Jimmy's shirt and held on. Then he hollered. Grownups pulled the two sprouts back into the sunlight.

How about that for nerve!

But sometimes I wish millions of kids like Larry Wildi weren't so all-fired brave; then they couldn't be sold on the Big Blood Bath every couple of decades. You couldn't strike up the band and get them to go singing onto a battlefield where the new grass barely covers the old scars.

I read the other day that a youngster will shortly get into a rocket plane and try flying faster than sound. I applaud his courage, but I can't help wishing more people were more afraid of the things there are to be afraid of.

That way, what a little girl once said might come true: "Some day they'll give a war—and nobody will come."

* * *

ONCE UPON A TIME a Little Girl named Margie Ottendorfer saw Katharine Hepburn in a Movie called *The Philadelphia Story*. From that very day, she Talked like Hepburn, Walked like Hepburn and Fixed her Hair like Hepburn.

Margie's Mother didn't like it One Bit when she started Wearing Slacks around the house and Putting her Feet on the Furniture. After Margie saw *Woman of the Year*, even Spencer Tracy couldn't have Told the two Katharines Apart, at least over a Telephone.

Now it came to pass, in this pale imitation of a George Ade Fable, that the Big Faceless Corporation for which Margie ran a Billing Machine scheduled her Annual Vacation the first week in June. The Corporation's Mr. Frobbinjay suggested to Margie that June in Atlantic City was Delightful.

"Sounds dinky," said Miss Ottendorfer, and went home to pack. But, alas, Atlantic City was Not as Mr. Frobbinjay had Painted it. The Lifeguards had just begun Cultivating their Sunburns. None of the Gentlemen Guests at the rooming house where Margie was staying had the Long, Lean Look.

The Last Lonesome Day of her vacation, Margie saw a Man by the Water's Edge. She knew At Once he was The Man. She made her way across the Sand toward Him, and then Oh-So-Casually spread her Beach Mat.

The man looked over and Promptly lost interest in the Ship on the Horizon. He lit a cigarette, let it Dangle from his mouth. Simultaneously, he let himself get a little Round-shouldered and his head Jutted forward.

The name on Our Hero's social security card was Hugo Wister, but Inside, where it Really Counted, he was Humphrey Bogart. And he had been Humphrey Bogart ever since the third reel of *Casablanca*.

He Slouched Over to the girl in the White Bathing Suit. "Hiya, Slim," he Growled. "You're rushing the season, ain'tcha?"

Margie gave him the Cool Up-And-Down. "Hello, there," she replied, in Hepburn's best Man-to-Man Manner.

For the next two hours they Talked. Margie told him about her Nanny, the Stag-Lines at the Cotillions, and the Darling saddle horse her Uncle had given her when she was Eleven. Hugo Blew Smoke in Margie's face and told her about the Rum-Running around Key West, the Gambling Joints in North Africa, and Paris The Day the Nazis marched in.

At 4 o'clock, he Kissed her Hard. Margie Liked It, but the Bogart

Frontal Attack confused her. She couldn't remember Hepburn and Bogart in the Same Picture and she wasn't quite sure what to Do.

Hugo tightened his Fingers around her wrist. "Want to see you some More, Slim," he said. "You and me—we're off the same Assembly Line. How's about Dinner? There's a Trap down on Connecticut Street with a piano man who only plays on the Black keys."

"Sounds dinky," said Margie. "Suppose you meet me in the Lobby of the Traymore around 8. I'll put the 'Duchess'—that's Mother—to bed Early."

"Check!" said Hugo Wister. He gave her the Short Jab to the Arm and walked away.

Margie spent 55 Minutes on her hair-do, getting it to look Casual. Then she took out of her valise the Man-Tailored Suit she had already packed for Going Home Time.

The house detective at the Traymore Blinked when the young man Slouched In with his hat pulled over His Eyes, and his fists Deep in the Pockets of a Bogart-type Raincoat. Margie was Thrilled, but she did wish he had Worn a Tie.

Their next Four Hours together were Right Out of *Keeper of the Flame* and *The Big Sleep*. After Three rum cokes, Hugo had the piano man play *My Wonderful One*. As they Danced, Margie found she liked it Fine when he held her A Little Too Close.

At Midnight, he said, "I'm Blowing this Town tomorrow. Got a Little Chore to do in New York. What's your phone number, Kid? Might invest in a Call some Rainy Night, if I thought it would Pay Dividends."

Margie Choked on her Chiclet. Then she pulled herself together. "Isn't that a Coincidence?" she improvised. "I expect to be in New York this summer Myself. And just for the Devil of it, I've taken a Job at the Consolidated Edison Company. In the Billing Department. Extension 3185."

Hugo grinned, and then he Kissed Her. But this time like Wister, not Bogart. "By a Strange Coincidence," he said Gently, "I can Also be reached at the Consolidated Edison. Repair Department. Extension 3472."

And They Lived Happily Ever After.

Moral: why be yourself, when there are so many better personalities available?

All the News . . .

An English cub reporter, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details and warned to be brief, turned in the following:

"A shooting affair occurred last night. Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest at Lady Penmore's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a highball, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, and finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets and all that sort of thing."

—West Point *Pointer*

Special Feature

100 Great Books for ALL TIME

READING is one of life's deepest and most rewarding joys. When we read great books we share the romance and adventure, the lives, thoughts and attainments of great men and women. But only a scholar can find his way about in the crowded treasury of books. The rest of us need some kind of a key to the gems of literature. To supply this key, the editors of Coronet present, on these pages, a list of great books drawn from the opinions of such literary authorities as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Arnold Bennett, Will Durant and Christopher Morley, as well as from schools like St. John's College and Columbia University. This list, illustrated by Sheilah Beckett, is a guide to fine literature. Here is an invitation to pleasure—brimming with life, gleaming with eternal truths.

The list of 100 books on the following pages, exclusive of editorial comment, has been taken from *Have YOU Read 100 Great Books?* published by Jasper Lee Company, New York 7, N. Y. Copyright 1946.

RENAISSANCE
MIDDLE AGES
ROMAN
GREEK
EGYPT
SHAKESPEARE

CONFESSIONS

BACON'S ESSAYS

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

The Education of Henry Adams is an autobiography which shows the effect of the industrial revolution on the leisure classes.

Winesburg, Ohio. In a series of short stories, Sherwood Anderson lays bare the secret lives of people in a Midwest town.

The Confessions of Saint Augustine — one man's progress from disbelief to faith in Christ.

The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus—what a Roman killer of Christians thought of goodness.

Pride and Prejudice—a vivacious story of life in 18th-century England, by Jane Austen.

Essays of Francis Bacon. These 16th-century thoughts about men and their problems are still vital today.

Father Goriot by Honoré de Balzac — a story of ungrateful daughters and the sorrow they brought a father who loved them.

The Rise of American Civilization—Charles and Mary Beard's incisive history of America.

Looking Backward — Edward Bellamy's novel of a 19th-century man who wakes up in 2000 A.D. to find socialism in America.

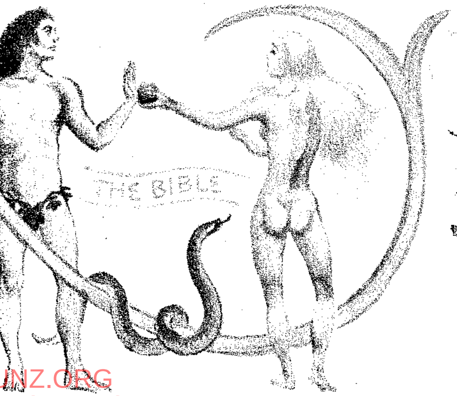
The Bible, in Old and New Testaments, is our civilization's deepest source of inspiration and divine faith.

Wuthering Heights—a story of inflexible will, wild love and haunting cruelty, by Emily Brontë.

The Flowering of New England by Van Wyck Brooks is a refreshing history of New England's rise to literary greatness.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND



ORIGIN OF SPECIES

HISTORY OF GREECE

DON QUIXOTE

Lavengro by George Henry Borrow — a scholar finds romance and adventure among the gypsies of 19th-century England.

The Life of Samuel Johnson by James Boswell is one of the world's most intimate biographies of a great man.

The Old Wives' Tale by Arnold Bennett—the lives of two sisters from girlhood to disillusioned old age.

The History of Greece—John Bagnell Bury's story of one of the greatest of ancient civilizations.

The Way of All Flesh by Samuel Butler—a satire on family life in the days of Queen Victoria.

The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini—the life of a passionate artist in 16th-century Italy.

My Antonia — a farm girl symbolizes Nebraska's hardy pioneer women in this story by Willa Cather.

Don Quixote by Miguel de Cervantes, written 400 years ago, is probably Spain's most famous novel.

The Canterbury Tales—Geoffrey Chaucer's robust, enticing stories-in-verse of England in the 1300s.

The Nigger of the Narcissus is Joseph Conrad's tribute to the brave men and stout ships of his beloved seas.

The Origin of Species by Charles Darwin—a basic blueprint for modern theories of evolution.

Robinson Crusoe — Daniel Defoe's immortal gift to adventure fiction.

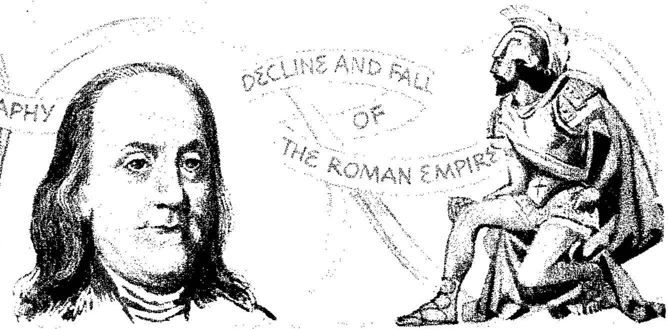
The Pickwick Papers is one of Charles Dickens' most charming stories concerning England in the 19th century.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

CANTERBURY TALES

PICKWICK PAPERS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
ADAM BEDE


DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

DISCOURSES

The Discourse on Method by René Descartes is a 17th-century discussion of scientific research.

U.S.A. by John Dos Passos—a fictionalized criticism of modern America.

The Brothers Karamazov by Fedor Dostoyevsky is a gripping tale of life in Czarist Russia.

Complete Sherlock Holmes — Arthur Conan Doyle's famous detective stories.

Adam Bede — George Eliot's tragedy of a man's love for a vain woman.

The Dance of Life—Havelock Ellis' pioneering theories about sex.

Essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson—the philosophy of a New England immortal.

Discourses of Epictetus—a first-century philosopher puts his trust in will power.

History of Art by Elie Faure—the story of man's artistic development.

The Federalist — essays on our Constitution by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay.

Tom Jones—the amorous adventures of a foundling, by Henry Fielding.

Madame Bovary — a love story that shocked France, by Gustave Flaubert.

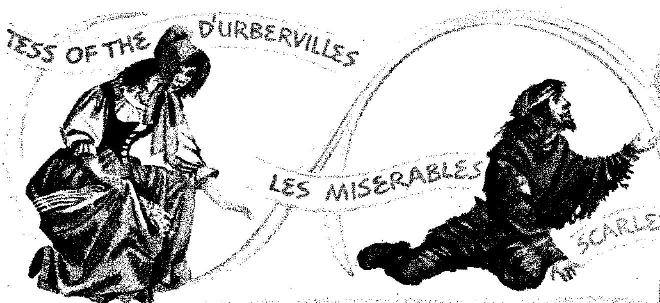
Penguin Island — Anatole France's witty satire on the customs of his time.

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin — a delightful look at a great man's life.

The Golden Bough by Sir James Frazer is a study of religion's foundations.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire—Edward Gibbon links the ancient world with our own.

MADAME BOVARY
HISTORY OF ART



SCARLET LETTER

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft — the imaginary diary of a poor scholar, by George Gissing.

Faust — a play by Johann Goethe symbolizing man's struggle with the Devil.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles by Thomas Hardy—when a girl searches for her family background, she finds tragedy.

The Scarlet Letter—Nathaniel Hawthorne's story of a woman who paid for the sin of adultery.

Herodotus' History — a 2,400-year-old book filled with absorbing facts about the ancient world.

The Leviathan — an outline, by Thomas Hobbes, of the duties of a government toward its people.

The Odyssey—Homer's ancient, epic poem of a mighty Greek adventurer.

Green Mansions by W. H. Hudson is a tender tale of a man's unearthly love for a forest sprite.

Les Miserables by Victor Hugo—an ex-convict's struggle to re-establish himself despite the law.

The Turn of the Screw by Henry James is a tale of terror in the nursery.

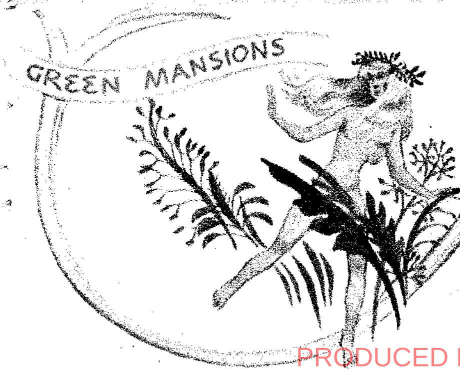
The Principles of Psychology by William James—a basic text in its field.

Mysterious Universe is Sir James Jeans' thrilling story of the heavens.

The Poems of John Keats—some of England's loveliest romantic poetry.

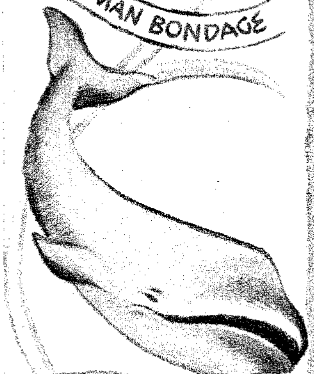
Soldiers Three — Rudyard Kipling records the adventures of British army men in steaming India.

The Essays of Elia—gentle reflections on life by Charles Lamb.



MORTE D'ARTHUR

OF HUMAN BONDAGE



The Short Stories of Ring Lardner — stories full of the humor of plain Americans.

The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci—a great artist's amazing scientific discoveries.

Babbitt by Sinclair Lewis is a Nobel Prize winner's story of a typical Midwestern businessman.

The Antiquity of Man by Charles Lyell proves that man's life on earth is millions of years old.

The Prince by Niccolo Machiavelli is a classic on 15th-century politics.

Morte d'Arthur — Sir Thomas Malory's epic work on the legend of King Arthur.

Essay on the Principles of Population by T. R. Malthus—how population changes affect our lives.

Capital — Karl Marx's theory of communism.

Of Human Bondage — an exciting story of love, by W. Somerset Maugham.

Short Stories of Guy de Maupassant — some of France's finest fiction.

Moby Dick — the mighty story of a whale hunt, by Herman Melville.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel by George Meredith —the tragedy of a man who leaves his wife to please his father.

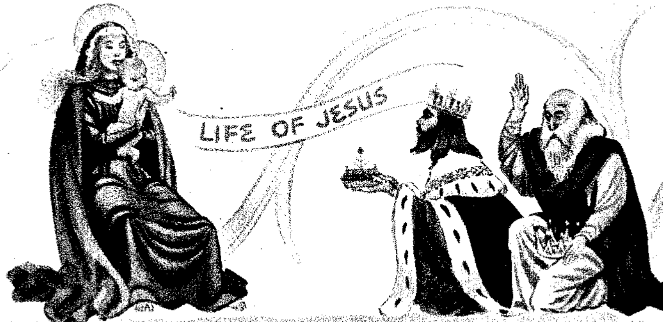
John Stuart Mill's Autobiography records the life of a prodigious thinker.

The Spirit of Laws— an 18th-century Frenchman's theory of government, by Montesquieu.

Thus Spake Zarathustra — F. W. Nietzsche's philosophy of the "superman."

MOBY DICK
SHORT STORIES

ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL



JEAN-CHRISTOPHE

McTeague by Frank Norris—a man's life is ruined by his wife's greed.

The Oxford Book of Verse—a collection of the finest in world poetry.

The Rights of Man—Thomas Paine's arguments in support of America's theories of liberty.

The Diary of Samuel Pepys is a vivid picture of English life in the 1660s.

The Dialogues of Plato—thoughts about life by a philosopher who was born 428 years before Christ.

The Tales of Edgar Allan Poe—America's first great mystery stories.

Flowering Judas and Other Stories by Katherine A. Porter—intensely dramatic tales of the South.

Gargantua and **Pantagruel**—Francois Rabelais' stories of lusty giants.

The Cloister and the Hearth—a fictionalized picture of medieval Europe, by Charles Reade.

All Quiet on the Western Front by Erich Maria Remarque is probably the best book on World War I.

Life of Jesus by Ernest Renan is a French classic on Jesus Christ as a man.

Jean-Christophe—a penetrating study of a musical prodigy who rose to fame, by Romain Rolland.

The Social Contract by Jean Jacques Rousseau—a treatise on government.

Ivanhoe by Sir Walter Scott—an adventure tale of medieval England.

Candida and **Man and Superman**—two of George Bernard Shaw's best plays.

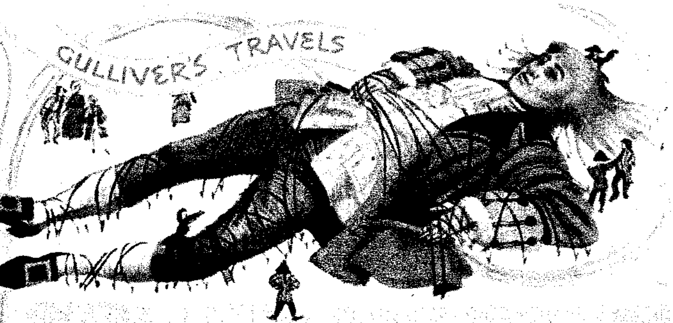
The Jungle—Upton Sinclair's hard-hitting novel about meat packers in Chicago around 1900.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

PEPY'S DIARY

SHEILAH BECKETT
ST. THOMAS AQUINAS



The Plays of William Shakespeare — poetic drama combined with keen understanding of human nature.

Ethics by Benedict de Spinoza — a philosophy which pointed out that virtue is its own reward.

Weir of Hermiston — an unfinished novel by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of *Treasure Island.*

The Grapes of Wrath by John Steinbeck—a modern novel about migratory workers in California.

Gulliver's Travels — a biting satire on life in 18th-century England, by Jonathan Swift.

Henry Esmond — a portrait of English society in the 18th century, by William Makepeace Thackeray.

Treatise on God by St. Thomas Aquinas demonstrated, for perhaps the first time, that faith in God could be justified with logical reasons.

Walden is Henry Thoreau's philosophical tribute to the beautiful New England countryside.

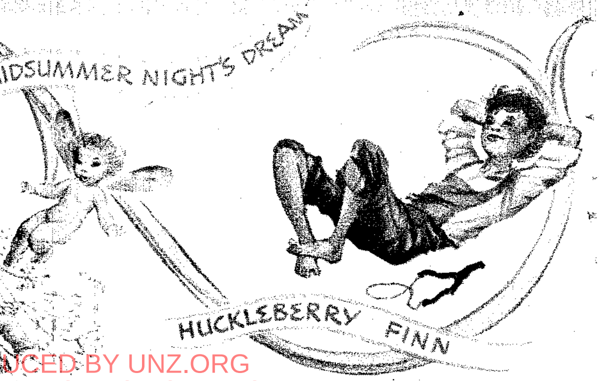
War and Peace — Lyof Tolstoy's powerful epic about Napoleon's invasion of Russia.

Huckleberry Finn — the spirit of the American boy captured with unequaled charm by Mark Twain.

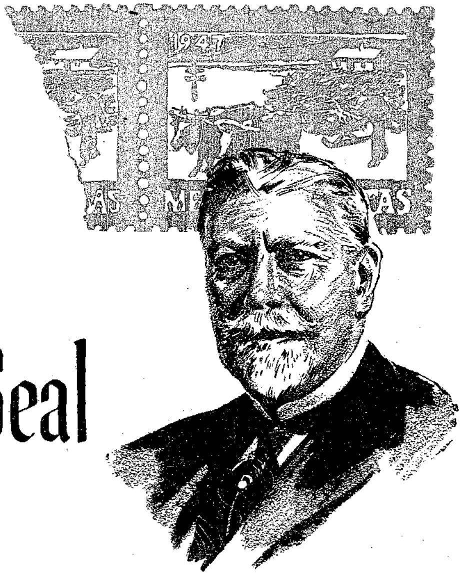
Candide is a French classic of satire and wit by the great Voltaire.

Tono-Bungay by H. G. Wells—a man finds that money cannot ease the unhappiness of a life devoted to sham.

Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman—a collection of robust and vigorous poems dedicated to democracy in America.



How Einar Holboell, a Danish postal clerk, started a crusade to wipe out tuberculosis



Father of the Christmas Seal

by **Fred J. Ostler**

A RAGGED NEWSBOY darted through the throngs milling about in a Philadelphia post office and dashed up to a booth where Christmas Seals were being sold. Standing on tiptoe, he pushed a precious penny across the counter and demanded:

"Gimme one. Me sister's got it!"

That was in 1907. The newsboy's sister had tuberculosis, a scourge of mankind since the dawn of civilization. How, in the last 40 years, millions have been saved from this ancient killer by a tiny stamp, is a tender story of a humble man and the great crusade he launched one wintry night in Denmark.

Just 44 years ago, Einar Holboell, a Copenhagen postal clerk, was stamping letters that carried cheery Christmas tidings. As the letters flowed beneath his fingers he suddenly warmed with an idea. He whispered it to fellow clerks, they mentioned it to customers. The customers told their neighbors. Soon the news rang through the winding streets of all Copenhagen.

The idea was simple enough. Einar Holboell knew, because he was that kind of man, that there was much suffering among the tubercular children of Denmark. Hospitals were pitifully few. Why not sell special penny stamps to be used on Christmas mail, and devote the proceeds to building a children's hospital?

The good news spread swiftly until it reached the throne of King Christian IX of Denmark. The King, too, was enthusiastic: Holboell's idea would be tried, and the likeness of the late Queen Louise would adorn the stamps. Thus the first Christmas stamp was born.

That Christmas, more than 4,000,000 letters carried the stamps of Einar Holboell. Business firms placed the tiny sticker on outgoing mail, and letters which failed to bear the stamps were frowned upon.

In 1904, Sweden adopted the idea; two years later, Norway. Without flying banners or flashing swords, a great crusade was on the march, its only weapon a "Merry Christmas."

IN 1904, DANISH stamps appeared on letters reaching this country and one of them caught the eye of philanthropist Jacob Riis. He had good reason to know about the scourge of tuberculosis, for it had killed six of his brothers. In a magazine article entitled "Christmas Stamp," he deplored the needless loss of life in America through tuberculosis, and urged adoption of the Danish stamps.

It would be pleasant to report that America was aroused to fight a dread foe that was taking a toll of 150,000 lives a year. But response was feeble. A few doctors were interested, likewise a few hospitals, but most people just shrugged. They were hoping for a miracle cure. What could a penny stamp accomplish?

Then into the scene stepped Emily Bissell, secretary of the Delaware Red Cross. Miss Bissell was worried about the impending fate of an impoverished sanatorium on the Brandywine River. It needed only $300 to stay open. But when she knocked on doors for funds, they were closed against her.

After many discouragements the despairing Miss Bissell recalled Jacob Riis' article. With spirits suddenly soaring, she sketched a wreath of holly with the words "Merry Christmas" in the middle—the design for America's first Christmas stamp. Now the public would heed her appeal!

Enthusiastically she set out to test the idea—and once more bumped into a wall of indifference and ignorance. Tuberculosis was incurable, she was told. Why fight it? Businessmen smiled. Raise $300 penny-by-penny? Ridiculous!

But Miss Bissell was possessed of great patience. She coaxed a printer into producing 50,000 stamps on credit, and wrung permission from the postmaster to put the stamps on letters. Soon women's clubs and shopkeepers, schools and civic groups began hearing about tuberculosis, and how lives could be saved merely by saying Merry Christmas with stamps.

Miss Bissell had made a breach in the wall. On December 7, 1907, the great day arrived. A counter was set up in the Wilmington post office, and the first Christmas Stamp sale in America was under way.

Again, it would be pleasant to report that sales spiraled. But despite the fact that the tuberculosis death rate in Delaware was one of the highest in America, too many people hurried by with only a glance at the counter.

The tireless Miss Bissell, convinced that the stamp held the key to conquering tuberculosis, went to Philadelphia and stormed the office of the *North American*, the city's leading newspaper. Surely, thought Miss Bissell, the Sunday editor would listen to her. He did. But when she had finished, again she received a heartbreaking "No."

Swallowing her disappointment, Miss Bissell walked slowly away. Then, on a whim, she stopped at the desk of a staff writer to tell him she liked his column, "The Optimist." After chatting a few moments, she showed him a sheaf of stamps and began explaining. And the same spark that ignited Einar Holboell and Emily Bissell struck fire in the Optimist. Snatching the stamps from her hand, he slammed into the office of the editor-in-chief.

"Here's a way to wipe out tuberculosis!" he shouted.

"What do you mean?" snapped editor E.A. Van Valkenburg.

The Optimist explained rapidly.

The editor thought for a moment. Then orders crackled. "Tell Miss Bissell the *North American* is hers for the holidays. Give this your whole time. Take all the space you need. Ask her to send us 50,000 stamps by tomorrow."

At last, a great campaign was on: front-page stories about the stamp, endorsement from civic, religious and political leaders, from Teddy Roosevelt, Secretary of State Root, Secretary of War Taft, and Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. The great crusade was marching with banners flying.

Soon, from the city and its suburbs, came spontaneous reaction. Offers to buy and to help in selling poured in. Everyone bought the stamps—gladly, happily. Thirty thousand stamps—enough to make up the hospital deficit of $300—were sold two days after they arrived. One city had learned how to fight the White Plague.

But Miss Bissell and her co-workers were already planning for a national drive. Smiling at publicity experts who predicted a fiasco, she won the support of the Red Cross for a coast-to-coast Christmas Seal program in 1908. Stamps started to roll from the presses by the millions. The drums for the great nation-wide campaign began to beat. But would the people of America buy?

The answer came swiftly. Forty-eight hours after the national sale began, Washington headquarters of the Red Cross had to hire 20 clerks to handle orders. The *North American* again led the publicity, headlining the sticker as a daily news feature. The first year's sale netted $135,000, and a nation-wide war on an ancient enemy was under way. Last year's sales soared to a new high of $17,000,000.

WHERE DOES THE MONEY go? Ninety-five per cent of it remains in the individual state for carrying on tuberculosis control work. The other five per cent goes to the National Tuberculosis Association to finance a year-round research program and to aid the work of thousands of tuberculosis associations in all 48 states.

Each year's sale is conducted on a mammoth scale, involving designers, artists and thousands of volunteer workers. Seals are shipped to Puerto Rico, Hawaii and other U.S. possessions, and the plate for the seal has been given to many countries, including England, Bermuda and Newfoundland.

Each new design is carefully selected; sometimes 18 months elapse before one is approved in detail, even though the work is done by such top-notch artists as Rockwell

Kent, Steven Dohanos and Thomas M. Cleland.

Stamp collectors are keenly interested in each new design, and catalogues, covering Christmas Seals exclusively, are issued for philatelists. A single Holboell original, by the way, is worth $5. And some sheets of the early Delaware stamp bring as much as $500.

The identifying feature of the Christmas Seal is its famous double-barred cross, official symbol of the National Tuberculosis Association. Appearing for the first time in 1919, it is a modification of the Lorraine Cross, emblazoned on the standards of the ancient Crusaders.

Just what have Einar Holboell's seals accomplished? Has the long battle against tuberculosis been worth while? The record shows that through lean and fat years, through two great wars, the fight has reduced the death rate from 188 per 100,000 in 1904 to 36 per 100,000 in 1946, a total saving of millions of human lives.

One writer has said: "When some future historian tells how this plague was laid on the shelf . . . he will have to say it was killed by Merry Christmas."

Einar Holboell died in 1927. But he lived to see the seals erect sa toriums and homes for boys ar girls. He was decorated by th kings of three countries. At the tim of his death, 45 nations were usin Christmas Seals to fight a commo foe in one of mankind's greate international movements.

But the battle is not yet won. Holboell's crusade will march on until the menace of tuberculosis is wiped out—until the day when no one, anywhere, need place a penny on a Christmas Seal counter with the words:

"Gimme one. Me sister's got it!"

Wise and Otherwise

He makes you feel more danced against than with.—*Pipe Dreams* . . . There are two periods in a man's life when he doesn't understand a woman. Before marriage and after marriage . . . Once in a while you see a man who doesn't want any more money. He's usually holding a lily.—*Buffalo Evening News*

Every man has his day. The pedestrian has the right of way in an ambulance.—*Anaheim Plain Dealer* . . . Romance, like a ghost, eludes touching. It always is where you were, not where you are.—A. CURTIS . . . Lettering on the birdhouse in an East 80th Street garden: "Home Tweet Home."—*Caravan*

"He's just a second-rate writer—sort of a Heming-and-hawing-way.—MICHAEL BARTLETT . . . One more good man on earth is better than having an extra angel in heaven. —*Chinese Proverb* . . . He: "Do you mind if I snap off the light? I freckle easily."—*Peterson Wingspread*

He's the sort of man with whom one should eat, drink and be wary.—PHYLLIS KIEL *in Stats* . . . The man who saves money today isn't a miser, he's a wizard.—*Mutual Moments* *by* **J. D. Ratcliff**

AMERICA'S INDOOR PLAYGROUND

Whether staging a fight or concert, a circus or walkathon, New York's Madison Square Garden takes everything in stride

There isn't a place quite like it anywhere on earth. One night it will entertain the noisy Communist brethren, out to remodel the world to their liking. Next night the quiet white-tied elegance of the horse show takes over.

Year in and year out, it is headquarters for the leather-lunged fight mob, the goal of every college basketballer, the scene of track meets, dog shows and Ringling's circus. The place, of course, is New York's Madison Square Garden, indoor sports capital of the country.

The Garden could hardly escape having a distinctive personality, for it is capable of lightning-like shifts of mood. It can be loud and brawling at a hockey game in the afternoon, reverent and subdued for a memorial meeting at night. It is giddy to the point of insanity with a dance marathon, and studiously rapt at a Toscanini concert. With no apparent effort, it shifts from the cold perfection of a Sonja Henie skating exhibition to the dreary exhaustion of the walkathon.

Each year, some 6,000,000 people enter this cavernous pile of smudged buff bricks, seeking entertainment. During the "season" — which is practically continuous year-round —the Garden is booked solid. In point of attendance, the circus was last year's greatest draw, with 1,000,000 people attending its 90 performances. Next came basketball, boxing, the rodeo and hockey, in that order. The Patrolman's Ball, the Lenin Memorial and a roller-skating carnival played one night each.

Providing mass entertainment on such a scale puts gray hairs in the heads of the Garden's 150 permanent employees and its 500 floaters. To them the Garden is "Rickard's Sanitarium"—with a bow to the late Tex Rickard, sports promoter who built the place in 1925.

Quick scene changes cause constant headaches at the Garden. On a typical day recently, there was an afternoon hockey game that ended at 5:30. At 8:30, a basketball game was scheduled, allowing less than three hours to strip ice from the arena and lay a wooden floor.

The hockey players might not have known it, but refrigeration in the ice was shut off 20 minutes before play ended. And before the game was over, hot brine surged through refrigerating pipes. Within half an hour an electric scraper was clearing ice from the terrazzo floor and pushing it into a steam tank for melting. Trucks started rumbling in, loaded with floor-sections for the basketball court.

Though the ice often contains an additional 300 pounds of paper, glass, straw, peanut shells and other refuse, getting rid of it is a quick process. Making it, however, takes longer. There is a network of brine pipes under the Garden's floor. When three compressors have chilled the terrazzo floor below freezing point, four hose men start spraying water. It takes about six hours to make the half-inch film of ice needed for a skating exhibition or hockey game.

Dirt is a bigger problem than ice for Garden attractions. The rodeo, circus and horse show require a six-inch coating, but since it is virtually impossible to get dirt out of New York City's concrete hide, the Garden has its own inexhaustible supply, stored in a vacant lot on East 37th Street.

Suppose there is boxing on the eve of the National Horse Show. Workmen are dismantling the ring before the last customers have left. A line of trucks, loaded with dirt, are waiting outside. Once they have dumped the coating, it must be spread with a road grader, rolled, then harrowed. When the time comes to remove it, it is pushed into the vat in which ice is melted. Trucks under this tank load from a hopper, cart the dirt back to the vacant lot until it is needed again.

The biggest—and toughest—job in Garden history was mounting the Winter Sports Carnival, complete with igloos, sled dogs, ice rinks *and* a ski jump. The jump began in the rafters, 77 feet above the arena. To give it a snow coating, engineers ground cakes of ice and spread it with metal hoses. Keeping the "snow" there was another problem. If the house were heated, it would melt. And if the house weren't heated, everybody would freeze. They froze.

Chief Engineer Howard Post winces when he recalls the experience. "We went around wrapped in blankets, wearing rubber boots. Pneumonia Hall would have been a better name for the place. If they do *that* again, anyone who wants my job can have it!"

Things are never placid around the Garden. Something unforeseen is always happening: a cowboy being mangled by a wild horse, a circus aerialist plunging to his death, a riot in the balcony. Or maybe a tiger gets loose, as happened once several years ago.

During the opening spectacle of

the circus, a trainer led a leashed tiger around the arena. Just as the animal left the arena, it spied a burro and leaped for it. The trainer dropped the leash and the tiger was free to lope down one of the tunnels that honeycomb the bottom of the Garden.

A midget clown, walking up the dimly lit tunnel, made what might have turned out to be the worst mistake of his life. He thought the tiger was a new act; that there were men, instead of tiger meat, inside the skin. He smacked the tiger in the nose with a small mallet used in his act.

There was a moment of dreadful realization on the part of both tiger and clown. The tiger turned tail and ran—into a net waiting to trap him. A bucket of water brought the midget back to life.

THE NAME "MADISON Square Garden" is completely inaccurate. It isn't a garden and it isn't in Madison Square. Yet at one time it did fulfill both requirements.

The institution was born as the New York and Harlem Railroad Union Depot in Madison Square. When a new station was constructed on 42nd Street, the old structure became a car barn. Later, Patrick Gilmore leased the building for band concerts, put a few potted palms around, and christened the place Gilmore's Gardens. In 1879, a group including William K. Vanderbilt leased it, chiefly as a home for the horse show, and renamed it Madison Square Garden.

The old edifice gave way to a second garden, designed by architect Stanford White in 1889. This confection of Moorish architecture was torn down in 1925. The present Garden, a mile uptown from the old site, was built the same year. Tex Rickard, its promoter, opened the building in November with a six-day bicycle race.

Today's Garden stretches 200 feet along 8th Avenue, 375 feet along 49th and 50th Streets. Capacity varies with different events—depending on how many seats are crowded in the arena. Thus there are 14,000 seats for rodeo and circus fans, 15,500 for hockey games, 17,400 for basketball and 18,500 for prize fights.

But the biggest crowd in Garden history didn't jam in for a sporting event. It came to hear pianist Ignace Paderewski on the night of February 8, 1932. Not expecting such a surge of customers, the management let standees jam in until 23,000 filled the place to the rafters.

Nearly all Garden attractions are good enough to draw capacity houses, accounting for gate receipts that sometimes pass the $200,000 mark. Yet there have been some historic flops. One was a bridge tournament, where customers were kept apprised of the not-so-exciting events by giant cards, hoisted to show what the contestants were playing. Another sad chapter was the scoreboard which enacted a World Series. Preferring the radio, customers avoided the place like a haunted house.

In 1936, when the Garden was going through the Depression aftereffects, the directors called on the public for help. Newspaper ads announced a prize for the best suggestion for filling the Garden. First prize went to a man who suggested a series of concerts by the WPA

Symphony Orchestra. This idea lost the Garden $500 an evening. But it would have cost $4,000 a night to shut the place down.

Some other schemes were failures too. A professional basketball game between the Original Celtics and the Cleveland Rosenblums interested only 600 ticket buyers. A midget auto race with a classical choir accompaniment, and an elaborate gymnastic exhibition which nobody remembers, are among other colossal Garden flops.

The most expensive accommodations in history had to be provided for the Paderewski concert in 1932. The maestro forbade the use of a microphone to improve acoustics, so the Garden obliged by installing a mineral-wool ceiling at a cost of $34,000.

In 1930, a huge aviation show was scheduled for the Garden. The arena door at the northwest corner, though big enough to admit circus elephants, was too small for modern air liners. It cost the Garden $20,000 to tear out steel girders and tons of concrete, and make other alterations.

GARDEN PROBLEMS, however, don't end with selection of events. Customers must have fresh air to breathe—warmed in winter, cooled in summer. They must have drinks to slake their thirst, food to eat. Fuel bills run $15,000 a year and electricity costs $35,000—a large part of which is used by 20 super-spotlights hidden in the ceiling.

Eight giant fans handle 400,000 cubic feet of air a minute, giving the Garden a complete change of atmosphere every ten minutes when working at capacity. And they do work at capacity when an exciting event is playing. From his office, Post has a view of the arena. When drama reaches a peak in, say, a boxing match, Post knows that nearly everyone in the auditorium will light a cigarette—to help drain off nervousness. All fans are turned on full force—otherwise people in the top balcony couldn't see the arena for the smoke.

In general, hungry customers are willing to settle for hot dogs, beer and peanuts. Special events, however, require special feeding. Circus fans want frozen custard and cotton candy, and other crowds have similar quirks. These demands are gladly satisfied, since the public buys more than a million dollars' worth of food and drink each year.

Fred Kanen, who runs the commissary, also provides programs for all events—from unpretentious ten-cent programs for scholastic basketball games to a sleek beauty that sells for $1.25 at the Westminster Kennel Club Show. He also devises novelties for certain attractions, including a doll with ballet skirts and skates for ice shows, cowboy hats for kids who attend the rodeo, and feathered Indian bonnets for the circus customers.

Most Garden attractions are produced by its own specialists. It owns the Ranger hockey team, produces the rodeo, gets a cut on circus receipts. On the few free nights, the arena is for rent—at a fee of $6,000 on Saturdays and Sundays, $5,000 on other nights. In addition, the renter must pay ushers, ticket-takers, special police and other attendants, costing another $1,500 to $2,500. Such rentals, plus Garden participation in other events, account for a gross business of five to six million dollars a year.

The man who heads all this is almost as remarkable as the Garden itself. He is Gen. John Reed Kilpatrick, 58, big, bluff, hearty. He has little in common with the traditional sports promoter who chews cigars and murders English. Kilpatrick went to Yale, where he made the all-American football team two years running. Scholastically, he was good enough to win a Phi Beta Kappa key.

He entered World War I as a second lieutenant and, at 29, ended up a colonel—youngest in the army. When World War II came along, he was one of the oldest, a situation that was remedied when he was raised to brigadier general and put in charge of embarkation at Hampton Roads, Virginia.

The better part of his professional life, Kilpatrick was associated with the construction industry. When he took over the presidency of the Garden Corporation in 1933, the company was in the red, and its stock was selling at 87 cents a share. A dollar invested then would be worth about $100 today.

While Rickard built the Garden primarily for boxing shows, Kilpatrick saw the need for diversification. He added hockey, ice shows, the rodeo, and upon the suggestion of Ned Irish, now executive vice-president at the Garden, inaugurated the first intercollegiate basketball game in 1934. Irish had a hard time selling the idea to the directors, but in the years since, attendance has totaled close to 4,000,000.

Kilpatrick likes to think of himself as head of a corporation no different from any other huge concern which serves the public. Yet hundreds of thousands of sports fans look upon the Garden as their own personal business.

"Every sports writer in the country thinks he owns the Garden," Kilpatrick says, "and every taxi driver knows he does.

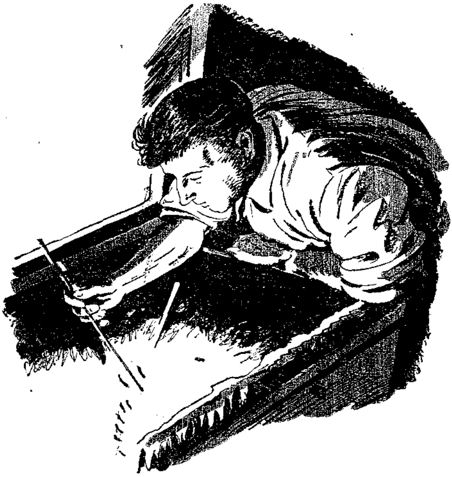
"Nobody tells the directors of U.S. Steel how to run their business," he complains, "but when you're running the Garden, you're conducting your business in a goldfish bowl."

At no time, not even in Rickard's palmiest days, did the future of this biggest of all goldfish bowls look more promising than it does today. Which means that forthcoming Garden attractions—and revenue—will probably be more spectacular and colossal than ever before.

Life Lines

ADOLESCENCE IS WHEN children start trying to bring up their parents. —RICHARD ARMOUR

MEN WHO DO THINGS without being told draw the most wages. —EDWIN H. STUART



Meet the Man Who Can Make It SNOW

by **HAL BURTON**

WHEN VINCENT J. SCHAEFER'S axe bit into the frozen surface of an Adirondack lake some 20 years ago, a modern miracle began to unfold. Though quite unaware of it, Schaefer had made the first move toward solving one of nature's most puzzling secrets—how to create a snowstorm. Today, with a handful of dry ice (a nickel a pound at the corner drugstore) he can "seed" an unproductive winter's cloud and wrench a blizzard from its restless interior.

Schaefer had nothing so fanciful in mind when he lifted his axe; he was simply getting ready to fish through the ice. "But the next morning," he recalls, "I found that the hole had frozen over. In the clear new film of ice I saw some beautiful crystals. Right then, I decided to find out how those crystals were formed."

Schaefer studied snow and ice formations at every opportunity. At last, in 1946, he found the answer in his General Electric laboratory at Schenectady, New York. Now he is hard at work developing practical uses for his discovery—many of them so far-reaching that they may change the face and fate of large sections of the United States.

These are vast projects for a man with no college education—a lanky six-footer now in his early forties who had to quit high school to support his parents. But Schaefer is calmly confident that he can put the weather to work for mankind, and his co-workers in the laboratories agree.

"Everything Schaefer does is beautifully simple," says Dr. Irving Langmuir, Nobel-Prize winner who brought Schaefer into the laboratory as his protégé.

"At small cost, he has found the answer to a question that puzzled every scientist — how to make it snow. And during the war, when we were vainly trying to create artificial smoke to blanket our military installations against enemy bombing, he solved that problem too.

"We had found that the best way to create artificial smoke was by superheating oil and breaking it into particles that would spread as a cloud. But the best such fog we could produce was composed of oil particles 100 times too large to blanket areas effectively.

"What Schaefer did was to go to a 5-and-10-cent store, buy an oil can, put some petrolatum in it, heat the can on a hot plate—and produce tiny particles swiftly and at a higher pressure than anything we had seen before. This simplicity is typical of all his work."

Having produced a miracle in his laboratory, Vincent J. Schaefer is now developing ways to *put the weather to use* for the good of mankind.

Schaefer himself says that snowflakes have always fascinated him. After his first experience at Indian Lake in the Adirondacks, he began to study the few available books on this subject.

Then, in 1932, when the Winter Olympics were held at Lake Placid, Schaefer went on a ski trip into Indian Pass, one of the most remote spots in the Adirondacks. There he found three feet of stellar crystals resembling pellets of soft snow. It was a peculiar formation, and Schaefer carefully tucked away the memory in his mind.

By this time, he had three years as a laboratory technician behind him. Soon after coming to General Electric, his efficiency in designing difficult pieces of equipment had drawn the attention of Dr. Katherine Blodgett, a ranking technician in the laboratory. When a vacancy occurred on Dr. Langmuir's staff, she recommended the persistent young worker.

All the while he was working and studying (Schaefer has spent on reference books the thousands of dollars a college education would have cost), he was still pondering the question of snow. By 1940, he had perfected a method of catching snowflakes on a chemically treated plate, "trapping" their varied forms in a quick-drying plastic solution and then photographing them with a micro-camera.* The result was a beautiful collection of crystals from the wintry skies.

Then, with the coming of war, snow and ice assumed new importance. Bombers and fighter planes, flying in sub-zero air, picked up

*See *Private Life of a Snowflake*, Coronet, Jan., 1947 such heavy charges of static that their radios blacked out.

Patiently, Schaefer worked on this problem. A tube was installed in the nose of a B-29 and Schaefer flew with this ship through blinding storms while it captured ice particles in a plastic solution at the end of the tube.

During the peak of this work, he regularly made his way on foot up Mt. Washington, New Hampshire, stormiest summit in the Northeast, sometimes facing a 70-mile wind and 15-below-zero temperature to reach an observatory where his experimental devices were being tested. Out of this research came new methods of measuring the relationship of snowstorms and electricity.

At the same time, Schaefer was working on a "cloud meter"—another electrical device which he sent up into the atmosphere to permit the calculation of the amount of water contained in a cloud. As he perfected this device, Schaefer continued to ask himself: "How can I manufacture snow?"

First, he says, he tried to "grow" ice crystals by coating a layer of glass with carbon or protein molecules and placing this glass inside a deep-freeze unit. At minus 12 degrees Centigrade, he was able to produce a few crystals.

"Then I decided to drop the temperature lower with dry ice," he recalls. "The instant I used dry ice, the moisture changed to cloud. At minus 35, the crystals formed spontaneously."

Katherine Flickinger who worked in a laboratory across the hall, recalls how casually Schaefer broke the news.

"It was July 12, 1946," she remembers. "Vince simply strolled in and said quietly: 'Now I know how to make it snow.' "

As co-workers crowded into his office, Schaefer leaned over his deep-freeze unit and exhaled gently. There was nothing to be seen. Then he waved a rod, dipped in liquid air, through the box. Instantly a cloud began to form, and a shower of shimmering crystals dropped to the bottom.

THE NEXT STEP—which depended on cold autumn weather—was to try his method in the open. On November 13, he took off from Schenectady airport in a plane piloted by Curtiss Talbot, head of the G. E. flight-test division. Their destination was a puffy cloud which had floated from Schenectady to Mt. Greylock, 50 miles away in the Massachusetts hills.

"It was a nice, thick cloud," says Schaefer, grinning reminiscently, "but it was at an altitude of 14,000 feet, and our plane couldn't go higher than 12,000. I had a special dispenser under the plane that let out dry ice, but just for the fun of it I also threw some out the window. Immediately the vapor changed to snow."

To produce such a snowstorm, Schaefer selects a cloud composed of super-cooled droplets. In such a cloud, water is held at a temperature below freezing, but still fails to turn to snow. When dry ice is dropped into this cloud, or even *under* it, a chain reaction occurs. The vapor is "seeded" in a twinkling and transformed into billions of snow crystals.

"Our experiments would indicate," says Dr. Langmuir, "that we are on the track of some very useful discoveries. We may be able, some day, to increase rain over mountain ranges in the West, where water for power and irrigation is so precious.

“Again, local snowstorms might be produced to help farmers, or to divert heavy snowfalls from large communities. This, in turn, could conceivably have a beneficial effect on public health. The Schaefer technique, once perfected, might also be used to produce snow at winter sports centers.

“Can rain also be produced by this method? In theory, yes, under special circumstances. You would have to use a cloud whose top was below freezing temperature. The precipitation would start as snow and turn to rain as it came down through the warmer, lower levels. But these are things on which much more work remains to be done.”

When Schaefer is free from abstruse laboratory experiments, you may find him almost anywhere outdoors, with his son or a Boy Scout troop or a group of hikers.

As a man of wide concerns, Schaefer does not stop at nature study or archaeology—though he has mapped virtually every Indian camp site in upstate New York. Recently he dissected a barn built by an early Dutch settler, inspecting every timber to see how the building was put together.

“Schaefer is a man of great simplicity, with a genuine liking for people,” summarizes a close friend. “If there’s any difficult scientific problem to be solved, I’d suggest that it be given to Vince. Odds are, he’ll come up with an answer so simple that you’ll wonder why you didn’t think of it first.”

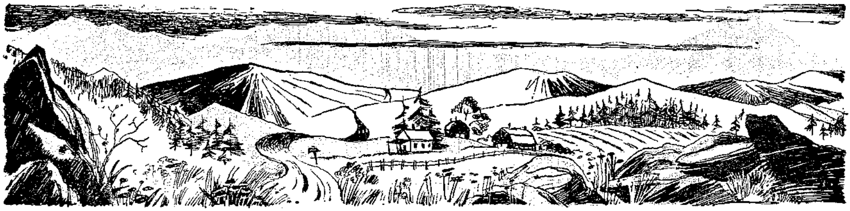
Grounds for Divorce

A California woman was granted her marital freedom when she told the court this story: thrown from a horse, her jaw was fractured and wired by a doctor. “Then,” she added, “my husband kept up a steady verbal barrage, knowing that I couldn’t reply.” —Ben Schneider

In Connecticut, a man was awarded a divorce after relating that, on arriving home one day for a holiday dinner, his wife showered him with turkey, gravy, dressing, mashed turnips and assorted fixings. —Harold Helfer

A Minneapolis man sued for divorce charging that his wife had developed a nasty habit of pointing at him in public and shouting: “That man took my purse.” —*Pathfinder* *by* **Edward A. Herron**

COURAGE PAYS OFF IN ALASKA



How one American family fought with determination to make a dream come true in a forbidding valley of the Northland

Alaska is a land of grim beauty, great hardships and rich rewards. And of all that vast region, no section better represents the beauty, the hardships and the rewards than does Matanuska Valley, where Frank and Peg McAllister live. Their story is the story of the Matanuska colonization project—of two young people who went north with fear and uncertainty in their hearts but with a fierce determination to succeed.

Back in 1935, in a rash of newspaper publicity, the government sent to Alaska 200 families picked from relief rolls in Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. From the decks of the Army transport *St. Mihiel*, packed with people and farm equipment, the immigrants looked with distrust on this land that was all rain and towering mountains. Then the ship touched at Seward, where creaking railroad trains waited to carry the settlers 160 miles north to their new homes.

In the years that followed, all that the world ever heard of the colony was bad news. About 40 per cent of the pioneers quit the first year. The failures, unfit for community living and hard work, were interviewed at every steamer call on their way home to the States. Matanuska became a synonym for hatred and bickering, for government ineptitude, and the impression was planted that starting an agricultural community in Alaska was impossible.

Today, Matanuska is a garden spot of the Northland, producing foodstuffs in prodigious quantities. The green fields and rolling forests in the mountain-sheltered Valley are an inspiring monument to the courage of men and women who knew how to hang on and fight through to success.

In Matanuska, behind a clump of willows, is the McAllister home, framed on either side by barns and planted fields. Peg McAllister, standing in the doorway of the milk house, is an important part of the picture. Smiling and dark-haired, she has on rubber boots, blue jeans and a white blouse; she looks like a high-school senior spending a profitable summer.

Her tall, wind-burned husband comes in from the fields where a tractor is moving in wide circles. He leans over the fence with Peg by his side. "Tomorrow I'm pouring drums of Diesel oil over those stumps," he says, "I hope they go this time."

"I hope so too," she echoes.

These stumps have marred the fields for more than eight years; they have been kicked over by bulldozers, chopped, sawed, dynamited, burned and burned and burned. But the massive roots, pulling rich, irreplaceable topsoil from the ground, seemed destined to hang on forever.

Beyond the McAllisters, the fields were greening with hay, the sun was brightening the white teeth of Chugach mountains. The tractor circling the fields, the cows moving out to pasture, the truck standing by the barn, the noise-ridden henhouse—all these were symbolic of the Matanuska story.

MATANUSKA IS NO PLACE for sudden riches, yet men are finding an assured living in a land that breathes of freedom. Truck farmers who comprise the majority still have the problem of limited markets, but new road construction and air shipments to distant settlements are helping to ease their burdens.

Greatest rewards have come to the 40 families who turned to dairy farming. Frank McAllister is one of the top milk producers. On 80 acres of rolling land, he and Peg work the farm alone, for in post-war Alaska there is a labor shortage. Fifty miles away is the booming town of Anchorage, one of Alaska's largest, where the Matanuska Valley Farmers Cooperative has its own milk route.

Frank and Peg were not among the first to reach the Valley. Not until Thanksgiving Day, 1938, did Peg step to the platform of the small Alaska railroad station, with Frank and their daughter Barbara, then ten, trailing behind.

There was beauty in the scene—snow-blanketed mountains, dark earth and bare white birches; but there was also a rawness that acted like a dash of cold water. Peg kept her hand locked tightly in her husband's. "No matter what they say, Frank, we'll make out all right."

He looked beyond her to the rolling waves of timber that must be cleared, to the meager patches of cleared land, and he thought of his wallet, paper-thin. He lacked the words to increase her courage, for he was fearful of his own.

Jealousy and bickering were still rampant among the settlers. Only 50 of the original group remained, and though vacancies had been filled by more venturesome couples, men were still fighting for markets as dogs fight over bones.

The McAllisters, moving into a vacated farm, looked out on land that was mostly a stand of stubborn timber. On the first morning, Peg went outside to hack garden space in the weeds surrounding the frame house. When Frank came back for lunch, she was down on her knees, crying quietly. But there was a large space of rich brown earth cleared and waiting.

Frank, who had farmed back in Montana, found time amidst clearing the land to raise 600 chickens. Eggs, in those days, were selling for 28 cents a dozen, and he reckoned his profit at five cents. But when he came back from selling 30 dozen eggs at only $1.50 profit, he asked Peg bluntly: "Do you want to quit? We've still enough to get us back to Montana."

Alaska's fascination is strongest when the going is toughest. Peg shook her head. "Let's try for another year."

Frank put three acres to cabbage that first spring. One 37-pound giant won a prize at the fair, but he couldn't sell produce to Anchorage merchants. The latter weren't openly unfriendly to Matanuska farmers, but they had contracts with Seattle wholesalers. The McAllisters watched, dismay in their hearts, while other farmers loaded trucks with lettuce, rattled the 50 miles into Anchorage, then returned to dump the lettuce in one huge pile upon the ground. At least, it was good for fertilizer.

The earth, spurred by endless June and July sunshine, was producing at an enormous rate, yet the short season was a mockery, with vegetables shooting high into the air, then falling over and rotting. Money was scarce and little Barbara at school decided that kids who had candy were rich. To the McAllisters, it looked as though the struggle for existence was coming to a quick, sharp end.

In desperation, Frank killed most of his laying chickens. Peg and Barbara plucked and cleaned, wrapped the fowl in cellophane; then Frank borrowed a truck and peddled them from door to door in Anchorage. While farmers all around gave up and headed back for the States, the McAllisters grimly hung on.

Then, early in 1940, two things happened that reshaped their lives. Frank started a dairy herd, and a handful of soldiers were dumped down into the brush beyond Anchorage and told to start a military camp. That handful nailed a crooked sign on a birch tree: FORT RICHARDSON. Within a year the camp was big; within 18 months it was immense; within two years it was the largest military establishment in Alaska.

The harassed quartermasters weren't bound by contracts with Seattle wholesalers: they had no prejudice against Alaska-grown vegetables. There were 70,000 men to be fed, and Matanuska came to

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In 1935, Edward A. Herron landed in Alaska with a brand-new college degree and a teaching certificate from the state of Pennsylvania, but instead of teaching he went to work in a gold mine. In his spare time he wrote articles about Alaska for American readers. Two years later he returned to the United States to be married, and took his bride back to Alaska. Since becoming a full-time writer, his travels to every part of the Territory have included a 4,000-mile jaunt by jeep through Western Canada and the Rockies to Edmonton, Alberta, then over the Alaska Highway to Fairbanks. In addition to his many magazine articles, he is the author of a book, *Alaska: Land of Tomorrow*, recently published by Whittlesey House.

life. Even the Anchorage merchants fell into line.

Soon the settlers ceased their quarrels and dissensions. They forgot their complaints about working a soil which, though fertile, was still largely volcanic ash, prey to every wind. They went ahead with clearing the land, despite the $125 cost of freeing each acre of timber and underbrush. The toil and experience of the lean years paid off. Barbara got her candy and Frank bought Peg a new dress.

Peg was kept busy with the housework and the milking, for outside help had been drawn away by the tremendous construction jobs going on in every corner of the Territory. Little Barbara was her father's "hired man," plowing, disking, harrowing, learning to run the electric milkers.

Finally Frank thumbed through his bank book, showing dollar signs for endless months of toil. "We've got enough to buy six more Guernseys," he said.

Peg didn't answer at once. The money represented a bulwark against the nightmares that had haunted them during the early years. The price of six Guernseys was security of a sort—the price of a ticket back home to Montana should their Alaskan world suddenly dissolve in ruins. But Peg was a pioneer's wife.

"Go ahead, Frank, buy them."

With the enlarged herd, with the learning he had pieced out from technical books on the care and feeding of dairy cattle, Frank became one of the top milk producers in the Valley. With the other farmers of Matanuska, he made the Cooperative a strong weapon to overcome the resistance of Anchorage merchants. A creamery was built, a large tank-truck obtained, a milk route in the city purchased. Prices soared.

Even the chickens came back into the economic picture. With eggs selling at $1.25 a dozen, the McAllisters were able to make a greater profit with 40 hens than they had with 600 back in 1939. And Barbara, shooting up into a breath-taking, dark-haired, soft-spoken image of her mother, shared in the increase.

Promised the first heifer in the herd, she named the wobbly-legged little animal "Sally," and made a pet of it. The calf followed Barbara along the Matanuska roads, even allowed itself to be harnessed to a sled for drawing wood.

One night Peg heard a noise and shook her husband into wakefulness. "Frank, there's someone in the barn!"

Armed only with a lantern he went out into the darkness. He came back carrying a blanket-covered form. "It's Barbara," he said. "She was sleeping with Sally."

Sometimes soldiers were furloughed to help about the Valley farms. Barbara, just out of high school, met a boy from Fort Richardson, and she left the farm for the first time to work as a messenger at the Fort. When the boy was killed in a plane crash, she came home to Matanuska.

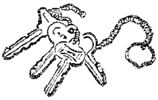
The war placed the Valley on its feet, and thrust the McAllisters into an enviable position. But it didn't ease the job of earning a living, didn't change the problems that beset Matanuska's farmers. Yet it placed them in a better position to do valiant battle with a formidable nature.

In 1945, $170,000 was distributed among the 40 dairy farmers, and the check made out to Frank and Peg McAllister was a big one. Today, he estimates it would cost $20,000 to duplicate his barns and silo, his herd of cows, the land he has cleared.

The McAllisters have now been part of the Alaskan scene for nearly nine years. Three times they have been faced with abandonment of their dreams; three times they have salvaged them. That is why the McAllisters' story is typical of everyone who succeeds on "The Last Frontier." They have the ability to hold on in the face of discouragement—and the grim courage to fight back.

Death Swung and Missed

It happened years ago, when I was a youngster—one of a crew of railway clerks leaving Omaha on a midnight fast mail for Denver. At various stations bags of mail had to be thrown off, with the train roaring through at 70 miles an hour.



In each town a space along the track was cleared to receive the mail, while a crane to hold the pickup bag stood near-by. To locate these spaces on a dark night, and to lay 100 pounds of mail within their bounds, was an exciting job.

At 2:30 A.M. we were west of Lincoln, Nebraska, and running fast. I had mail piled in the door, ready for dispatch. As final preparation I tied the heavy mailbag cords together—but I didn't know my brass key chain had tangled with the cords! I always kept this chain looped through a reinforced buttonhole in my overalls.

I gripped the cords and peered out into the darkness. As the outline of a familiar street whipped past, I tipped my load. But instantly a tremendous yank jerked me through the door! As I went under the heavy iron arm on the side of the car, used for "catching" mail, I clutched it desperately.

There I hung outside, in the roaring darkness, with 100 pounds of mail tied to my clothing! The long key chain, combined with the length of the cords, allowed the load to touch ground. As it bounced and dragged it threatened every instant to snap my hold on the iron arm. The busy clerks in the car had not noticed my predicament; they might not miss me for minutes.

Then came a split-second miracle! My left suspender whipped from my shoulder—I felt my clothes tearing in one swift rip. Suddenly they were gone—and I was free!

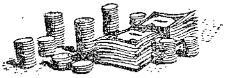
Somehow I dragged myself into the car and slumped to the floor. The other men rushed to aid me. Half my overalls had vanished. After the suspender broke, the front of the overalls had torn down the middle; the left leg had ripped free and slipped from my body.

The passing years cannot dim the stark memory of that roaring blackness outside the train, nor of those torturing seconds when death swung at me with lightning speed—and missed. —Bert Bemis

How to Get Good Money for Bad

by **LAWRENCE LADER**

If your money is burned or mutilated, don't despair; the U. S. Currency Redemption Division may replace it



THE UNEMPLOYED machinist in Atlanta watched despairingly as the last flames licked the charred ruins of his home. Recently he had lost his job; now his savings of $1,900, kept in the house, were mere blackened bills.

At the bank the clerk shrugged helplessly. "Can't tell one from the other," he said. "Still, you may as well send them to the Currency Redemption Division in Washington. Perhaps they can help you."

The machinist thought the idea was hopeless, but nevertheless he dumped the seared bills into a box and sent them to Washington. Within a week he received a letter from Uncle Sam that changed the future course of his life. The Currency Redemption Division had reconstructed most of his money and sent him a check for $1,880.

A worker in a North Carolina factory, who kept his savings in an old wallet in his pocket, watched helplessly one day as it fell into a tobacco-shredding machine. Every dollar he owned in the world was torn into pieces. But he sent the fragments to Washington and a few days later received a Treasury check to cover his total loss.

In Pittsburgh, a building contractor who had just arrived from Europe to begin a new life in the United States had all his money badly burned in a fire. When he sent his $3,500 in charred bills to the Currency Redemption Division, he was at the end of his rope. But a week later he received a check for $2,900. With tears in his eyes, he told the Division: "It is wonderful, this country. I thought I had lost everything. Now you give me a fresh start."

These are just three of thousands of cases which are saved from tragedy every year by the Currency Redemption Division of the Treasury Department. Millions of dollars' worth of charred and rotted bills come to its offices in a steady stream. They come from people who have buried savings in a back yard, only to find the hoard almost unrecognizable a few years later. They come from people who have thoughtlessly hidden money in fireplaces and stoves and then accidentally set the bills on fire. They also come from people whose currency has been mutilated in accidents, in plane wrecks, or even been chewed to bits by cats and dogs.

In most cases, even when the money has been badly burned or mutilated, the Division can reconstruct most of it and send a refund to the owner. For thousands of people all over the country, these refunds have turned tears into smiles, changed disaster into hope.

After every major catastrophe, after every war, the redemption cases rise sharply. Following the big Florida hurricane a few years ago, the Division was deluged with water-soaked bills. When the *S.S. Morro Castle* burned off New Jersey, $4,700 of $5,500 in the purser's safe was redeemed.

After Pearl Harbor, $100,000 was salvaged from a sunken ship. In the hills of Guam and the Philippines, a fortune in currency, buried before the Jap invasions, was later dug up and redeemed.

But even without wars or catastrophes, up to 150 cases come to the Currency Redemption Division every day. Its office in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is divided by a high wire fence. On one side are the examiners who inspect and count worn-out money sent in by banks. On the other side is the special section which handles burned or mutilated currency. Mrs. Bertha Walker, jolly and pink-cheeked, has been chief of this section since 1918, and has trained every one of the 24 women assistants.

Their work requires not only thorough knowledge of 157 kinds of paper currency, but limitless patience and at least 15 years of experience before they are finally considered experts.

They sit in starched white aprons at big desks. Their tools are magnifying glasses, pins, needles, spatulas and a special mucilage made for the Treasury, since ordinary glue would injure the bills.

The bulk of the money reaching the Redemption Division comes from banks. These tattered, worn-out bills, worth billions in the aggregate, usually arrive cut in half, with the halves in separate bags.

After the bills have been carefully examined, they are put through a perforating machine, which stamps large holes in them, then cuts them in half again, this time lengthwise. Finally, they are sent to tellers of the Division of Loans and Currency, if they are U. S. issues, or to the Federal Reserve unit, if they are Reserve Bank issues. Placed in "locked coffins," they make their final trip to the Treasury Destruction Committee which supervises their burning.

But the charred and rotted bills, which some hoarder has hidden in a stove or buried in the ground, go to Mrs. Walker's section. There the money is first sorted, and each fragmentary bill pasted on tissue paper. If the examiner can identify the currency, she records its denomination, type and number, the owner's name, an account of how the bills were mutilated and the total sum involved. The tellers then mail the appropriate check to the claimant. The white tissues and the reconstructed money, like the banks' worn-out currency, are perforated and destroyed.

Employees of the Redemption Division know the heartaches that accompany each box of burned or mutilated bills. Far more than scraps of paper, they represent years of work and saving. In far-off Iowa or Texas, someone's future rests with the examiners. It gets as much attention as if it were their own.

Often, people bring damaged currency to Washington in person. Recently a Floridian who had buried $7,000 in his farmyard dug it up and found the bills rotted. Without much hope, he brought them to Washington. Next day the amazed visitor received the full $7,000 in crisp, new bills.

For a man from Minnesota, the examiners performed an even greater miracle. A few years after burying his hoard in the back yard, he dug it up and found the money so badly rotted that he couldn't identify the bills himself. When he sent the packet to the Redemption Division, he set the value at $20,000. But after long examination, Mrs. Walker announced to the startled man that her experts had been able to identify $27,000!

The full value of burned or mutilated money is always returned if three-fifths or more of the bill remains. If less than three-fifths but more than two-fifths remains, it is redeemable at half its face value. This rule, however, is not rigid. Even if only a fragment of the bill is identifiable, the owner is reimbursed if he or someone else familiar with the case can supply an affidavit describing details. In addition, the owner must furnish a certificate, preferably from a bank or Federal official, testifying to character and trustworthiness.

A couple from Florida recently proved that these steps are simpler than they sound. The husband had buried $1,000 in a jar. Later he found that water had entered the container, clotting the bills together. He arrived in Washington, armed with a certificate from a county judge and an affidavit which read: "When I lifted the money out of the jar, it all came to pieces. The biggest part I could keep was one corner. I dried it a few days and pulled it apart a little and could see $20, and that made me feel good. I am trusting you will have enough evidence to get the $1,000 out of it. I believe you could see on our faces Tuesday A.M. that we wasn't wanting something for nothing."

But of thousands of cases that come to the Redemption Division, a few fail to end as happily. One man brought in a stack of bills that had rotted underground. The examiners redeemed $53,000—but $48,000 had to go to the Collector of Internal Revenue. The man was a gambler who had never reported his winnings.

The Redemption Division has even played detective. Soon after a yeggman used an acetylene torch to crack a bank safe, the Division began to receive scorched bills from the town in which the robbery occurred. An alert clerk noticed that the serial numbers jibed with those of the stolen money. The case was turned over to the Secret Service. Before long the yeggman was caught, and his wife, who had tried to redeem the scorched bills, was convicted as an accessory.

Every week, hundreds of distressed men and women come to the Redemption Division for help. They have been warned over and over again of the dangers of hoarding currency.

Bills buried in the earth are almost certain to become moisture soaked. Bills hidden around the house, even in metal boxes, are prey to fires, burglars, rats and termites. And bills kept in pockets are sooner or later lost.

"When you keep money around," Mrs. Walker warns, "anything can happen, even murder. In West Virginia, robbers broke into the home of an old couple who had hidden money in tin cans under the kitchen floor. When the couple refused to reveal the hiding place, the thieves killed them and then burned the house down."

But as long as people insist on burying or hiding their savings, redemption by Uncle Sam is possible. Sometimes it can be done in a few hours; sometimes it takes nerve-wracking days. And there is almost no extreme to which Mrs. Walker's staff won't go.

Recently, when a calf on a Midwest farm swallowed the farmer's roll of bills, it looked as though the Redemption Division had finally met its match. But the resourceful farmer killed the calf, found what was left of the bills in its stomach, and sent them to Washington. Within a week, he had been paid back every dollar.

Improving on the Dictionary

Best Man—The one who doesn't get the bride.—John Garland Pollard

Chiv'al-ry—The attitude of a man toward a woman who will listen while he talks. —*Pathfinder*

Civil Service—Something you get in restaurants between wars. —Norma Jean Justice

Di-vorcée—A woman who gets richer by decrees. —*Houghton Line*

Du'ty—What we expect from others. —Oscar Wilde

East'er—The time when the rabbit comes out and takes all the credit for what the chickens have been working at all winter. —*Bob Hope Show, NBC*

Easy Chair—The hardest one to find empty.

Etc.—Sign used to make others think you know more than you really do.

Middle Age—That time in life when you'd rather not have a good time than recover from it. —Fletcher Henderson

Pes'si-mist—A person who looks at sunshine as something that casts shadows.

Pol'i-ti'cian—Man who stands for what he thinks others will fall for.

Snob'ber-y—The pride of those who are not sure of their own social position. —Berton Braley

Our human comedy

Laughter is the echo of the lighter moments in the drama of life. So here, gathered for your enjoyment, are a few amusing trifles from the everyday world.

AN ARTIST HAD JUST finished reading a story through, and was about to begin illustrating it for a magazine.

"I say," he said to his wife, "this story is supposed to have happened in 1937. Now what were dresses like ten years ago?"

"Like mine!" she retorted, throwing him a bitter glance. —WILLY ROTH

* * *

I WAS A PASSENGER on a commercial air-line plane when one of the four huge engines caught fire. The blaze was extinguished, but not before most of the passengers had become greatly alarmed.

The fire out, the pilot talked to the passengers to calm them and to assure them they were in no danger. Seated forward only a few feet from the engine that had been on fire were two nuns.

"We saw the engine burning a long time before you did," one of them said with a shy smile.

"And why didn't you say something about it?" the pilot asked.

"Because we didn't want you to think that we were back-seat drivers," was the sedate reply. —EILEEN GREENE

* * *

SOME YEARS AGO a newspaperman visited the late Calvin Coolidge at his home in Plymouth, Vermont. As he watched the automobiles roll by, the journalist said:

"You must be very proud to see all these people coming by to see you sitting on the porch. It shows that although you are no longer President, you are not forgotten. Just look at them!"

"Not as many as yesterday," said Coolidge. "Yesterday there were 163."

* * *

ONE OF THOSE FRUSTRATED characters who are adults in name only was relentlessly trying to squeeze affection from a neighbor's attractive child.

"Do you still love me, darling?" she began as she knelt to receive her due.

A perfunctory nod.

"Then put your arms around me, honey, and div me a dreat bid tiss!"

The toddler complied and then turned her attention to a more important matter — an empty milk carton she had been filling with pebbles when interrupted.

The woman's encircling arms held their prisoner. "How much do you love me, precious?" she insisted.

The cherub sadly contemplated the milk carton.

"Would you cry if I died?"

The little girl dutifully nodded.

"Show me how you would cry," the woman urged.

"Die first," the wise tot suggested.

—Weldon Melick

"I suppose," said the banker to the little man, "you will want a joint checking account for your wife and yourself."

"No," replied the new depositor, "this is my second wife."—Nickolas Turk

The Eskimo was washing his shirt. He dipped through the hole in the ice, drew out the shirt and scrubbed it. He beat it on the rocks; he dipped it and scrubbed it again. Still it wasn't clean.

As he started the process again, he noticed that a huge shadow had fallen over him. He looked over his shoulder, and saw a big polar bear standing over him, watching.

He dipped his shirt through the ice and scrubbed it again. He looked up at the bear; the bear looked down and said:

"No soap?"

"No soap."

—M.I.T. *Voo Doo*

When the train stopped at a station while Bing Crosby was en route to New York recently, he left his drawing room and walked along the platform. The conductor went up to him and said: "We got a real big celebrity on this train."

"Yeah? Who?" asked Bing.

"Bim Crosslin," was the reply.

Next morning the conductor told Crosby: "You didn't fool me for a minute; I knew all the time you were Bim Crosslin. Will you do me a favor?"

"Sure," said Bing.

"If my wife ever found out I had Bim Crosslin on my train," said the conductor, "she'd never forgive me if I didn't get his autograph."

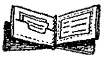
Bing obliged and signed, "Bim Crosslin."

—Leonard Lyons

While attending a ball game at the Polo Grounds, the famous humorist, Irvin S. Cobb, purchased a ham sandwich from a park vendor. As he prepared to eat it, the vendor, looking over the teeming throng, remarked, "It's a bigger crowd than was expected. Guess I'd better make about 4,000 more ham sandwiches."

"My! My!" quipped Cobb, holding up the thin sliver of meat contained in his sandwich, "now you'll have to cut another ham."

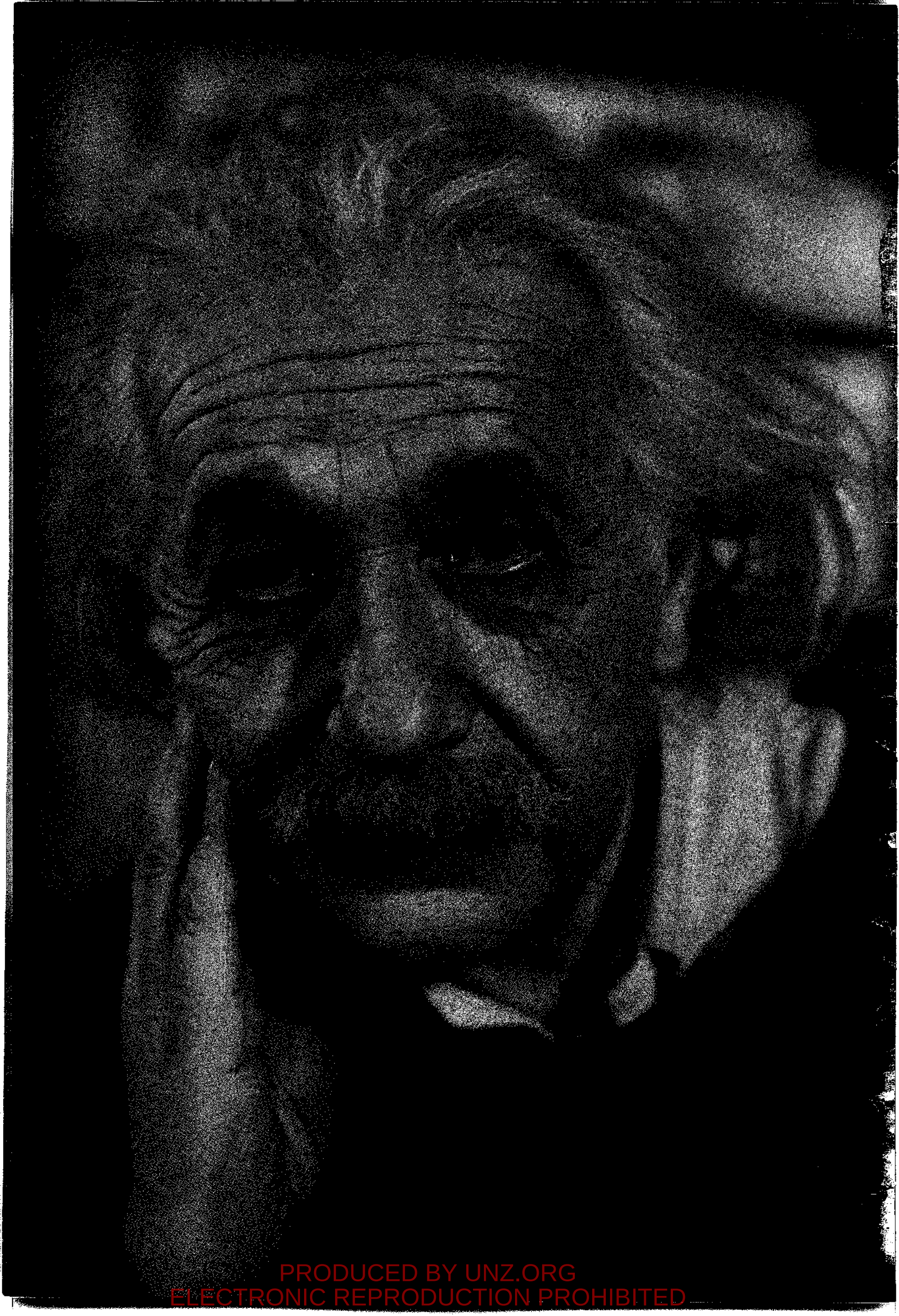
—Ken Wesley



After considerable difficulty I convinced my nine-year-old son, Paul, that it was a good idea to carry upon his person some means of identification in case of accident. It wasn't until some days later that I had occasion to note the identification which he had inserted in his junior-sized wallet:

"In case of accident, this was Paul H. Simpson." —Mrs. Cora B. Simpson

STEAM GAN



The Human Side of a Genius

by **ELLEN PRATHER**

A YOUNG MOTHER stood with her small son on a street corner. With her hand on his shoulder she pointed to a man riding by in a car and said, "There is Albert Einstein. Don't ever forget you have seen him."

The man she pointed out is a pudgy little man with a magnificent head and bushy white hair. He's generally regarded as the greatest scientist of our time, contributor to the world of the Einstein theory of relativity, and father of the atomic age. Yet he is a warmly human person—a man of gentle humor, friendly simplicity, modest unpretentiousness.

Many stories have been told of Einstein. Here are a few of them, and they do much to explain why Einstein, the man, has long been acclaimed by everyday citizens.

*

Einstein's home in Princeton, New Jersey, is a modest two-story house. Yet he once ordered an elevator installed. A friend heard about the purchase and inquired, "In heaven's name, Albert, what do you want with an elevator?"

"I don't know," replied Einstein, "but the man selling them was so nice I couldn't say no."

*

A small girl who lived near Einstein became quite friendly with the great mathematician, paying him visits nearly every afternoon. The little girl's mother, completely mystified, finally asked the professor what they talked about.

"Oh," replied Einstein, "she brings me cookies and I do her arithmetic homework."

*

When Einstein once was invited to visit the royal family of Belgium, a welcoming party was sent to the railway station to greet him. A chauffeur and limousine were on hand, and servants to help with his luggage. But they never saw Einstein. He quietly stepped off the train and set out to the palace on foot, carrying his suitcase.

Albert Einstein was bewildered by all the fuss the incident caused. His explanation was simple: "I like to walk," he said.

As usual, Albert Einstein, one of the greatest scientists of our age, was casual and informal when he sat for this Kodachrome portrait by Keystone.

by JAMES E. PAYNE

Memory's Strange Safety Signal

The trick of forgetting is sometimes nature's device for protecting you against yourself; it keeps you from doing things to which your better judgment is opposed

DR. OLIVER WENDELL Holmes, the surgeon and author, was once called as a consultant to see a little girl who was thought to be dying. The physicians, sure her fever was caused by a brain tumor, felt an operation was mandatory.

Dr. Holmes was troubled. The diagnosis seemed correct; yet he had a feeling the physicians were wrong. Nevertheless he gave in to their insistence and agreed to operate early the next morning.

The hour for the operation came and passed, but Dr. Holmes did not appear. A frantic messenger to his home reported that the doctor had left early on his regular calls. Obviously he had forgotten the operation! An assistant finally located him and they raced to the hospital, arriving two hours late.

An unexpected scene met their eyes. The girl's parents were jubilant; the physicians were puzzled; and the child, rid of fever and pain, was well on her way to recovery.

An odd smile came over Holmes' face. "Gentlemen," he said. "I suppose I should apologize for being late. But who can say which Holmes forgot his appointment? The *man* Holmes may well have forgotten that he had an operation to perform . . . but the *physician* Holmes may have remembered his oath to Hippocrates! Forgive me, gentlemen, but blessed is the man who forgets when he would act against his better judgment."

Dr. Holmes might have disagreed with some of the teachings of Sigmund Freud, the pioneer psychoanalyst, had he lived to see them unfold, yet he would have agreed with one of Freud's theories: that we forget because we want to. Freud contended that forgetting is frequently a means of protecting ourselves against a possible unpleasant experience. Every day, people are discovering for themselves the power of this mental phenomenon.

A typical case concerns the head buyer for a St. Louis mercantile house. He reached for his phone to place a large order that had been under discussion for days. As he lifted the receiver he realized he had forgotten the jobber's name, the name of the company, and even the trade name of the goods he planned to purchase!

The buyer was no disciple of psychology, but this was such an obvious case of tricky memory that he put the phone back and started thinking. Soon he realized that all along he had been afraid of the deal, but had let his friendship for the jobber and the insistence of other buyers warp his judgment. That moment of forgetting saved his firm thousands of dollars.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE TRICK of forgetting is not always as reliable as in the cases of Dr. Holmes and the buyer. Sometimes we forget things we need desperately to remember. Nevertheless, each time you forget something which you *should remember*, your subconscious mind is trying to protect you.

An insurance salesman had an experience on the borderline between wise and unwise forgetting. He was working at the office one Saturday afternoon when the phone rang. A friend down the hall wanted to borrow $10 until Monday.

"Sure," said the salesman. "I'll stop by on my way out."

But as he entered the elevator he realized he had forgotten the loan. Since he had to pass his friend's door to reach the elevator he began to wonder why his mind was playing tricks. The friend had never made a nuisance of himself asking for loans, nor was there any doubt about repayment of the money.

Suddenly the salesman remembered. The $10-bill in his wallet represented his entire wealth. He had spent his last five cents buying a paper on the way to the office after lunch. The building was deserted, the banks were closed. He realized he would have been stranded himself if he had loaned the $10.

These are simple examples of protective forgetting, in which the subconscious served as a policeman. Sometimes, however, the policeman acts in a peculiar way, appearing to rob us of the very thing we want most. For instance:

Janet B—— was theoretically very happy. She and her fiancé were standing in line at the Marriage License Bureau. After several sleepless nights she had finally decided that marriage was what she wanted. So here they were.

The couple in front stepped away and Janet found herself facing the clerk. To her profound embarrassment she had forgotten her name! Her fiancé came to the rescue, and they made a joke of the incident. But within a week after her marriage, Janet realized that her husband was almost a stranger.

She had known him only a few months, and soon discovered she was afraid of him. Her fears were realized when he was arrested for embezzlement. Then she wished she had fled from the License Bureau when she forgot her name.

In extreme instances the trick of blanking out segments of one's memory reaches dangerous proportions, as in the cases of amnesia in which a helpless victim is found wandering the streets with no recollection of his identity or his past.

One young Chicagoan found himself in a curious maze of difficulties. He was failing in his university work; his girl friend had refused to see him again; he had become involved in an escapade which was being investigated by police and university authorities. Finally, his parents notified him that if he failed his semester's work his allowance would be cut off.

The young man disappeared, and his frantic family called the police. Soon he was discovered in another town, working under a different name. He had no memory of his identity; he did not recognize his parents or his girl friend. He was listless, disinterested and annoyed with efforts to make him remember.

The university cleared him of all charges, his parents relented about his allowance, and the girl friend said she was sorry. But he continued to stare vacantly out the window. Then he happened to hear the first bars of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* over the radio and his memory came back with a rush. But he refused to return to the university, refused to have anything to do with his parents or with the girl. Soon he moved to another part of the country and began life over again.

Although psychologists may disagree as to the veracity of such amnesia cases, the dispute is not important. If a person desperately *wants* to forget, he deserves the benefit of the doubt. The little policeman of the subconscious mind comes out of hiding and takes complete charge. Then, once he is sure you are on your toes, he goes on about his business.

Of course, the thing can be carried too far. In his early days Mark Twain was hard-pressed financially and disliked having to inclose return postage with the manuscripts he sent to editors. One magazine warned him that he must follow the rule. When the next Twain manuscript arrived, the editor found a note attached.

"My Dear Editor," Twain wrote, "how thoughtless of me to forget the return postage you require! Unfortunately I noticed it only after I had mailed the manuscript."

You may not have Twain's sense of humor, but you will discover that forgetting can be useful to you too. As you observe your own instances of faulty memory and then try to explain them satisfactorily, you will learn a lot about the real motives and feelings which dominate your everyday life.

Sign Language

Motorists see so many "Speed Limit—20 Miles an Hour" signs, that they pay little attention to them. An exception is the small town in Texas where the sign at the edge of town reads "20 Miles an Hour or $19.90."

—*Armstrong Tire News*

• • •

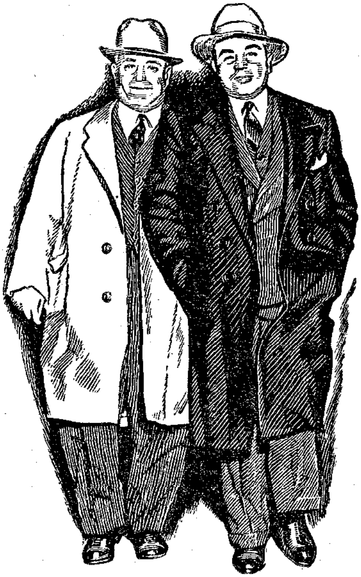
Sign on a fancy Hollywood station wagon: "No Rancho Yetto."

—Erskine Johnson

TWILIGHT OF A
GANGSTER

As exciting as any detective fiction is this exclusive story, told in full for the first time, of Al Capone's downfall

by ELMER L. IREY
AND WILLIAM J. SLOCUM



PLENTY OF EPITAPHS for the great American era of Prohibition gangsterism were written in the newspapers not long ago when the once-kingpin gangster, Scarface Al Capone, died in his heavily guarded island palace at Miami.

Capone was bereft of most of his power and most of his wits when he kicked off, and his death would have been no great loss to society if he had been in full possession of both. Yet he *was* in full possession of both when the Intelligence Unit of the Treasury Department went to work on him almost two decades ago. Al was tough, but I think our outfit proved that the toughest of them can be made to fall.

There was a certain cyclical aptness in the locale of his death, for the downfall of Capone, a Brooklyn-trained hoodlum who had achieved murderous power in Chicago, actually began in the Miami area in 1929 when the gang leader was at the height of his underworld rule.

Strangely, the cycle got its original motive power from a social slight to a President-elect of the United States; and ironically, Capone was probably unaware of the slight. But it had the effect of setting us of the Intelligence Unit off on a long trail which ultimately landed our man in Alcatraz.

Some of the police work was eye-straining accountancy; some was routine flatfoot technique. But some, particularly the personal undercover work inside the Capone gang must sound like detective fiction. However, I can vouch for its authenticity, and I am now free to tell the inside story.

Herbert Hoover, the President-elect, was in Florida as a guest of J. C. Penney, the merchandising magnate, taking a rest prior to being inaugurated. One evening Mr. Hoover and a few friends left the Penney home for a Miami Beach hotel. The Hoover party, flanked by a few muscular Secret Service agents, was greeted in the lobby by a respectful hum, and many tanned faces smiled greetings to the next President. Mr. Hoover smiled back.

In a few moments, though, the lobby-sitters began to ignore their next President, and the members of his own party followed suit. Mr. Hoover looked about to discover the diversion. He saw a fat, smiling man entering the lobby, also surrounded by a coterie of muscular young men.

The fat man had a big cigar lolling between heavy, loose lips; a crisp scar split one of his waxen cheeks. The fat man was negligently accepting the openmouthed adoration of the citizenry as he walked across the lobby. Mr. Hoover had become a forgotten man.

The President-to-be nudged a gaping friend. "Who is that man?" he asked.

The hero-worshiper found time to mutter, "That's Scarface Al Capone," and then returned to his devotions.

Mr. Hoover was more than usually thoughtful when he returned to the Penney home. He was still thoughtful when he took his oath as President in March, 1929. And at his very first Cabinet meeting he discussed the Miami episode—discussed it frankly.

"This is a disgusting state of affairs," he said. "That man must go to jail—soon!"

It was Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills who later informed me that our Intelligence Unit had been honored with the assignment of eradicating Capone. He said: "Your men seem to be having a great success with Ralph Capone. You should be able to do the same job on his brother, Al."

I retired to my office to ponder the great difference I knew existed between Ralph (Bottles) Capone and his younger brother, Alphonse. True, we had Ralph on the hook at the time and, barring a fixed or frightened jury, he was going away for a while. But Ralph was a stupe. He had signed things, including an income-tax return. Al Capone had signed nothing.

While we were still studying ways of getting Al, Ralph made frantic efforts to pay the tax we figured was due, and got the cold shoulder. He went to trial and was found guilty.

Ralph was visibly shocked at the verdict, and was more shocked when sentenced to pay a $10,000 fine. He was led off mumbling: "I don't understand this at all."

A lot of Ralph's pals understood it, though. To the amazement of the Collector of Internal Revenue in Chicago, a line of sleazy bums arrived to pony up more than $1,000,000 in taxes.

Secretary Mills had some kind words to say about all this, and then added: "Every morning when the President's 'Medicine-Ball' Cabinet gathers, Mr. Hoover greets us with, 'Have you got Al Capone yet?' When the session is over he says, 'Remember now, I want that fellow in jail.'"

When I heard this, I sent for Art Madden, our agent-in-charge at Chicago, and for Special Agent Frank Wilson. I also sent for a special agent whom I am going to call Pat O'Rourke. Pat is still a special agent, and to identify him by his right name would put an end to his specialty, which is undercover work.

Madden had directed the job against Ralph Capone. Wilson was a glutton for hours of detail work. O'Rourke, as Irish as Paddy's pig, looked like an Italian. He prided himself on the number of faithful friends he had among the hoodlums he had sent to prisons all over the country. O'Rourke neither smoked nor drank, but he knew more thugs and gangsters than any other honest man in the world.

Madden had made a hobby of Capone for a decade, and at our first conference he filled us in on Al's background.

"Al was a second-rate hoodlum in Brooklyn in 1920," Madden said. "Johnny Torrio brought him to Chicago as a mop-boy in Big Jim Colosimo's restaurant at $25 a week. He wasn't smart enough to be a bus boy. In time he became one of Big Jim's bodyguards at $75 a week. Jim was knocked off in his own restaurant, and his new bodyguard was credited with the job. A rival mob shot up Torrio so badly he left town, and Al took over."

Madden continued: "Al is a supreme fathead. He doesn't care about money. He wants to be the Big Guy and if he can take the bows he doesn't much care who gets the cash, so long as he has enough to buy gaudy clothes and jewelry. Capone doesn't shoot any more. He brings in thugs to do it for him.

"He's a cruel louse, particularly when drunk. He's also the boss, make no mistake about that, but he does listen to advice. Particularly from lawyers."

I told Madden to take charge of an investigation of Al, similar to that run on Ralph. Wilson was to devote his attention to the case and cooperate with Madden's men. Then I turned to O'Rourke.

"Pat, we know what the gang does, but we don't know who does what. Can you find out?"

"Sure," he said, grinning. "I'll join Capone's gang."

I could think of nothing more

Modest, soft-spoken Elmer L. Irey looks *remarkably unlike the traditional detective.* Yet, as chief of the Intelligence Unit of the Treasury Department he won the conviction of Al Capone, Waxy Gordon, Boss Pendergast and scores of other gangsters and political bosses, after other law-enforcement agencies had failed. Born in Kansas City and raised in Washington, D. C., Irey started his government career as a post-office stenographer. He joined the Intelligence Unit in 1919 *and remained* as its chief until his retirement in 1946. William J. Slocum, Irey's collaborator on this and other articles, is a free-lance writer who until recently was on the news staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System. His first book, *Reilly of the White House,* has just been published by Simon & Schuster. This article about the downfall of Al Capone *will be included in a book co-authored* by Irey and Slocum and scheduled for publication early in 1948.

futile than telling Pat O'Rourke the dangers he faced. He knew them better than I. So I ended the conference right there.

The "Secret Six," a committee of anonymous Chicagoans who were sick of the sight of blood on Chicago streets, had raised a fund of $75,000 which they made available to us with no questions asked. I gave some of it to O'Rourke, because he had to buy the gaudy clothes the gangsters affected.

O'Rourke left to lay the groundwork for weaseling his way into the Capone gang. His first stop was Philadelphia, where he looked up his friend, Max "Boo-Boo" Hoff, the Al Capone of the City of Brotherly Love. Boo-Boo and Capone had been friends too, but were now on the outs, so O'Rourke had no reason to fear a tip-off.

O'Rourke told Boo-Boo he wanted to know everything that was going on in Philadelphia gangsterdom at the moment and that had gone on in recent years. It must have been a touching sight, the grinning O'Rourke sitting at the feet of the Philadelphia hoodlum, sopping up gang lore. When the talks were over, O'Rourke would not be trapped in Chicago for lack of knowledge about Philadelphia.

Then O'Rourke went to Brooklyn for a similar seminar under a man whose name O'Rourke blandly forgets and which will not return to his mind until an obituary notice refreshes his otherwise perfect memory. While in Brooklyn, Pat also brushed up on his Italian, which is atrocious and therefore in the best gangster tradition.

Pat was now ready. Into his suitcase went his gaudy shirts, bearing the labels of Philadelphia haberdashers. The same was true of his gay undergarments and horrendous suits. Then he put on a white hat, pulled down the side brim, donned a light tan overcoat and took a train headed west.

He got off in Chicago, phoned Frank Wilson, then registered at the Lexington Hotel as "Michael Lepito." The Lexington was "Camp Capone." The gangster, his aides, protectors and procurers lived there on three floors. Pat was given a room right next to Phil D'Andrea, the man who looked like a preacher but was Capone's chief bodyguard.

Pat started hanging around the lobby. He asked no questions and was asked none. He just sat there reading newspapers or writing himself letters, mailing them to friends in Philadelphia and having them mailed back to himself. Soon he was pleased to discover that somebody was occasionally opening a letter. Somebody had also given his wardrobe a close examination. Pat continued sitting around, asking no questions.

One afternoon a gentleman known as Mike Kelly broke the silence. "What's your line?"

O'Rourke knew Kelly was a middling hoodlum in the Capone setup. He looked up and said, "My line is keeping quiet."

Then he told Kelly that he was a lammister, in other words one who is fleeing justice. Kelly understood, because his next question was, "Where you from?"

O'Rourke had rehearsed the answer a hundred times, but it had to come with reluctance, for appearance's sake. "Originally I'm from

Brooklyn," he said. "I come out here from Philadelphia." Then in a burst of well-rehearsed confidence he added: "I get jumpy sitting around indoors all the time. But I guess it's healthy."

Kelly nodded and walked away. But in a couple of days he was passing the time of day with Pat; in a couple more he was buying Pat a drink (ginger ale, because he had ulcers, Pat told Kelly) and in a couple more Pat came out and said that the Philadelphia cops were looking for him. Next he was playing cards with the boys.

One evening O'Rourke was sitting in on some poker in the lobby when he saw a face among the kibitzers that chilled him like a cold shower. It was Willie Heeney, dope addict, beer-runner and all-around thug. Six years before, Pat had pinched Heeney. If Heeney's cocaine-clouded brain remembered, O'Rourke's weeks of infiltration into the Capone gang would go up in gun smoke.

The swarthy little Treasury spy decided to play a few more hands to see what Heeney did—if anything. Then O'Rourke quit and went for a walk outside. When he returned to the lobby, the dope addict was still kibitzing. Evidently Heeney hadn't remembered.

Everything at the Lexington was arranged to accommodate the thugs who lived there. They slept all day and worked and played at night, so the restaurant ran 24 hours a day, as did the indispensable tailor shop. All the Capone hoods were not only gaudy, they were neat to the point of being sartorial fops.

O'Rourke continued to act the part of a gentleman carefully minding his own business, occasionally reminiscing about the good old days in Philadelphia and Brooklyn. He knew he was finally accepted when a junior mobster began drunkenly praising the wisdom of Al Brown. That was the name Capone had used when he first came to Chicago from Brooklyn; and to thugs he was always Al Brown. The mobster's worship of his master allowed O'Rourke to learn something that we had all been curious about.

"Al's a smart guy, all right," the drunk told O'Rourke. "Nobody ain't never goin' to get nothin' on him. Everything is businesslike. 'The Enforcer' (Frank Nitti, Al's chief of staff), he keeps everybody in line for Al. Somebody gets out of line, Al tells 'The Enforcer' and the next thing you know a couple of guys get off a train from Detroit or New York and 'The Enforcer' tells them who has to go. The guys do the job and go home. The pay is $2,500 a job."

LONG BEFORE O'ROURKE had registered at the Lexington, Special Agent Wilson had checked into a Chicago hotel of nicer repute. He started collecting ledgers. He studied all sorts of books from gambling joints, brothels, breweries and other illegal industries flourishing in and around Chicago.

These books had been gathered in raids by local law-enforcing agencies on gangster joints, in rare moments of official irritation which followed extraordinarily contemptuous actions on the part of hoodlums, such as the murder of a police official or the St. Valentine's Day gang massacre.

Wilson's endless patience had

helped gather evidence against Nitti and Jack Guzik, No. 2 and No. 3 in the Capone hierarchy; he had sewed up the cases by going to St. Louis to apprehend Fred Ries, a hireling who had been the go-between for the banks where the mob deposited money, and Guzik and Nitti, who collected it in cash. Needless to say, Ries disappeared when the Syndicate learned the heat was on.

Nitti and Guzik were also on the lam. The investigation of the mob was getting hot, and the Grand Jury thought they might be able to answer some pertinent questions. Twice O'Rourke managed to phone Wilson that he had caught fleeting glimpses of Nitti at the Lexington. He was almost unrecognizable, O'Rourke said, because he had grown a moustache.

Then Wilson got a tip that Ries was in St. Louis. Wilson and Nels Tessem, an Intelligence Unit agent, promptly bagged the witness in a hotel room, and found him reading a letter from Guzik's brother-in-law, Louis Lipschultz, who had enclosed funds with instructions for Ries to go to California for a while.

Wilson and Tessem questioned Ries about his job in gambling joints. Ries pretended ignorance. He was impressed by the similarity between his handwriting and that on canceled cashier's checks, but said it was nothing but sweet coincidence.

Wilson had a horror of the apprehension of Ries leaking out, because the Capone mob would immediately bail him out, and what happened after that was anybody's guess.

Capone had extraordinary connections in St. Louis, so Wilson whisked Ries across the state line into Danville, Illinois, and after carefully ascertaining just how much cash Ries had, and finding it considerably short of $15,000, he had a Federal judge at Danville fix Ries' witness bond at $15,000.

Ries sat in the Danville jail for a few days' thinking. Then Wilson remarked that it was highly likely the Capone boys would set a new speed record for "rubbing out" Ries when he was released. It was then that Ries decided to talk.

The "Secret Six" happily parted with several thousand dollars and Ries started traveling, accompanied by one of our men. He had a great deal of information we needed against Al and if we jailed him we would have a hostile witness; if we freed him we would have a dead one. So he traveled.

With the indictment of Guzik and Nitti, the Boss became uneasy. Somebody was reading the writing on the wall to him, so in the summer of 1930 he deigned to pay a visit to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, with a lawyer in tow.

Wilson interviewed Capone and his mouthpiece. The lawyer, a tax expert from Washington, explained that Capone wanted to pay Uncle Sam what he owed and would answer any questions. Wilson said that was very nice and asked Al if he owned a gambling joint known as "The Subway."

"Mr. Wilson," said Al respectfully, "I will let my lawyer answer for me."

The lawyer went into a lengthy legal hocus-pocus, saying that Al wanted to help the Government all he could, without furnishing information that would be usable in criminal proceedings. Wilson said he understood. The interview proceeded, with Al as gentle as a kitten, but referring all questions to his lawyer.

The kitten waited until he was leaving before he showed his claws. Al paused in the doorway and said, "Mr. Wilson, be sure and take care of yourself."

There were several such conferences, but nobody was getting anywhere. We were digging up information indicating that Al got $72,320 in Western Union orders which he used in an unsuccessful effort to beat the races in Florida. Also we had made some interesting discoveries of spot-cash fees for Florida homes. He was paying about $3,000 a year to the telephone company and twice that to hotel men. His suits were costing $135 apiece, his shirts $35 and his exotic underthings $15.

That Capone had income was apparent to any jury of 12 men, we knew; but we also knew that we had to have enough evidence to embarrass 12 men into admitting something that their fear of gang vengeance otherwise made them reluctant to do.

Finally Capone's lawyer admitted to Wilson that Al had income, but said it was never more than $50,000 a year. Wilson was charmed with the admission and requested it be made in writing. Oddly enough, it was. The letter later helped to convict Al.

It was really a touching note. Al was the sole support of his widowed mother; his house was mortgaged and he had a sister and a son to support; Capone was a member of an organization that kept no books, so it was hard to reach any accurate figure, but he received one-sixth of the profits; he had never made more than $75 a week until 1926.

WE NOW HAD AL's own word that he received one-sixth of the swag. We decided to find out just how much Al was allegedly receiving one-sixth of, and to see if we could prove what we knew: that he was receiving considerably more than one-sixth.

One evening Wilson was finishing a typical 18-hour day of examining ledgers. As he wearily put them in a safe, his eyes fell on a dusty little ledger bearing the legend, "Barracks, Burnham, Ill." Wilson, knowing that the Barracks was an old Capone bagnio, idly opened the book.

In one second he knew this was no ledger for a red-light dump. The entries showed it to be a gambling dive, dealing in horses and gambling games. Wilson was bleary-eyed from fatigue when he started reading. Then he saw something, and his eyes cleared. He stuck another nickel cigar in his mouth and settled himself for the night.

The magic words that cleared Wilson's brain were "Frank paid $17,500 for Al." And as he skimmed through the book there were other mentions of Al, or just "A," and every month the heavy profits were divided—after the biggest share had been set aside for "Town," a gangster word for graft paid to local officials.

Wilson knew he had something, but to make it mean anything to a dozen reluctant jurymen he had to prove that the cryptic "Als" and

"As" meant Alphonse Capone. The best way to prove it was to find the man who had made the entries. And to do that he would have to find out what gambling joint the erroneously titled book covered.

This last was easy. Police identified it as having been picked up in a flash raid on the Hawthorne Smoke Shop, a notorious Capone gambling joint. The raid had been made on April 26, 1926, the night William McSwiggin, Assistant State's Attorney, had been murdered. The crime so outraged Cook County officials that they closed up one joint after another, and the Hawthorne fell in the process.

Now, Wilson wanted to know, who had been the cashier at the Hawthorne? That took a little checking on handwriting of known underworld mathematicians. It was finally decided that one Leslie Shumway had been the bookkeeper. To the surprise of practically nobody, it was learned that Shumway was on the lam.

Underworld characters who are nimble with figures frequently employ their talents at race tracks, so Wilson went down to Florida. Sure enough, he found Shumway at Hialeah, glumly peddling $2 mutuel tickets. Wilson trailed Shumway to his humble home and, accompanied by Charles W. Clarke, a Miami agent, he interviewed him.

Shumway offered no help at all. Wilson went into his most persuasive act, which is accomplished by gnawing on a cigar and fastening two of the coldest eyes this side of the Fulton Fish Market on his prey. He pointed out to Shumway that the Government could force him to testify. Then he added an accurate estimate of what Shumway's life would be worth if the Capone people found out that Uncle Sam planned to use Shumway's unique knowledge. Shumway listened glumly and then asked if Wilson had any questions.

When Shumway finished talking, Frank Wilson could report the following: Shumway obeyed but three men at the Smoke Shop—Frank Pope, custodian of the horse-race department; Pete Penovich, custodian of the gambling games; and Alphonse Capone, custodian of Pope and Penovich.

Shumway then obligingly figured out for Wilson the shop's profits. In the 22 months Shumway had worked there, the dump had netted $587,721.95. Even if Al got only the paltry one-sixth he had already confessed to, he made $97,970.33 from the Smoke Shop alone in the period when he reported his income had not exceeded $75 a week.

SHUMWAY WAS PRESENTED in secret to the grand jury on March 13, 1931, just 48 hours before Al's 1924 income-tax larceny would have been swept away by the statute of limitations. At our request the indictment was not announced, and Shumway left for undisclosed parts, accompanied by one of our agents.

Shumway had spoken of a vigilante raid on the Smoke Shop, so Wilson looked up Chester Bragg, life-insurance salesman and member of the vigilante committee. Bragg told of an intriguing admission Al Capone had made when he was vainly trying to get into the raided shop. "Let me in!" wailed the pajama-clad mobster. "I'm the owner of this place."

David Morgan, another vigilante, told of Capone trying to push his way through the closed doors. One of the vigilantes said to Al, "What do you think this is, anyway, a party?"

Al grumbled back, "It ought to be my party. I own the place."

No arrests had followed these admissions.

Capone had admitted getting one-sixth of the syndicate's profits. We had proved that the syndicate was banking huge sums under various aliases in the Guzik, Nitti and Ralph Capone cases. (Nitti hadn't even argued the point, but pleaded guilty and happily took a year and a half in prison.)

As Capone admitted being a member of the syndicate, we felt it was time for action. The grand jury gave it to us by handing down indictments, charging tax evasion for 1925-1929 and failure to file returns in 1928 and 1929. According to our figures, he had made a total of $1,038,654 and had evaded taxes totaling $215,030.

The indictment was returned on June 5 at 1:30 P.M. Three hours later, Al gave himself up. Promptly he was freed on $50,000 bail.

Back at the Lexington there was much activity. Pat O'Rourke listened, then heard something that sent him ambling down the street to a pay phone. He called Wilson and said: "Capone just brought five hoodlums out from New York. They are going to shoot you, Madden and Irey."

Wilson asked why.

"He probably figures that if he gets you three, nobody'll have the guts to prosecute him or to vote him guilty."

"What do they look like?"

"Like hoodlums. I never saw 'em before. But they are riding around town in a car with New York license plates."

Four days later O'Rourke called again: "It's okay, Frank, they went back to New York. Somebody talked Al out of it."

With some disappointment Wilson relayed the news to Madden and me. I do not recall any expression of disappointment by Madden and I know that I received the news with relief.

CAPONE AND HIS BOYS were getting silly as the trial date approached. For instance, a suave young man made an appointment in New York with a tax consultant. He introduced himself as Jones and asked the tax consultant, "Do you know Elmer Irey?"

"I know him better than any other man in the world," was the truthful reply.

"That's what I heard," the meticulous stranger said. "If Irey's boys let Capone off without a jail sentence, I'll give you a million and a half dollars. In cash."

The tax consultant tossed him out of his office.

About the same time, Frank Wilson got a phone call. "This is O'Rourke speaking. Capone's giving a party."

"You going?"

"Sure. It's a going-away party. Al thinks he's going to get off easy with a guilty plea. Johnny Torrio's going to be there. I think Al is going to appoint him boss while he's away."

Wilson didn't like it at all. We all knew of Capone's penchant for throwing a party prior to batting out the brains of an unfaithful follower. He mentioned this idiosyncrasy of Al's to O'Rourke, who replied: "Yeah, I know all about it. But I'm going."

"Where's the party?" Wilson asked him.

"At a restaurant across the street."

"Okay. I'll get Tessem and we'll park as close to the restaurant as possible. If we hear shooting, we'll try to help you."

"What'll I shoot with, Frank? Gotta check my gun at the door."

"Take two guns, and check one."

"That's a good idea. So long."

Pat went back to the Lexington, picked up his hoodlum friend, Mike Kelly, and together they walked to the banquet. Wilson and Tessem managed to park within a block of the restaurant. They were there about five minutes when two Capone thugs walked up, looked at them, then sat down against the front fender and chatted.

Wilson and Tessem moved to another spot. Two more thugs did the same thing. Finally Wilson and Tessem had to park outside the four-square-block area around the restaurant. Whenever Al ventured from the Lexington, his hoodlums patroled the entire section.

Pat checked one of his guns and went in. He shared a table with Mike Kelly, Machine Gun Jack McGurn and Paul Ricca, the last a promising youngster who was later to become about the toughest hoodlum in Chicago. He is currently doing ten years for collecting off Willie Bioff and George Browne, the labor racketeers.

The party was a gay one. The chivalry of thugdom—bookmakers, racketeers, brewers, trigger-men and bagnio boosters—were there. Al circulated around freely, speaking to one and all in a most democratic manner. He even spoke to Pat O'Rourke.

"Hiya," he said to Pat, who loyally answered, "Sorry you're going away, Al."

Johnny Torrio walked at Al's side, and whenever Al paused to speak to an important hoodlum he would put his arm around Torrio and say, "Johnny'll look after things while I'm away." He was giving them the word, and they were accepting it with knowing smiles.

Pat found a fine steak before him at one stage of the festivities. He took a bite and felt a sizzling path from his mouth to his stomach. Quickly he downed a couple of tumblers of water but his stomach still burned.

"What's this?" he gasped to Ricca, pointing to his steak.

"Spiced Italian steak," said his companion. "Don't you like it?"

Pat lowered his head and shook it—and saw something glinting in his lap. It was his spare gun, which had worked out of a belt holster. Wondering just how he would have been murdered had the weapon slipped two more inches and clattered to the floor, Pat eased it back into the holster.

Pat got home with the dawn, a full hour before Wilson and Tessem decided to give up their vigil and go back to the office.

Al was confident that the Government, worried about frightened or purchased jurymen, would accept a plea of guilty and that everything would be settled by two and a half years in jail. But when Al's lawyers pleaded him guilty, Judge James H. Wilkerson said he hoped Al understood that the court was bound by no deals.

Immediately Capone's counsel withdrew the plea of guilty. Their pasty-faced boss looked on, bewildered. He had come to accept two and a half years like a nice guy, and what was happening? In a nutshell, what was happening was this: Capone would have to stand trial and take his chances, beginning October 6.

Five days before the trial, Pat O'Rourke walked out of the Lexington and sauntered to another phone booth. This time he called me.

"They got the jury list, Elmer," he said. "The boys are out talking to jurors with a wad of dough in one hand and a gun in the other."

A quick check proved that Pat was right. The special panel of prospective jurors was being intimidated and bribed. I laid the problem before Judge Wilkerson. Grimly he smiled and said, "Don't worry about it, Mr. Irey."

But I did worry, and was almost frantic when, on the day before trial, the intimidated panel appeared. The Judge excused a few for legal cause and ordered the rest to appear next morning when the trial would begin with the selection of 12 men. None of these prospective jurors reported the threats we knew they had received, nor did Judge Wilkerson question them on the tender topic. Capone's boys must have been happy that night. But I was a wreck.

Next morning, newsreel cameras whined and reporters scurried about. At last the Great Man himself, dressed like a jeweled circus tent, was ushered into the courthouse. At his side walked his bodyguard, Phil D'Andrea.

Now came the business of choosing 12 men and true from the remnants of yesterday's 100 well-cowed prospective jurors. The bailiff began calling the names of jurors.

Capone had been outsmarted and he knew it. Judge Wilkerson had come to court earlier and ordered that the regular panel of jurymen available to the rest of the courts be substituted for the 100 men Capone's thugs had been working on for two weeks.

THE TRIAL STARTED and Capone alternately glowered or simpered as tradesmen discussed his lust for expensive silk unmentionables and French pajamas. The Government proved, via Messrs. Ries, Shumway, Pope, Penovich and other Capone employees, how Al got his money. Butchers, clothiers, real-estate agents, hotel men, jewelers and other tradesmen testified that Al must have had it, because he certainly spent it with them.

Al's emotional admissions to raiders Bragg and Morgan that he owned the Hawthorne Smoke Shop were also repeated, to Al's obvious disgust. The letter about Al's income tax was introduced over strenuous objections of defendant's counsel. In 11 days the Government proved Al had it, had spent it, had admitted making it, and had paid no taxes on any of it.

The fourth day of the trial saw the temporary end of Al's bodyguard, Phil D'Andrea, and the actual end of Pat O'Rourke's disguise. Pat appeared with some information for Frank Wilson, and at lunchtime Pat and Frank suddenly pushed the startled D'Andrea through a door into a tiny room.

Wilson's hand darted into the waistband of D'Andrea's trousers and came out with a loaded revolver. Then O'Rourke said, "And take them six bullets out of your pocket, Phil." Phil did.

The jury voted Al guilty and Judge Wilkerson read his decision —11 years, $50,000 fine and $30,000 costs. The Big Guy had just been clouted with a large portion of the book. The Judge asked when the marshal could tote Al off to prison and the marshal blandly reported, "At 6:15 . . . tonight!"

Capone walked dejectedly to the elevator. It was no longer reserved for his personal use. In fact it was crowded, and one of the occupants was Pat O'Rourke.

Pat looked at Al and Al looked at Pat. Finally the bedraggled mobster shook his head and said: "The only thing that fooled me was your looks. You look like a Wop."

Then Al smiled and added: "You took your chances, and I took mine. I lost!"

Next month, Elmer L. Irey tells the amazing inside story—never before revealed in full—of how Treasury agents smashed the Pendergast machine and sent the notorious Kansas City political boss to prison for tax evasion.

The Beauty that Counts

When I got a job as a circus publicity agent some years ago, I found my toughest assignment was writing publicity stories about one of our side-show freaks who called herself "the ugliest woman in the world."

The first time I saw her I was startled by her complete hideousness. She had the big features suggesting acromegaly, a disease which sometimes accompanies giantism. Her body was ungainly, and every one of her features was unnaturally accentuated.

The first few stories came naturally, for she was so obviously just what she had billed herself—the homeliest woman ever seen.

But then, one day, I talked to her. She was a quiet, pleasant person, possessed of a rare natural dignity. Her manner was easy, poised and completely natural.

I began thinking about her—wondering how she had the courage to capitalize on her very ugliness by becoming a "freak."

And then, a few days later, she told me her story. Like many other side-show people, she had once led a completely normal life. She had married as a very young girl—before the disease had left her body warped and deformed. Now, her husband was dead, and she was working in the side show to earn money to put her son through school. He was a handsome lad; she showed me his picture.

But once I knew these things I could no longer handle her publicity. For from that time on I thought of "the ugliest woman in the world" as one of the most beautiful women I had ever known.

—Bev. Kelley

Spotlight on Sweden

Like its King, Gustav V (*above*), Sweden has always enjoyed great popularity in the United States. And in many ways its 89-year-old monarch has, throughout his 40-year reign, been a symbol of his country. Because of his interest in athletics and his sincere friendliness, King Gustav personifies Sweden for most of us. But there is more to this likable European nation than its King. On these 16 pages Coronet takes you to modern Sweden in a special selection of magnificent pictures by the famous Swedish photographer K. W. Gullers. Here you will meet a happy, contented and democratic people.

The photographs used in this picture story have been selected from the book *Sweden* by K. W. Gullers, copyright 1947 by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

BYGGNADSVAROR
A.B. SVENSK GOLVINDUSTRI

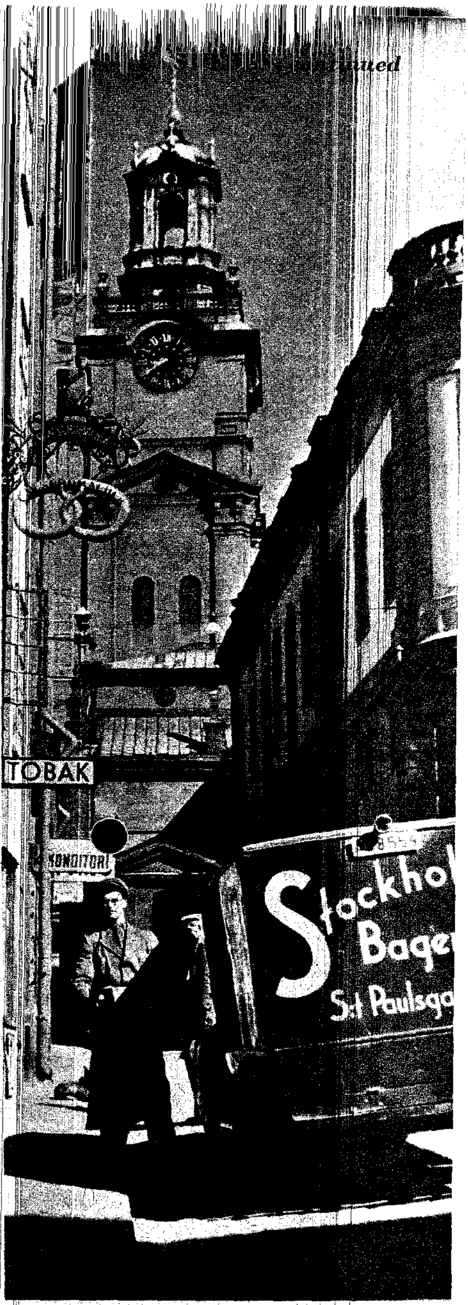
KING STREET, STOCKHOLM

STOCKHOLM

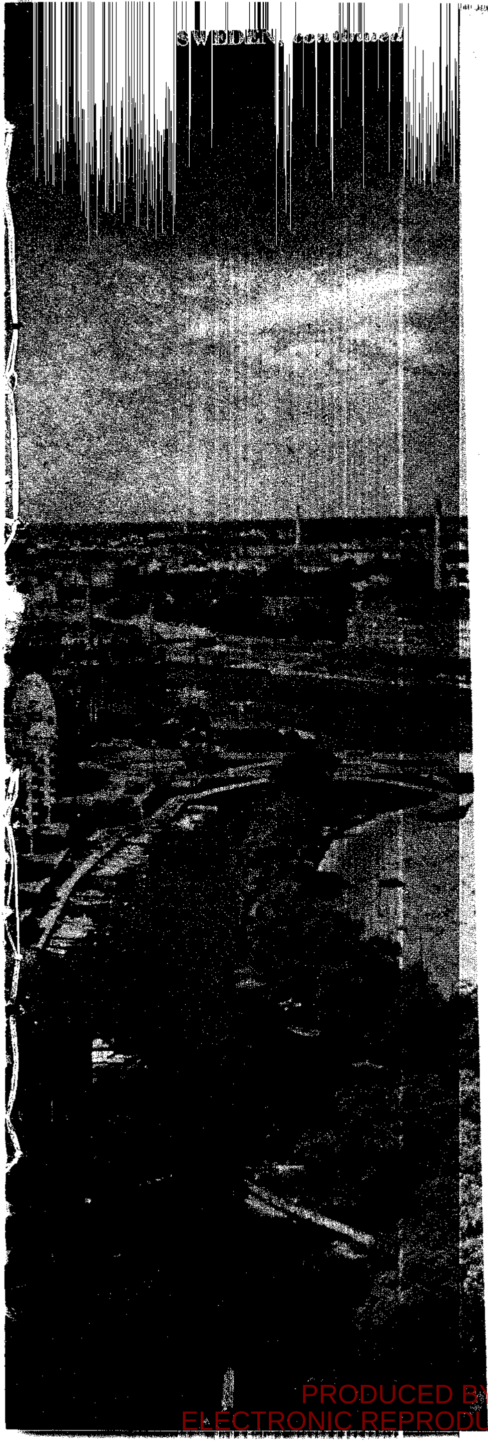
Sweden's capital is the hub of an industrious nation

SWEDEN LIES DIRECTLY north of Germany, across a narrow neck of the Baltic Sea. Largest of the Scandinavian countries, it is less than two-thirds the size of our own state of Texas. About three-quarters of the way down the east coast of Sweden, Stockholm, the nation's 700-year-old capital, juts out into the Baltic on a series of islands. Modern Stockholm is a tidy, well-organized city almost perfectly keyed to the calm yet busy tempo of the nation it leads. There are only about 688,482 people in Stockholm, but it manages to make a sizable impression on the world. Much of Stockholm's importance is due to the fact that Sweden itself receives a full share of international attention, for Sweden is probably one of the best-liked, most efficient and most progressive nations in Europe. By avoiding the damaging effects of both world wars, Sweden is today relatively prosperous, forming a sharp contrast with many of its European neighbors. Stockholm reflects this prosperity.

The capital city is also Sweden's cultural center. Many famous schools of art and music are located in Stockholm, along with the renowned Royal and Swedish Theaters. Because of these attractions and many more, Stockholm hopes to attract a major portion of American tourists in the next few years.

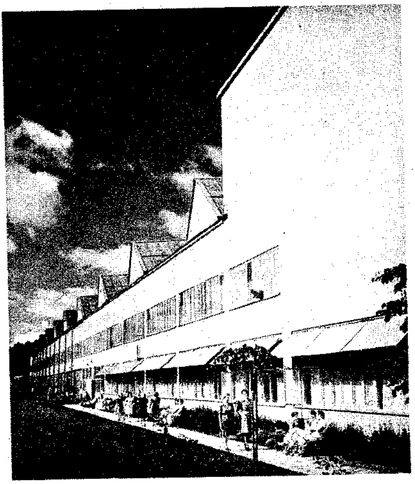


A BAKER'S MAN loads his delivery truck in an older section of modern Stockholm.



Stockholm is a trim, modern city—typically Swedish

In appearance and atmosphere Stockholm is a combination of Old World charm and modern efficiency. The mixture appeals to American visitors who often are puzzled by the bad plumbing and outmoded architecture they find in most other European cities. In Stockholm the standard of living is relatively high. In some ways it surpasses our own. Stockholm, for instance, has no slums. Most of its citizens live in modern apartment houses (*left*). They have bright kitchens, stainless-steel sinks, mechanical refrigerators, tiled bathrooms, laundry rooms and central heating. Even factory buildings (*below*) are usually designed to make full use of fresh air and sunshine. Instead of marring the landscape they tend to add to its beauty.



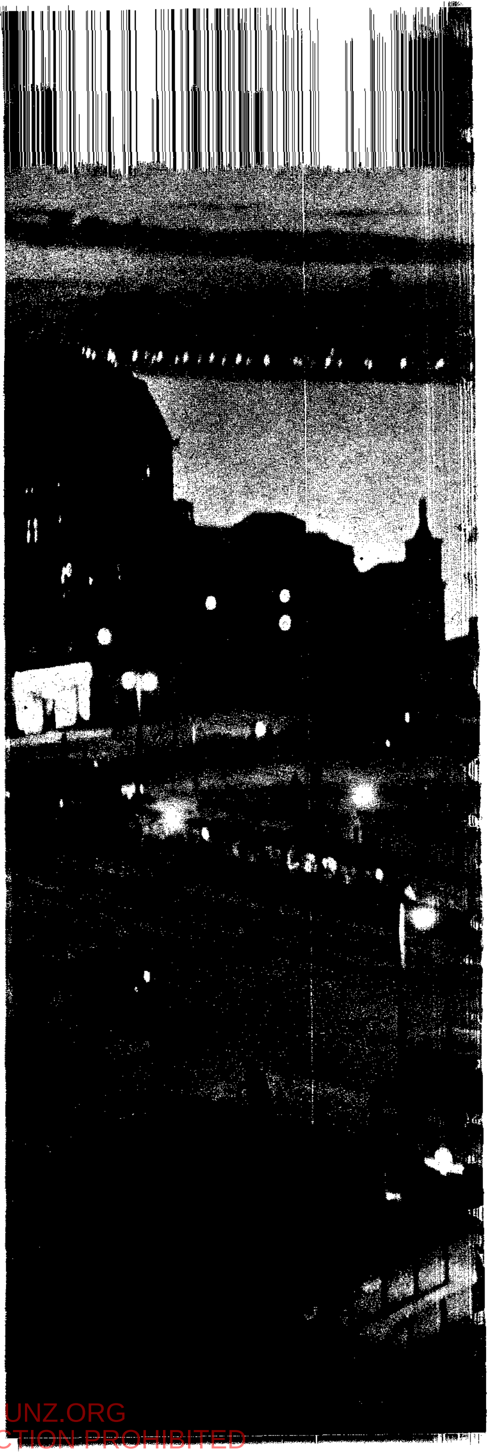
AMPLE LIGHT AND AIR reach workers in this modern factory outside of Stockholm.

At night, Stockholm has an air of unhurried well-being

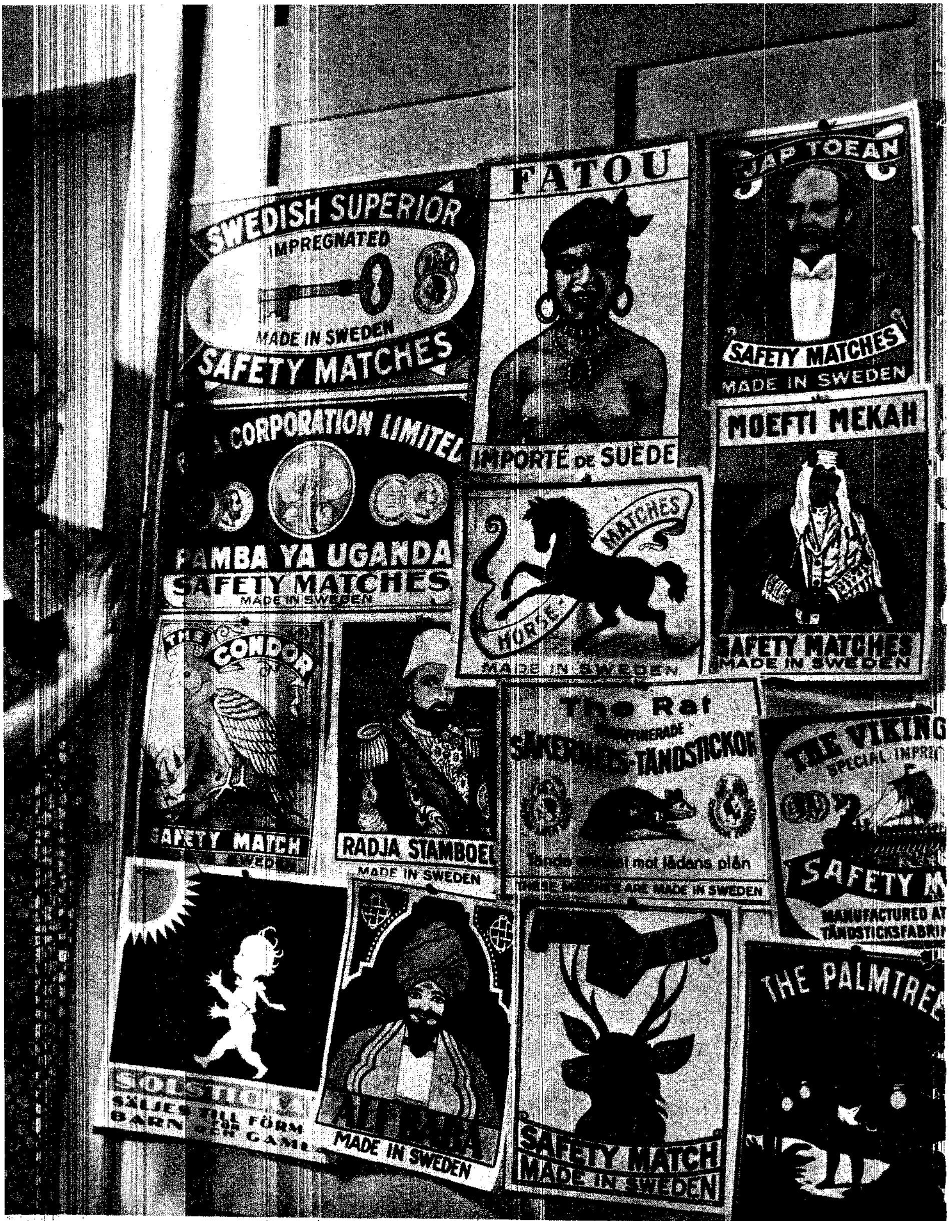
Built on the *skärgord* or islands which lie in great numbers along Sweden's southeastern coast, Stockholm stands at the meeting place of beautiful Lake Mälar and the Baltic Sea. The picturesque *Gamla Staden* or "Old City" is connected by bridges (*center*, *opposite page*) to the modern sections of Stockholm. The "Old City" dates back to the 13th century and includes the oldest church in Stockholm, the Royal Palace and Sweden's ministry offices. The national government is represented in the newer part of Stockholm by Sweden's houses of parliament. Stockholm's own town hall is one of the most beautiful in the world.

Across Lake Mälar the new Stockholm glistens in the night with wide, well-lit streets which are almost perfectly planned to do away with traffic jams (*foreground*, *right*). The center of Stockholm night life is not far from this part of town.

Motion pictures are almost as popular in Sweden as they are in the United States, and Stockholmers are among the world's most avid movie fans. For most of them, an evening's entertainment consists largely of going to see the latest Hollywood production. There are few night clubs in Stockholm, though there are many restaurants and sidewalk cafés. Stockholmers like their *brännvin* (a potato whiskey), but they rarely overdo their drinking; for Stockholm, like all of Sweden, has a liquor-control system which makes moderation the rule.



KAFFE


SWEDISH SUPERIOR
IMPREGNATED
MADE IN SWEDEN
SAFETY MATCHES
FATOU
IMPORTÉ DE SUÈDE
JAP TOEAN
SAFETY MATCHES
MADE IN SWEDEN
CORPORATION LIMITED
PAMBA YA UGANDA
SAFETY MATCHES
MADE IN SWEDEN
MATCHES
HORSE
MADE IN SWEDEN
MOEFTI MEKAH
SAFETY MATCHES
MADE IN SWEDEN
THE CONDOR
SAFETY MATCH
RADJA STAMBOEL
MADE IN SWEDEN
The Rat
SÄKERHETS-TÄNDSTICKOR
THESE MATCHES ARE MADE IN SWEDEN
THE VIKING
SPECIAL IMPRE
SAFETY M
MANUFACTURED AT
TÄNDSTICKSFABRIK
SOLSTICKAN
SÄLJES TILL FÖRMÅN FÖR BARN OCH GAMLA
ALI BABA
MADE IN SWEDEN
SAFETY MATCH
MADE IN SWEDEN
THE PALMTREE

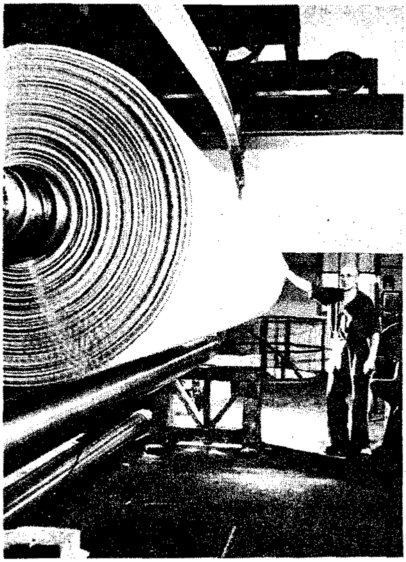
A STRIKING SYMBOL of the Swedish match industry are these match-box covers in several languages. The United States has long been one of Sweden's best customers.

SWEDEN'S INDUSTRY

It supplies more than half of the world with matches

TWO OUT OF EVERY THREE people on earth use Swedish matches. With the help of British and American capital, Sweden's fabulous match industry controls the production of wooden and paper matches in almost every nation in the world. The Swedish Match Company, with headquarters in Jönköping, owns vast tracts of timberland, pulp and paper mills, presses for printing match-box labels (*opposite page*), machine shops, chemical plants and water-power systems. The Company manufactures more than 250 brands of matches. Matchmaking is a colossal business, but it is only one of the industries made possible by Sweden's forests.

Great stands of timber cover almost 60 per cent of Sweden's land area. These forests—chiefly pine—are Sweden's greatest natural resource. Lumber is, of course, the primary product of the forests, but through wood chemistry Swedish scientists have devised methods of making brandy, drugs, explosives, synthetic rubber, fodder, raw vinegar and a constantly growing list of new and surprising forest-born commodities. Much of the world's supply of wood pulp for paper comes from Sweden. A scientific people, Sweden leads the world in the science and manufacture of products derived from wood.



SWEDEN MAKES PAPER *(above)* largely for itself. Wood pulp is for the export trade.

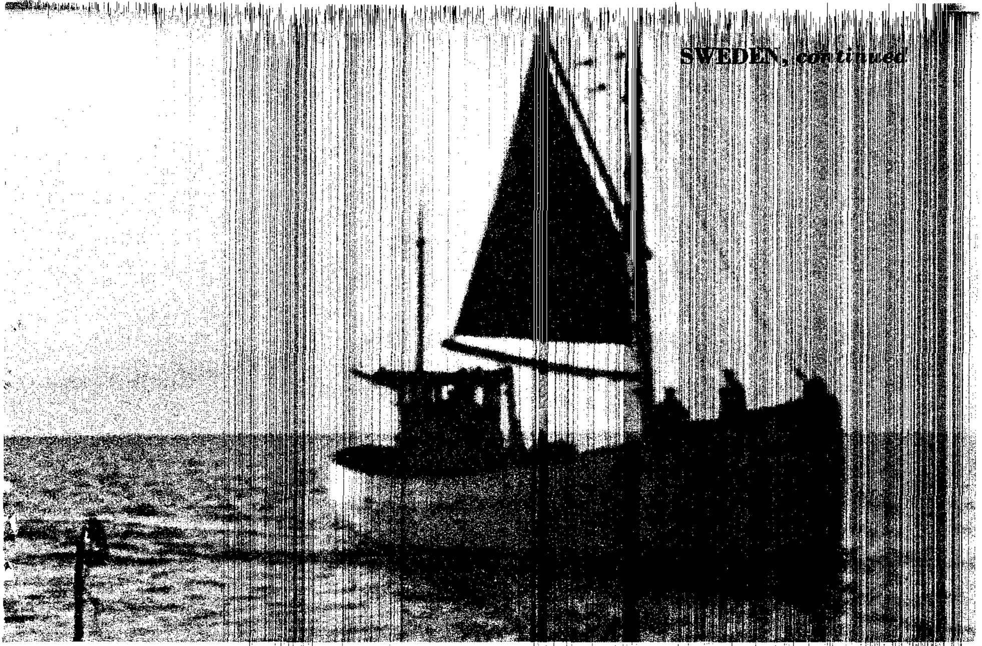
SWEDISH PHYSICIST The Svedberg is one of the world's foremost atomic scientists.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SETTING SUN, TWO SWEDISH FISHERMEN WATCH A COMPANION BOAT MAKE READY

SWEDISH FARMERS often prefer to invest in the soil, instead of buying tractors.

Sweden uses science on its farms, art in its factories

Despite the prominence of forestry and the imposing spectacle of Swedish match production, the nation's most important industry is farming (*left*). Swedish agriculture, largely concentrated in the center of Sweden, supports fully one-third of the population. Its principal crops are wheat, rye and barley. Government research keeps Swedish farmers informed of the latest theories on drainage and crop rotation. Close and constant study of seeds, soil conditions and stock breeding contribute toward making Swedish agricultural methods among the best in the world.



TO RETURN TO THE WEST-COAST CITY OF GOTEBORG—SWEDEN'S LARGEST, MOST IMPORTANT SEAPORT

After farming and forestry, Sweden derives a great part of its income from fishing (*above*). The fish caught in the North Sea and the Baltic Sea and in Sweden's thousands of lakes and rivers are a major item in the Swedish diet.

In Sweden's far north, beyond the Arctic Circle, there are rich iron mines which yield iron ore almost completely free of impurities. This pure iron is used in the manufacture of Sweden's famous high-grade steel.

Sweden has done much to popularize the fine arts of sculpture and design in the manufacture of domestic products made of glass (*right*), porcelain, metals and wood. Furniture and home furnishings made in Sweden are famous all over the world for their beauty, simplicity and utility.

POLISHING is one of the final steps in processing world-famous Swedish glassware.

SWEDEN'S PEOPLE

They are handsome, vigorous advocates of physical culture

The Swedish people probably typify the so-called Nordic stock better than any of their neighbors in northern Europe. Though only about 20 per cent of native Swedes are golden-haired blonds, enough of them have light hair, blue eyes and fair skins to make these characteristics a "trade-mark" of their nationality. In temperament, Swedes are generally vivacious and robust, serious and enterprising.

Largely because of well-developed social security, health insurance and other governmental aid programs, extreme poverty is almost nonexistent in Sweden. The peasant women (*right*) who work on Swedish farms are as contented, healthy and handsome as most middle-class housewives in Sweden's cities. Swedish good looks may be partially attributed to widespread devotion to physical exercise. Systematic physical culture is part of the Swedish way of life. Many men, women and children take regular periods of organized gymnastic training. For warm-weather relaxation, vacation resorts are relatively inexpensive. During the short Swedish summer (July and August) seaside towns like Marstrand and Strömstad on the western coast are crowded with athletic-looking men and pretty girls (*opposite page*). In the winter, most Swedes find time for skiing or ice skating.

YOUNG-LOOKING, after years of hard work, this farmer's wife is typically Swedish.

Actively democratic, Sweden's people emphasize cooperation

Coupled with the general good health enjoyed by Sweden's 6,600,000 citizens is an extraordinarily high level of literacy. Sweden provides free and compulsory elementary education for its children. In addition, youngsters, like the peasant boy on the opposite page, are served one free meal a day in the public schools. At the age of 20, all Swedish boys become liable to compulsory military service.

The Swedish Lutheran Church is the state church of Sweden. No one is forced to join it, but almost 97 per cent of the population, including the King, belongs to this state church.

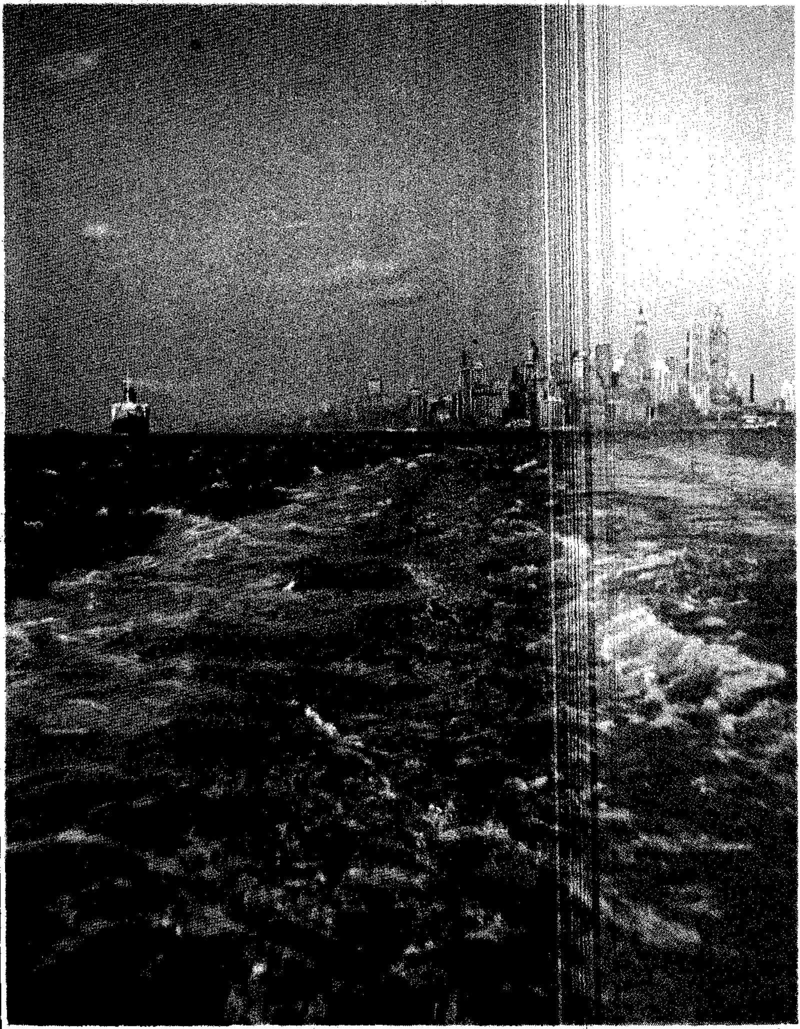
Probably one of the most interesting projects in Swedish life is consumer cooperation—a system of retail and wholesale trading in which the buyers themselves own shares in the stores and factories. More than one-third of the Swedish people belong to Sweden's Cooperative Society known as KF (*Kooperativa Förbundet*). Among the enterprises which KF operates in competition with privately owned businesses are food and clothing stores, pottery factories and publishing concerns. Anyone may do business with KF. The big advantage to members is that they share in the profits. But the cooperatives are *not* Sweden's *only* way of doing business. Despite the great part KF plays in Swedish economic life, the majority of Sweden's shops and factories are privately owned. The consumer cooperatives are merely one aspect of Swedish democracy.

LIKE A BLOND TEUTONIC GOD, this young fisherman reflects the spirit of Sweden.

A SWEDISH IRONWORKER poises his heavy hammer over a chunk of glowing metal.

MISS BERGMA

PORTRAIT OF NATURE: ONE OF A SERIES

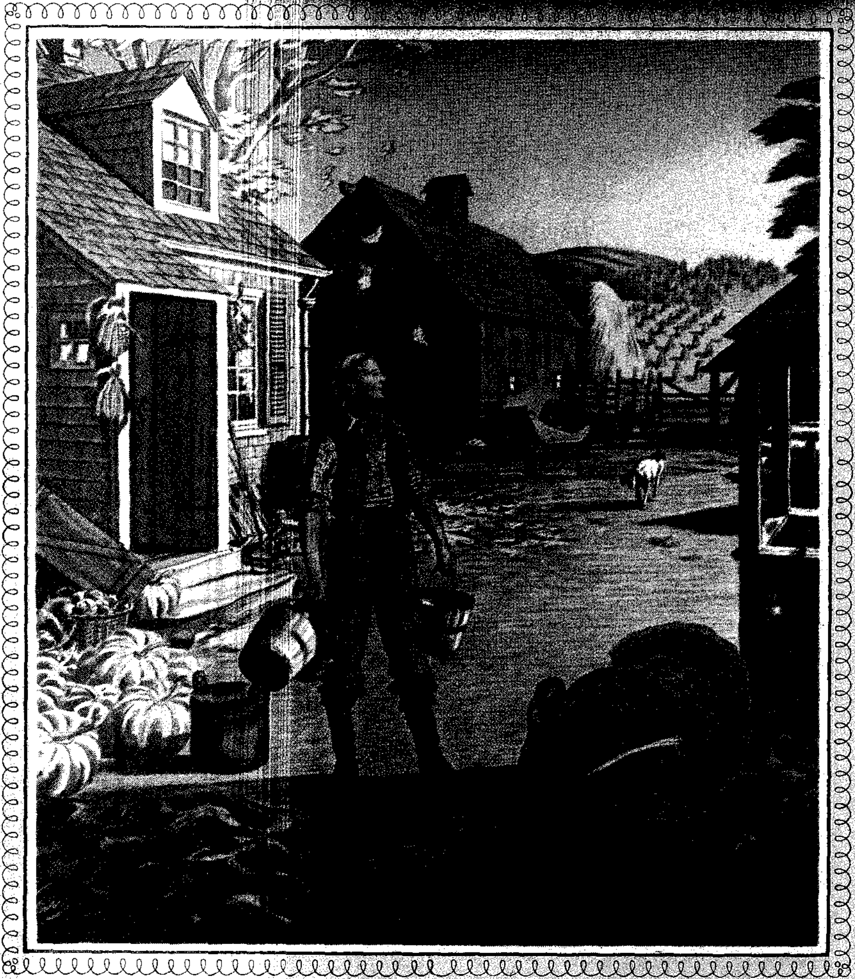


NEW YORK BAY OFF STATEN ISLAND

KODACHROME BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
The Secret of the Sea



"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN" PAINTING BY EDWARD A. WILSON

Indiana's Poet of the People

by EMILY LAWRENCE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, one of America's best-loved writers, was rightly called "the Hoosier Poet." Indiana country people were not only the subjects of most of his poems, but they were also the first to recognize his genius. The genuine homely flavor, the simple sincerity of his poetry won their acclaim while high-brow critics were still calling it "crude."

In 1882, Riley, a former sign-painter and medicine-show entertainer, became a regular contributor of verse to the Indianapolis *Journal.* He had long been in the habit of scribbling poetry couched in the simple farm dialect he had heard around his home town of Greenfield, and a few had been published in various newspapers. Then the editor of the *Journal* decided to run a series of them.

Riley, little thinking they would cause much of a stir, used the pseudonym of "Benj. F. Johnson." With the first poem, the editor described Johnson as an old farmer from Boone County.

Soon, the letters were pouring into the *Journal* office, asking for more "Johnson" poems. And when one of the last in the series appeared—*When the Frost Is on the Punkin*—acclaim was so great that Boone County residents spent their spare time trying to locate the rustic poet. Finally, with the twelfth poem, Riley confessed his real identity.

But the people of Indiana, far from being annoyed by the literary masquerade, remained as enthusiastic as ever about the verses. When Riley's editor published the 12 poems in book form at his own expense, they sold out almost immediately. It was then that book publishers who had previously sniffed with disdain began clamoring for Riley's verses.

Those first 12 poems are still widely read today; but now, as then, none is as popular as *When the Frost Is on the Punkin.* No one who has breathed country air can resist the appeal of the first stanza, in which "Benj. F. Johnson," thinking of his harvested crops, his well-stocked barns and his groaning pantry shelves, contemplates the full meaning of the farmer's life:

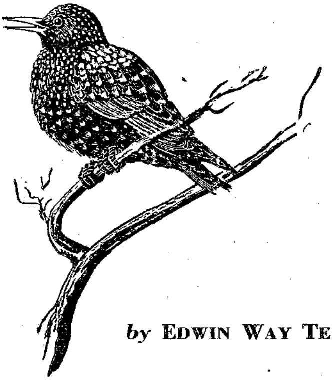
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Much of Riley's poetry was written for and about children, but it won the hearts of their parents as well. After his death in 1916, young and old joined in paying tribute to "the Hoosier Poet." America's schoolchildren contributed their pennies, nickels and dimes for a statue which stands in the courthouse square in Greenfield. And Riley's fellow-townsfolk bought his childhood home and dedicated it to a grateful nation as a shrine to one of Indiana's most illustrious sons.

* * *

Some people grow under responsibility
—others merely swell. —HUBBELL

In Defense of the PESKY STARLING



by EDWIN WAY TEALE

In only 57 years this noisy bird has swept across North America to prove its worth in spite of embattled citizens

IN THE SPRING OF 1890, a liner from Europe steamed into New York harbor to discharge its passengers in lower Manhattan. Sixty of these passengers rode ashore in cages. They were dark, chunky birds with yellow bills. The vessel was the *Mayflower* of the starling.

Every one of the untold millions of these birds in America today has descended from 100 immigrants—the 60 that arrived in 1890 to be set free in Central Park and 40 more that reached New York the following year. Their coming was the result of one man's fancy. He was Eugene Schieffelin, a wealthy New York manufacturer whose curious hobby was the introduction into America of all the birds mentioned in the works of Shakespeare.

Skylarks, chaffinches, nightingales, as well as English sparrows and starlings, rode across the Atlantic in cages consigned to Schieffelin. He even incorporated a society for the importation of foreign birds. Today, partly because of lessons learned from his activity, no foreign bird or animal may be imported without permission from the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Soon after the original starlings were released in Central Park, a pair nested under the eaves of a near-by building. That, as Charles Winninger used to say, was only the beginning.

Starlings are one of the first birds to nest in spring. They have two broods in a season, the first often being out of the nest before many birds have laid their eggs. Moreover, starlings nest close together, as many as five pairs in a single tree. Thus their multiplication is something to make the ears of the fecund rabbit droop in frustration.

The compound interest of this fertility soon showed results in New York. Starlings overflowed into the suburbs, onto Long Island, across the Hudson into New Jersey. In following years Bridgeport, New Haven, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington reported a few starlings, then many starlings, then far too many starlings.

The birds were driving native species — bluebirds, flycatchers, flickers, martins and swallows—from their nesting sites. They were muscling in on feeding grounds. They were upsetting the balance of nature. A bird invasion was on in full force. Nothing, by that time, could stop the starlings' advance.

Not that a good many people didn't try. They fired shotguns into trees; they doused the nests with fire hoses; they set off Roman candles; they even painted starlings white in the belief that such abnormal birds would drive the others away.

In Milwaukee, an ingenious janitor smeared grease over the grillwork at the courthouse windows so the alighting birds skidded, did flip-flops and generally lost interest in the building as a roosting place. And in Washington, D.C., government men spent evenings jiggling strings to which were attached rubber balloons containing dried peas. The peas produced a rattle that practically scared the starlings out of their wits—but only for a time.

But all these were relatively unimportant skirmishes on a long battle line. The starlings continued to advance. They followed the Great Lakes west. They spread down the Mississippi Valley. They penetrated beyond the Rockies. They crossed the line into Canada. They flew over the Rio Grande. Today, the starling occupies the continent from Maine to Oregon and from Mexico to Hudson's Bay.

THE BAD SIDE OF THIS bird is easy to see, particularly in the fall. At that season, old and young gather in huge flocks, settling at evening in treetops or on the ledges of buildings for a social hour before going to bed. The din is tremendous.

I remember walking past the White House lawn one October dusk and hearing an almost deafening clamor from the treetops. In New York City, a favorite roosting place is the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Fifth Avenue. And one cold February, starlings were found roosting on small electric bulbs of a Boston theater sign.

The fact that these birds stick close to man and often flock to downtown districts makes their garrulousness and gregariousness the more annoying. In many localities, the aggressive newcomer has displaced such favorites as the bluebird and martin.

Moreover, its appetite for cherries is so great that when a starling flock alights in a tree, the branches are stripped in an afternoon. In short, the starling comes close to being the bird nobody wants. But whether we want it or not, it is here to stay. And fortunately, the starling has a good side, too.

Even the mocking bird of the South hardly excels as an accomplished mimic. When I started this article, I knew of 27 different birds that the starling imitates. Now I know 28. I have just heard one of these birds, perched on a lamppost, imitate the high, trilling call of the cedar waxwing.

In the yard of a friend of mine, starlings gather each autumn to feed on ripe berries. One old male, after dining plentifully, expresses his pleasure by going through his whole repertoire. He will imitate the bluebird, the wood peewee, the red-winged blackbird, the meadowlark, the Bob White, the Carolina wren, the bluejay, the whippoorwill and the flicker.

In my neighborhood, a small boy was in the habit of giving a peculiar whistle when calling his chum. Soon the chum was coming out of his house, called by the whistle, when no one was near. He discovered a starling imitating the sound.

In its own right, the starling has nothing that can truly be termed a song. The nearest it comes to singing is a long-drawn whistle that sounds like "fee-you." Because of this sound, a friend of mine refers to starlings as "Lawyer Birds."

IN 1827, WHEN JOHN JAMES Audubon visited England, he noted in his journal that the starlings he saw reminded him of the American meadowlark. And well they might. Although an ocean separated the two, they belong to the same family. Both walk instead of hopping when on the ground. Both fly in the same manner, alternately flapping and sailing. Only the starlings, however, gather in immense flocks to perform their aerial evolutions in the fall. In great clouds, like swarming bees, thousands of the birds rise and fall, turn and circle, wings moving together, individuals lost in the coordinated mass-movement of the whole. It is a striking and spectacular show.

From a practical point of view, however, another side of the starling's activity is more important. This is its consumption of insects. All during its long nesting season, it is searching for insects to feed the four to seven ravenous baby birds that hatch from the pale bluish or whitish eggs. Cutworms, weevils, grasshoppers, crickets, beetles, caterpillars, millipeds and spiders are thrust hastily into the wide-open mouths and then the parent birds are off again, hunting for another course in the day-long dinner.

Government scientists who examined the stomachs of 100 starlings report that this unwelcome immigrant must be classed, on the basis of its food habits, as a beneficial species. Its destruction of injurious insects far outbalances the loss from the fruit and grain it eats.

In the Eastern states, where the Japanese beetle is spreading rapidly, the starling has developed an insatiable appetite for these insects. It takes them both young and old, as grubs and as adult beetles, picking off the pests by the hundreds. I have seen them probing lawns with their long, pointed bills, seeking the buried larvae.

Edwin Way Teale has won many honors and achieved world-wide recognition for his work in the field of natural history. In addition to countless magazine articles, he has written several books, among them *Dune Boy*, *The Golden Throng*, *Byways to Adventure* and *The Lost Woods*. He is a member of the New York Academy of Sciences, the Explorers' Club and the New York Entomological Society. This article is taken from *The Lost Woods*, published at $4 by Dodd, Mead and Company.

One striking instance of the value of these labors occurred in Connecticut. For several years, the birds came regularly to the yard of a friend of mine to search for beetle grubs. Then, one spring, a cat joined the household and the starlings were frightened away. Before summer was over, the consequences were dramatically apparent.

Working unhindered in the ground, the grubs of the Japanese beetle sliced their way through the grassroots, killing large stretches of the lawn. This snipped-off turf could almost have been rolled up like a carpet. No other bird I know is so effective as the starling in combating such injurious grubs.

In all the world, there are about 70 species of starlings. In the United States, there is only one—the one that Eugene Schieffelin's fancy turned loose in the closing years of the last century. That one, to many people's way of thinking, is enough.

But in the course of time, nature's balance will be restored. The hosts of the starling will be reduced as the hosts of the English sparrow have been. And in the end, the starling—that noisy bird invader that has conquered a continent—may be regarded as an immigrant that has developed into a beneficial and valued citizen of the country.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

The Life of the Virgin: In this special Christmas feature, nine magnificent paintings—among the world's finest works of art—are reproduced in rich, full color to tell the inspiring story of Mary, Mother of Jesus.

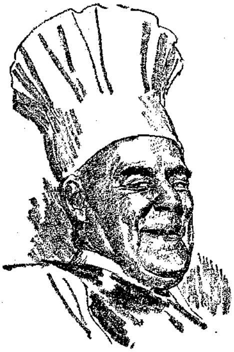
I Flew Faster than a Bullet, by Col. Albert Boyd. An Air Force test pilot takes you with him on the thrilling flight that set a new world's speed record.

Sea Fever: John Masefield's famous poem has been illustrated especially for Coronet by Montague Dawson, whom critics have called the greatest painter of seascapes in our time. Dawson's paintings, reproduced in full color, give new meaning to Masefield's beloved poem.

Hollywood Face to Face: What are the film stars like away from the movie studios? You'll find out when you see this candid 16-page picture story. Here is an exciting, informal look at a little-known side of Hollywood—the intimate, down-to-earth side of some of its most popular players.

We Broke the Pendergast Machine: Elmer L. Irey's amazing inside story of how Treasury agents sent the notorious Kansas City political boss to prison.

Roll Up the Rug! A Party Guide for Teen-Agers, by Betty Betz. Follow these simple rules—and every shindig at home will be a success, both for youngsters and parents.



DUNCAN HINES: *Adventurer in Good Eating*

by CAROL LYNN GILMER

Through his lively interest in food and people, a gregarious Southerner has influenced the eating habits of a nation

A BIG COUPÉ bearing a Kentucky license plate drew up in front of a restaurant in Tampa, Florida, not long ago. A quiet, well-dressed couple stepped out, entered the restaurant and ordered dinner.

At a near-by table another diner beckoned the manager. "That's Duncan Hines and his wife!" he whispered.

The ensuing bustle was spontaneous, unrehearsed and monumental. The orchestra struck up *My Old Kentucky Home*. Waiters appeared with huge platters of delicacies—far more than Hines had ordered. As he unfolded his napkin the dining room was vibrant with suppressed excitement. Everyone was aware that they were about to witness a performance of major significance—like watching Bobby Feller pitch or Arturo Toscanini conduct. They were going to see Duncan Hines *eat!*

After more than a decade of steadily increasing fame as America's foremost restaurant-rater, Duncan Hines is still mildly amazed at such goings-on. When he was a successful traveling salesman a few years back, he could walk into any restaurant without causing a head to turn. Today, when Duncan Hines enters a restaurant—even though he always arrives unheralded and tries to remain anonymous until he has finished eating and paid his bill—he will likely be recognized. The resulting hubbub resembles a hastily-planned reception for royalty.

His wonder at this is quite genuine. His name has become a national byword; as author, publisher and unofficial arbiter of the American tourist's eating habits, his fan mail rivals that of a movie star. Yet Duncan Hines still doesn't think of himself as a celebrity. Rather, he regards his success as a happy accident.

It started in 1935 when, in lieu of Christmas cards, he mailed to friends his private list of favorite eating places, compiled during years of traveling as a printing salesman for a Chicago firm. The list resulted in so many telephone calls requesting additional copies for friends of friends that Hines' only recourse was to print his recommendations in book form. That small volume, *Adventures in Good Eating*, together with two other books he brought out later—*Lodging for a Night*, a list of recommended hotels and motor courts, and *Adventures in Good Cooking*, a recipe book—have now sold almost 2,000,000 copies.

The idea of listing good eating places was not new when Hines went into the business. Numerous guidebooks had already been published but none had achieved wide popularity. Even though started with the best of intentions and a carefully selected list of restaurants, they often proved unreliable. Supported by advertisement fees for listings, they could not drop a paying client in case the restaurant lowered its standards.

With completely uncalculated shrewdness, Duncan Hines supplied the missing ingredient for a successful guidebook. Not only that, he had and is still having a whale of a good time doing it.

HINES IS NOT A BLASÉ, professional gourmet. He is a small-town boy from Kentucky whose knowledge of food is unlimited. He is interested in vegetables from the seed stage right through to the hollandaise sauce. He is fascinated by beef from the calf stage right through to the charcoal-broiled steak. And his knowledge of farming, ranching and gardening methods is just as extensive as his knowledge of food preparation and cooking methods.

But Hines' lively interest in food is balanced by an equally intense interest in people. A real extrovert and a true Southerner, Hines is doing the things he enjoys most—visiting around, being with other people, enjoying hospitality, making friends. The fact that his "friends" now include a million or so readers whom he has never met is incidental.

There's an easygoing air of informality about the entire Hines establishment. Shortly after he gave up his job with the printing firm to go into the publishing business, Hines left Chicago and moved back to his birthplace, Bowling Green, Kentucky. His home and office are combined in a white bungalow two miles outside of town. Here he handles all the details of writing, editing and publishing his books. Here, in their own kitchen, he and his wife, Clara, test the recipes that eventually find their way into *Adventures in Good Cooking*.

Hines, disdaining a big business staff, employs only three full-time office workers and one or two other local girls who work part-time. Edith Wilson, his secretary, describes him as the perfect boss:

"If the outgoing mail stacks up faster than we can handle it, he'll pitch in and help us wrap packages and seal envelopes."

In his relationship with restaurateurs, Hines is just as informal. By about the second year their establishments have been listed in his book, most owners and managers find that they are writing a "Dear

How to Enjoy Eating Out

by **DUNCAN HINES**

1. Arrive early to avoid standing in line and to get a good selection of freshly cooked food.

2. Don't be in such a rush that the cook lacks time to prepare your food properly.

3. Use imagination. If you have to eat at the same restaurant quite often, don't order the same thing day after day.

4. When ordering, be specific. The waiter doesn't know that you don't like condiments on your steak unless you tell him.

5. For your health's sake, don't be a bargain-hunter. You may find a 60-cent meal for $2, but you'll seldom find a $2 meal for 60 cents.

6. Go in smiling. Be as courteous to the waiter as you want him to be to you.

7. Don't deaden your taste by smoking too many cigarettes or drinking too many cocktails before a meal.

8. Relax while you're dining. Don't bolt it and beat it.

Duncan" rather than a "Dear Mr. Hines" letter.

Despite this genuine friendliness, Hines has a Puritan-like code of business ethics. The moment he finds, either through personal inspection or through one of his volunteer investigators, that a recommended restaurant is failing to meet the standards he sets, that restaurant will not be listed in the next edition of Hines' book. The fact that the owner is a personal friend makes no difference.

To make this task a little easier, Hines avoids obligations as a cat avoids water. Restaurant men are quick to acknowledge that a recommendation by Hines often means the difference between prosperity and a break-even business. But Hines not only refuses to accept one cent in payment for any listing, but also pays for all food and accommodations in the places that he recommends.

It is almost impossible, restaurateurs have found, to give Hines even a simple gift. A New York proprietor who sells homemade candy as a side line found that the only way he could make Hines accept sweets was to send them for Christmas. When a Missouri restaurant owner sent Hines a 34-pound turkey (to prove that Missouri produces the finest turkeys) Hines, "to get even" as he puts it, shipped a big Kentucky ham to the Missourian.

Another restaurant owner insisted on giving Hines two novelty beverage thermometers sold in his restaurant's gift section. Hines promptly ordered a dozen of the thermometers as gifts for his friends. When he didn't receive a bill after a reasonable length of time, he wrote the restaurant man: "If you don't send me an invoice, I'll take your place out of my book."

Restaurant men are not the only ones to come up against Hines' stern code of ethics. At times, it seems that he works hard at *not* making money. Tempting offers come to him regularly—$1,000 for endorsing this product, $500 for saying he likes that one. Hines turns them down regularly.

Advertisers have urged him to sell space in his books at handsome rates. Hines always refuses. The same goes for offers to star in radio shows. Behind his refusals is a good reason: once he succumbs, he says, he has lost his most valuable asset—independence.

Before the war, Hines did engage in one extracurricular venture: he sold old Kentucky hams cured in his own smokehouse. But during the wartime meat shortage he gave up the business, and although he now has 40,000 orders on file, he doesn't intend to resume business while pork prices are so high.

"People who would pay $1.50 a pound for ham simply don't know the value of money," he says.

Despite his aversion to easy profits, Hines holds no scorn for an honestly earned dollar. In fact, his refusal to get rich quick has often turned out to be very smart business indeed.

For years, publishers who wanted to take on his books offered generous contracts. But Hines, having been a salesman of creative printing ideas, was no amateur in the publishing business. He felt that a publishing house would try to sell a million copies a year, thus glut-

How to Judge Food and Service

by DUNCAN HINES

1. Has the table been cleared and reset before you are shown to it, or do you have to stare at debris left by previous diners?

2. Are the tables so crowded that you can't get in and out easily?

3. Is the place unnecessarily noisy? Do waiters and busboys slam dishes? Is kitchen clatter clearly audible?

4. Is the menu accurate? For example, when fresh fruit cocktail is listed, is it really fresh or canned?

5. Are the vegetables overcooked into a tasteless mass?

6. Is the food properly seasoned, or do you have to pour salt and pepper on it?

7. Is hot food served hot (on warm dishes) and are salads and ices served cold on chilled dishes?

8. Are your wants anticipated or do you have to ask for water, more butter, an ash tray? Do they bring your check promptly?

9. Are you received with the courtesy from manager, waiters and all employees that you are entitled to, no matter how much or how little you spend?

ting the market and killing future sales of new editions. So he refused all offers and kept the publishing ventures to himself.

Since his books are so definitely a one-man proposition, they have a distinct personality—the mirrored personality of Duncan Hines. A stocky, silver-haired, well-tailored man in his 60's, Hines, like his books, combines good taste and mature judgment with boyish exuberance. Like his books, he is unassuming, unpretentious; yet he can be argumentative, even dogmatic, in stating opinions. Like his books, he combines good nature with crusading earnestness. Treating ourselves to tasty, well-balanced meals is, as he sees it, not only a pleasure but a duty, for good food and good health are as inevitably linked as ham and eggs.

Hines doesn't write for his readers—he talks to them. "I ordered fried chicken and a filet mignon," he says in one listing. "You see, I was just sampling. I don't eat all the stuff, but honestly, this time I kinda stretched my belt because the stuff was mighty good. Then I filled up with coffee and apple pie, and while I think I could make a better pie myself, it was really quite satisfying."

The books are sprinkled with random thoughts and homey observations. "How hard it is to find simple dishes finely prepared. Cornbread, fried potatoes, codfish cakes, baked beans, eggs."

Occasionally Hines will give directions. "A little tricky to find. Turn north at the bank." Or, "Instead of sticking to the heavy traffic highway, why not take Route 202?"

This conversational prose not only makes good reading but inspires confidence in his fans. Hines often gets 500 letters a day, many of them quite personal. Young couples frequently write to ask where they should go on their honeymoon—and incidentally include the full story of their romance.

An Oklahoman wrote, "We have decided your books are the biggest asset to the American traveler since the advent of the automobile." A reader in West Virginia confided, "I can spend a whole evening reading your book and get the same kick out of it that a combination of *Pickwick Papers*, the *National Geographic* and my grandmother's cookbook would give me."

Hines also receives complaints, for his readers are one of his best sources of checkup information on recommended restaurants and inns. The moment complaints begin to stack up, Hines either visits the place in question personally or calls on a volunteer investigator to do so. If the place has actually relaxed standards, Hines drops it from his book and reclaims the official "Recommended by Duncan Hines" sign which he leases to approved establishments.

Surprisingly enough, Hines receives considerable mail from foreign countries. Orders for his travel books come from people in India, China, South America, Australia, Europe—even Tahiti, who explain they are planning a trip to the United States and want to use his books in mapping itineraries.

Many Hines fans don't stop with letters. Tourists who "travel by the book" often go out of their way to visit Bowling Green and meet Hines in person. As a result, he has had

How to Rate Restaurant Cleanliness

by DUNCAN HINES

1. Are rest rooms far enough away from the kitchen to assure good sanitary conditions?

2. Are the rest rooms clean? If not, you can lay odds that the kitchen is dirty too.

3. Is the restaurant careful about little things—clean tops on ketchup bottles, no smears on sugar bowls?

4. Does the place smell of rancid grease? If so, I always back out, for this is a sure sign of careless, unsanitary food preparation.

5. Is the general appearance good—clean floors, clean linen, clean walls? Are dishes, silverware and glasses gleaming?

6. Are waiters' and waitresses' uniforms immaculate?

7. Have waiters and waitresses been trained in sanitary precautions? In handling silverware, do they avoid touching the parts that you'll put in your mouth? Do they carry glasses so as not to touch the rims?

8. Is there a "No Admittance" sign on the kitchen door? The final test of a restaurant's cleanliness is its kitchen. A restaurant which will not allow guests to inspect the kitchen is open to question.

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to enlarge the parking space adjoining his house. But the visitors are fortunate if they find their host at home when they call, for Duncan and Clara Hines spend eight months each year on the road, making inspection tours.

On holidays like Thanksgiving and Christmas, they usually manage to be at home, entertaining at big family dinners. Clara does the cooking, with help from her husband on coffee and salads. The menu includes spoon bread and scalloped oysters—two of Hines' favorite dishes. And the Kentucky-born relatives always delight in watching Hines practice the carving art which he learned from his grandfather.

It is not surprising that he speaks of the restaurants in his books as the Duncan Hines Family, for that is exactly how he thinks of them—with true family pride. When he is forced to drop a restaurant, he sighs and says, "Well, every family has its black sheep."

Since Hines started his books, he has had numerous imitators, but few have been successful enough to be even annoying. In only two cases has he gone to court to protect his enterprise. One suit was brought against a man who was publishing a restaurant list obviously lifted from *Adventures in Good Eating*. Hines proved the plagiarism by pointing out "planted" typographical errors which had been copied verbatim.

Another time, before Hines had devised his lease plan for official signs, he brought suit against a racketeer who represented himself as a Hines representative and went about selling "Recommended" signs to listed restaurants.

Once a year, during the National Restaurant Association convention, 500 to 800 restaurateurs who are members of the Duncan Hines Family attend the informal Family Dinner. They come from Hawaii, Alaska, Canada, Mexico and the 48 states. Last spring, the Dinner was held in Chicago. It turned out to be an eventful evening, for the date happened to be Hines' birthday and a huge cake had been baked as a surprise.

But Hines had a surprise for the Family, too. That evening he announced a project on which he had been working quietly since 1943—the Duncan Hines Foundation. The Foundation now owns all stock in Hines' three books and receives all dividends from their sales. The money is used to provide scholarships for students in the hotel-and restaurant-management schools at Cornell University, Michigan State College and the University of Chicago.

With the announcement that profits from his publishing venture were being used to train restaurant managers, Duncan Hines offered final proof, if any proof were needed, of the seriousness with which he has accepted the trust placed in him by the American eating public. His business may have started as a hobby, but it has ended in a crusade for better living.

Hines states the purpose of the Foundation (and his own aims) very simply: "The idea is to improve the health of the nation by giving more people sanitary, appetizing food."

THEY HELP TO MAKE THE HOUSE A HOME

OVER THE YEARS, the inside covers of Coronet have received wide acclaim, both for artistic beauty and significance of meaning. Arthur Szyk, noted illustrator, has taken simple truths, conceived by the minds of the great, and presented them in the rich and colorful medieval tradition.

The demand for reprints has been so great that the Editors of Coronet have selected five of the illustrated proverbs, matted them for framing and enclosed them in colorful folders, reminiscent of the old-fashioned needlepoint sampler.

Now these sets of five, each including The Lord's Prayer, are available to our readers. Framed and hung upon the wall, they will help tastefully to make your house a home. Or perhaps you would like to send them as greeting cards to friends, in order to convey an enduring message of sentiment and inspiration.

You may order as many folders as you wish by simply sending 50 cents for each set (in check or money order) to Coronet Readers' Service, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Ill.

ANY Dyxies IN YOUR FAMILY?

by DYSON CARTER

Countless children are condemned to lifelong misery by an ailment almost unknown to the public; yet dyslexia can be cured or even prevented if danger signals are observed.

STEPHEN'S PARENTS began to worry about him when the boy was five. He had quickly learned the alphabet, but when it came to spelling words he made baffling mistakes. For *o*, he might read *c* or *e*; *b* could be *h* or *n*. When his parents occasionally lost patience, he would fumble and make pathetic guesses at any letter at all.

In kindergarten the teacher spotted another puzzling difficulty. Stephen would read *was* in place of *saw*, or painfully write *god* when *dog* was intended.

The family doctor recommended eye tests, but the ophthalmologist reported no sign of faulty eyesight. There was nothing to do but let the boy take his time learning.

The blow came two years later. Stephen couldn't move up to second grade. "He'll enjoy Special Class," the principal told the heartsick parents.

That kind of diplomacy could not hide the truth. Officially the school called such youngsters backward, retarded. The town labeled them "mental." So Stephen was branded. Youngsters made fun of him. Going from bad to worse with his lessons, the boy soon withdrew into a private world.

It was some time before the parents found a psychiatrist who dispelled their secret fears. "No, Stephen isn't mentally defective," he told them. "He isn't even neurotic, although his personality is becoming badly warped. Your boy is a dyslexiac. In short—a dyxie."

Almost unknown to the public, and familiar to few specialists, this ailment gets its name from the earliest symptoms: inability to read. Today, dyslexia is so widespread in America that medical science considers the possibility that there are more dyxies among us than our blind, deaf and insane combined.

Dyxies are among the most unfortunate creatures in the modern world because, although their handicap is frequently ruinous, it *can* be prevented or cured. But the vast majority of parents, teachers, doctors and judges fail to recognize the condition, and thus cannot seek to prevent it or offer the practical help that science has recently developed. Psychiatrists are convinced that many of our so-called dull, backward youngsters, and a high percentage of incorrigibles who seem bright but can't get along in or out of school, are dyxies.

These children are condemned to lifelong misery. Although classed as defective or delinquent, most of them are normally intelligent. As they grow up, doomed to live below their potential abilities, many become social outcasts.

Variations of the condition are countless, since each patient is an individual case. Yet we can get a useful conception of the dyxie's handicap by considering another youngster whom Stephen's parents met at the clinic.

Joey had a sentimental mother who laughed away the child's reading difficulties. Then, at eight, he began to stutter. In school his reading and writing troubles were worse than Stephen's, for he followed the page with a peculiar, jerky motion of the eyes. Besides misreading letters, he twisted syllables around. For example, he read *highly* as lee-high, *velvet* as vet-vel.

The more this baffling performance irritated his teachers, the more young Joey strained to read correctly. He started "mouthing" words, silently and aloud, and his dyslexia symptoms multiplied.

Joey also failed dismally in play calling for hand-and-eye skills. Yet anyone should understand that a child who cannot believe what his eyes tell him, who cannot talk properly and whose hands and eyes bewilder him even in play, must be tortured by frustration.

To the suffering within Joey's mind was added the merciless ridicule of others. But unlike Stephen, this little dyxie fought against being rejected by the world. He rebelled, and wound up in Juvenile Court.

Hating school, he started with truancy, then took up crime to demonstrate his really superior intelligence. At 14, he was leader of a gang of freight-car thieves.

When a psychoanalyst studied the juvenile mobster, he constructed a plausible neurosis involving Joey's mother-attachment. The boy hated his father, because that parent had made fun of his stuttering. This revelation led to thorough testing, during which the boy's basic illness came to light. Joey had first developed dyslexia, and only later had his personality problems become chronic.

Now, what makes a dyxie? Investigators agree that dyslexia is of two kinds, developed and acquired. The latter can be dismissed since it arises suddenly from injury to the brain. In sharp contrast, development dyslexia is appearing everywhere with ominous frequency. Disregarding a small minority of cases, this form of the disorder appears, not because of a defective brain but because the child's ability to speak and read develops more slowly than we think is "normal."

Before reading, children's brains and vocal apparatus must learn to speak skillfully. For a number of reasons, most of which are still obscure, some youngsters take more time than others to acquire proper speech and the ability to coordinate what they *see* on the printed page with what they *say* when speaking.

To encourage such a child to read too soon can be compared with trying to teach hopscotch to a baby who still has difficulty walking. With this great difference: we cannot make a physical cripple out of a healthy child who is slow to walk, but we can make psychological cripples out of great numbers of boys and girls by forcing them to read before they are ready, or when they need preliminary speech training.

Psychiatrists began a serious study of dyslexia about 20 years ago, but research is still in the preliminary stage and no satisfactory theory has been advanced to explain why some intelligent children are prone to dyslexia.

The first mass study of the condition, carried out by specialists in the armed forces after Pearl Harbor, revealed that more than 1,000,000 men called for service were rejected or had to be specially classified because they were dyxies. Hence it is reasonable to conclude that, in all age-groups, the total number of victims must run into several millions. How can parents, teachers and doctors halt the spread of this disease that cripples personalities?

Genevieve illustrates what prompt, intelligent action can do. Most dyxies are boys, but this four-year-old girl had the same warning signs noted in Stephen and Joey. Luckily her mother was a technician who had worked with army psychiatrists and was better equipped than most parents to deal with the problem.

"Drop all attempts to teach her how to read," a specialist warned. "Most dyslexiacs get that way because adults compel them to struggle with ABCs when they are still using baby-talk."

It took incessant arguing to convince Genevieve's father of one point. The decisive step in preventing dyslexia, according to one group of specialists, is to *stop* the child from trying to read even at the age of six, seven or eight, if difficulties arise. Genevieve was past eight when she began reading, and her father was disturbed at first, but in the end her schooling was not retarded. Far more important, she is a normal child today because dyslexia never got a start.

ANOTHER PRIME FACT about dyxies relates to writing. If your child wants to write with the left hand, let him. Many experts agree that forced right-handedness is associated with dyslexia. If the child seems equally skilled when holding the pencil in either hand, you should limit his writing to the side of the dominant eye, as determined by an eye specialist. At the same time, a physician should carefully check the child's metabolism.

Saddest of all is the fact that great numbers of dyslexic children are past the age when prevention is easy. In the matter of specific cures, science is not yet emphatic. Patients like Joey and Stephen are rare. Circumstances brought them expert clinical treatment. But in the large majority of cases the burden of curative effort must fall upon clinically untrained people—parents, teachers and friends.

Unlimited sympathetic patience is needed to re-educate the badly disorganized youngster, who first has to be convinced that his mind is sound. Afterwards comes the job of relearning how to speak, read and write.

This means going back to the alphabet. Experts find that tracing big letters on a blackboard helps the dyxie to "feel" his ABCs while "sounding" each letter. Later this oversize tracing is done on paper. Slowly the letters are reduced to ordinary handwriting.

Word games and pictures sometimes help, too. When reading is introduced, the print must be large (24-point type) and the lighting must be excellent.

When we raise our eyes from an individual victim to the figures of wartime psychiatry, we must face the problem of dyslexiacs by the million. Baffled, ashamed, embittered or hopeless, they are stumbling through life, crippled by a condition that is developed in our homes and schools—a condition that can only be brought under control by a huge educational campaign not yet begun.

Dinner Table Talk

YOU MAY NOT know it, but hitchhiking started long before the advent of the automobile. In pioneer days two men would often make a long journey with only one horse. Since riding double for long stretches was uncomfortable, one man would mount and ride while the other started hiking. At a specified time, the rider would stop, hitch the steed to a roadside tree and walk on ahead. Soon the first man would arrive, mount the horse and ride on past the second until his time was up, when he would hitch the animal and go along on foot again. This continued until the final hitch and the last hike brought them to their destination.

—FRANK U. LOCKMILLER

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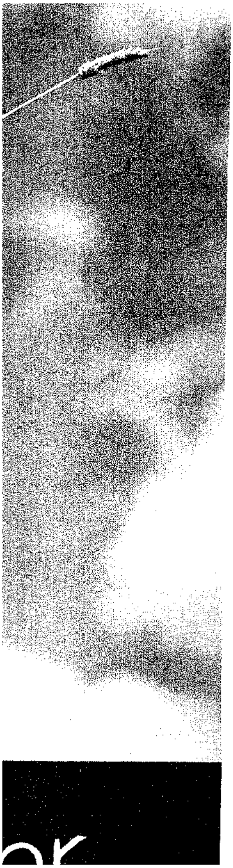
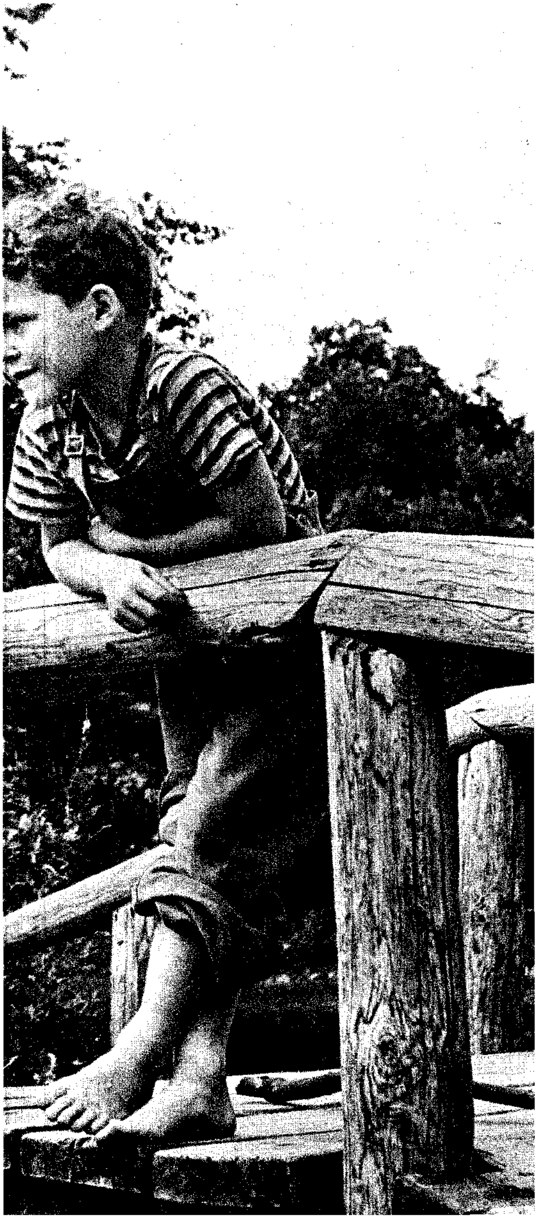
UPON EXAMINATION OF books returned by readers, workers in the Cleveland Public Library found a dried sandwich, scissors, a marriage license, a bankbook, Cleveland Railway stock, theater tickets, hair nets, a silk handkerchief, a court summons, nail files, razor blades, a lettuce leaf, several love letters, numerous streetcar tickets, an endorsed check and a strip of bacon.

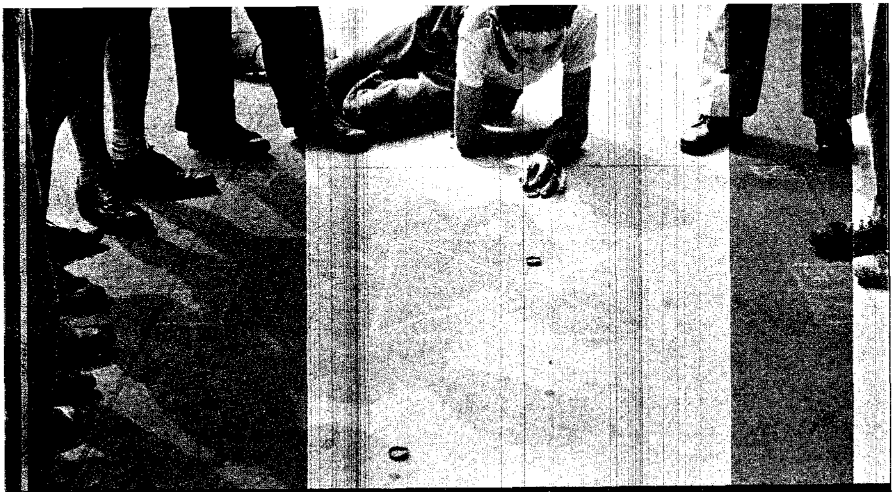
—W. E. GOLDEN



In the magic time before boys reach t
they live in a land made warm and se
lavish pride of their families.

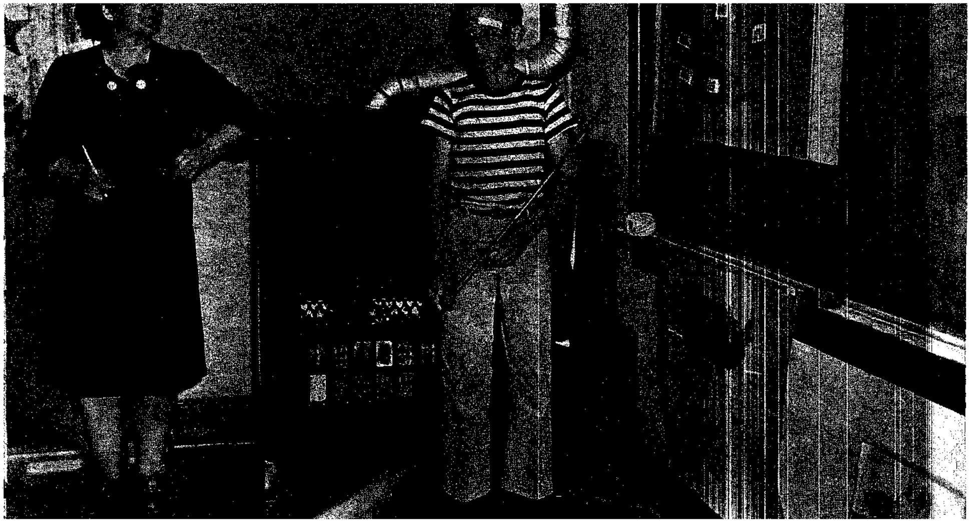


But best of all, America's kid brother is an unbeatable optimist. He can lick his weight in anything that moves. If you want proof—just ask him.



. . . with a game made out of discarded bottle tops, he can shut out the whole teeming world.

Yet boyhood is something else, too. America's kid brother—like it or not—finds he must spend a good deal of his precious time in school . . .



. . . too much in a hurry to mumble his grace at dinner, he comes to the church of his parents with humility and with all the earnest, unshakable faith of youth.

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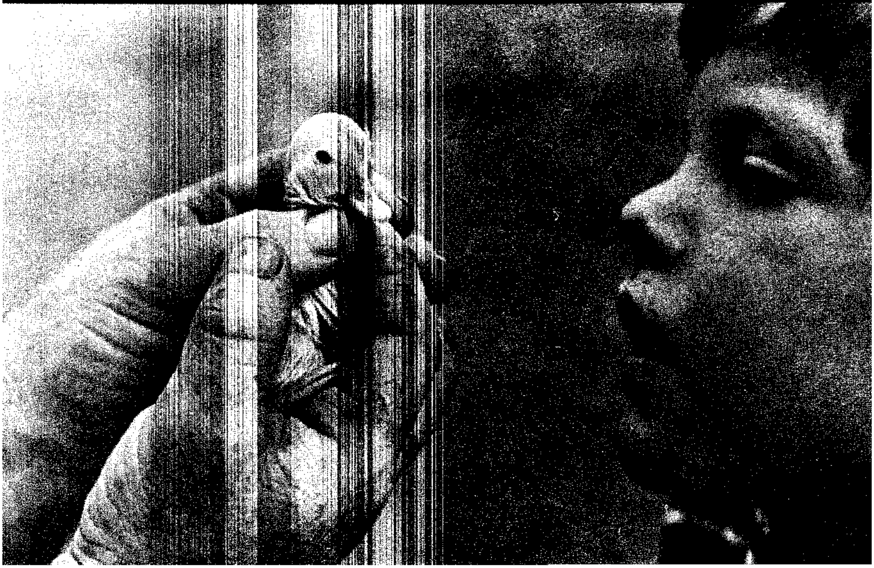
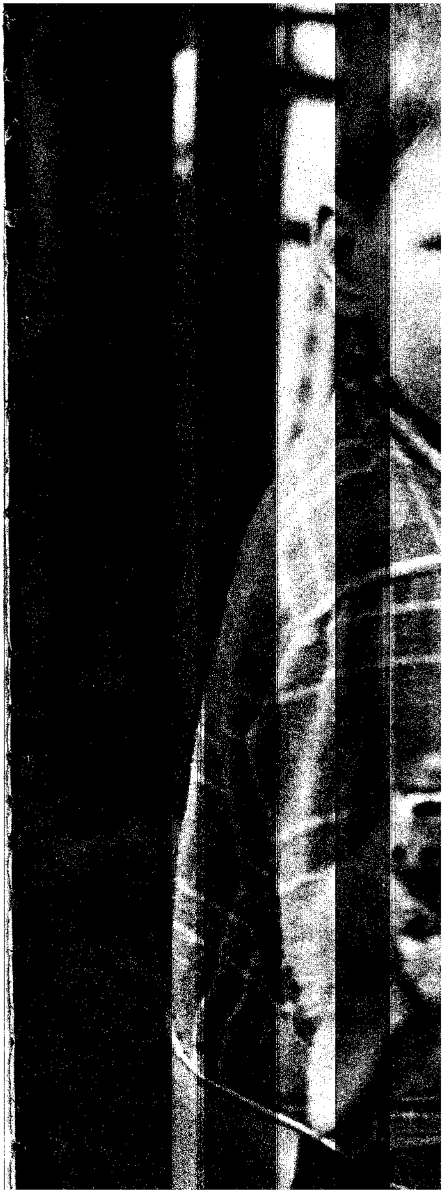
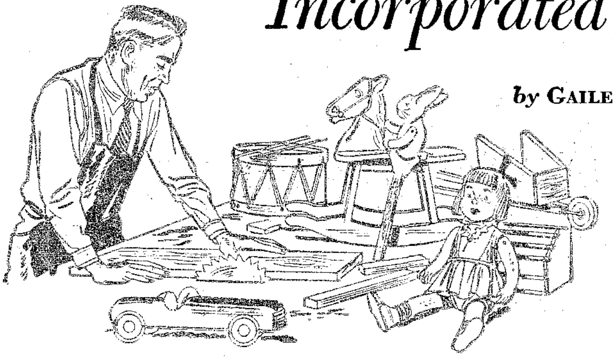
And this is boyhood. It's a fast, crowded time—urgent, thrilling—brimming over with curiosity . . .





And so America's kid brother moves through his young years, walking the earth boldly, seeking the endless adventure, the exciting far-away promise which glistens forever around the bend

SANTA CLAUS, *Incorporated*



by **GAILE DUGAS**

In his St. Louis workshop, a shy little man turns out thousands of toys to be given away each year to the city's poor

DISPLAYED PROMINENTLY in a small room in the Sherman Park Community Center in St. Louis is a sign which reads: "No Toys for Sale."

Yet the room is filled with toys. And there are "customers" for the gaily painted scooters, wagons, small chairs and tables, and for the stuffed animals, dolls, tea sets and games. None of the customers, however, ever spends a cent.

These toys are the products of the efforts of one man—a rather shy little man with a spry look. He is Edward Ward McDonald, who provides more than 3,000 poor children with toys each year.

In 1944, Ed McDonald was incorporated as the "One-Man Santa Claus," which meant that he could put aside his part-time work as a signboard and interior painter and give all his energy to the making of toys from scraps and to the tracking down of materials.

It also meant that for the first time in many years of creating Christmas, Ed had a small but adequate salary from his work.

The vocation which has McDonald transforming cigar boxes into children's wagons had its inception in November, 1926. As he was painting walls in an old tenement house, he heard a little girl saying to her father:

"Daddy, what is Santa Claus going to bring me for Christmas?"

After a short silence, the father said: "Something nice—I hope."

The painter went on dipping his brush, but his mind was busy. Somebody should do something to make Christmas merry for that little girl. So on his way home, he stopped at a grocery and asked for a discarded orange crate. That night, in his basement, a doll table and chairs took shape beneath his hammer and saw.

But even when the table and chairs were gleaming with paint so that the little girl could be sure there was a Santa Claus, McDonald could not rest. There were lots of other children who would have no toys for Christmas. Why not take care of them, too?

That first year, through Ed's hard work, ingenuity and skill, an additional 54 poor children had toys. And that was how his "business" started. Since then, it has grown rapidly, yet the word "charity" has never entered the McDonald vocabulary.

"My toys have to compare favorably with those in the stores or they don't leave this shop," he says. "Parents aren't going to go away feeling that they've got something which is ready for the trash can."

Paradoxically, McDonald says that he is no sentimentalist and therefore has never seen one of the children for whom he makes gifts, with the exception of the first child. There is good reason for this. If parents were allowed to bring children to the display room, there would be hurt feelings as the youngsters attempted to make selections. So he does the selecting himself and hands the gifts to the parents.

"I don't care about race, creed or color," he remarks. "Need is what counts with me."

In order to be eligible for toys, the parents must have a letter from a church or charitable organization, listing the children's names and ages. From this, the "order" is filled. And though the customers walk in without a cent to spend, they are accorded gracious and courteous treatment.

McDonald glances at the letter, sees that there is a small girl, aged three, and a little boy, aged eight, and smiles at the mother.

"Well, now," he says, "what do you think of a doll and doll bed for Clara and a scooter and puzzle for Jimmy?"

When the smiling mother leaves with her bundles, her faith in humanity has been restored.

Sometimes a parent claims that the names of one or more children have been left off his list. McDonald is polite but firm: toys only for the children listed. And there was the woman who, on receiving a large assortment of toys for her three children, demanded sharply: "Is that all I'm going to get?"

Frequently, women call McDonald to complain that, because toys are expensive in the stores, they would like to buy some from him. He explains patiently that he has no toys for sale. Sometimes people offer a donation in return for toys. They are met by a flat refusal.

One woman appeared at the display room with a letter stating that she was a needy mother of 16 children. McDonald grew suspicious of the letter, which was written on plain paper. A checkup revealed that the woman actually had only four children.

IN ADDITION TO the Christmas rush each year, McDonald furnishes toys year-round to the St. Louis Children's Hospital, the City Hospital and the Lutheran Orphan's Home. His gifts go to youngsters in the city, county and state. This year he began shipment of toys to England under Red Cross auspices.

Materials for the toys and the money which helps to pay McDonald's small salary come from the same source: donations solicited by letters from the corporation's board. McDonald himself makes the rounds of stores and business firms, seeking soiled and damaged toys from window displays, lumber, cigar boxes, books, games—anything which might prove useful.

Space for both display room and workshop in the Sherman Park Center are donated by the City Park Commission. From this workshop comes an amazing flow of dolls, wheelbarrows, planes, trucks, doll furniture, horses, clowns and roosters. If donated toys are not too badly wrecked when they are brought in, they emerge vivid and gleaming in bright paint.

Eddie McDonald is so clever at manipulating materials and so patient in his workmanship that it would take an expert to discover that these toys are not new. With a gleam in his eye, he will tell you how one firm is letting him have $200 worth of out-of-date toys (good toys, mind you) for only $50.

McDonald designs toys and is adept at copying expensive playthings. Constantly on the prowl in the toy departments of St. Louis stores, he knows exactly what each shop has and how it compares with others' wares.

McDonald, who at 59 was a confirmed bachelor, got married last June. Newspapers promptly dubbed his bride "Mrs. Santa Claus." And so she is, for she keeps records, packs boxes and helps to dress dolls. Especially is she eager to help him maintain one record of which he is proud—43 years of uninterrupted attendance at the Bible class of the Third Baptist Church.

THE YEARS BETWEEN 1926 and 1946 were not easy ones for McDonald, for until his incorporation he could not solicit donations of any kind. Then, when the Park Commission gave him space in the Sherman Center, life was easier. Wanting nothing for himself, he was indignant when a professional fund-raiser blew into St. Louis and offered to collect funds for a ten per cent commission.

"We don't do things that way here," he explained. "Our board handles donations. We're not trying to show a profit. We just want to break even and keep going."

From the hundreds of letters which pour into the Center, it is easy to see that people are gratefully incredulous that such a man exists. Chiefly, these are thank-you letters from priests, ministers, social workers and schoolteachers who have asked help for some child and received it. McDonald looks at the letters and smiles shyly.

"I'm so happy," he says. "If I had it to do all over again, I'd still go into this work."

Because of his canny way of handling materials, McDonald is able to give a toy or two, candy and oranges to each of more than 3,000 children a year at a cost of about 22 cents for each child. And even now, he is planning for the day when his "business" will have boomed to the point where he will require a complete building to house his workshop, display room and office. On the second floor, he visualizes a little theater in which he can put on fairy-tale plays for children.

Ed firmly believes that every community should have someone to give time and energy to making Christmas a wonderful day for poor children. Picking up the knack of carpentry is no harder than learning to bowl, or to play tennis, he says. And it means so much more.

When people respond to the unselfishness of Edward McDonald and help him to play Santa Claus through their donations, they always receive his thank-you letter. In part, it reads:

"It is good for each of us to look ahead and, by our wills here below, do the will of God in Heaven."

All Men Are Brothers

It was in a national cemetery, where only those were buried who had rendered some service to their country. No wall ran through the place, for the government had said that all who had served their country, white or black, could be buried there.

A small funeral procession was almost upon us when we looked up. Four men—two white and two black—were carrying the dark-gray casket, which was about as much as they could handle. We did not know whether the deceased was white or colored, until we got a glimpse of a frail, simply dressed, white-haired Negro woman, the only attendant; and then we knew. Still we saw no minister.

The small procession moved around some shrubbery across the cemetery to a new grave we had somehow overlooked. My friend and I moved slowly, respectfully in the same direction, but stopped a short distance away; however, we slipped nearer when the American flag was taken from the casket and handed to the heartbroken woman, who seemed to be the only relative.

As we stood and watched the filling of the grave. the woman's sobs softened, grew faint. Then she stood silently. I stepped forward hesitantly and asked, "A son? A husband?"

My interest must have dimmed her agony, for she answered quickly, "My only son. He died day before yesterday at the hospital near Asheville, North Carolina. My home is in Tennessee. I couldn't get a minister."

My heart throbbed! Should I? Or should I not? What would she think? I was white; he was black. The grave was filling; it would soon be full! I should!

My own voice almost frightened me as I broke the silence: "I'm a minister. If you like, I'll say a few words for you—when they have finished."

"Thank you so much, dear friend," she said. "God sent you."

I tried to swallow the lump in my throat. A new tenderness filled my heart as I saw a bit of gratitude crowd out some of the tragedy from the tear-dimmed eyes of this Negro mother. As I began, "Let not your heart be troubled"—I felt as if I had found the Lost Chord.

—Roscoe Brown Fisher in *The Lutheran*

Take Your Own I.Q.

by **William Bernard and Jules Leopold**

Here's a quiz that's different! Fascinating, informative and fun, it's your chance to find your own I.Q. As a special feature this month, Coronet offers this unusual test instead of our regular Game Book Section.

Everybody talks about the I.Q. test, yet few people understand what it means. For one thing, the I.Q. (intelligence quotient) is too often confused with mental age—because "mental age" is usually the basis on which an intelligence test is scored. But in determining an I.Q., mental age must be considered in relation to your *actual* age.

For instance, take a boy of six with a mental age of ten. Obviously his development is different from that of a 15-year-old whose mental age is also ten. The I.Q. is simply a convenient device to show this difference.

Although there are many standard tests for determining your I.Q., the one we have prepared here is intended primarily for adults. It will work only if the one who takes it is over 13 years old.

But in calculating an adult I.Q., it is essential to know the age at which intelligence reaches full maturity. In this test, the age of maximum development is set at 15½ years, or 186 months.

All questions have been carefully selected for validity and consistency, and in no case has the test failed to correlate at least .85 with Stanford-Binet, Kuhlmann, Terman and other Binet-type scales, including the Dominion and Alpha group tests. Our mental-age equivalents were derived through statistical comparison with scores achieved by the same individuals on the tests mentioned and the one given here.

In order to find your I.Q. after taking this test, proceed as follows:

1. By examining the table at the end of the test, locate the Mental Age equivalent to your test score.
2. IF YOU ARE YOUNGER THAN 15½ YEARS, divide the Mental Age by your own age in months. Carry your answer to two decimal places.
3. IF YOU ARE 15½ OR OLDER, divide the Mental Age by 186. Carry your answer to two decimal places.

Excerpted from the book *Test Yourself*, Published at $2 by Hellman, Williams & Co., New York, N.Y.; copyright 1947 by Hellman, Williams & Co.

Take Your Own I.Q.

4. Multiply your answer by 100. The resulting figure is your I.Q.

Here are two examples:

A person 14 years and three months old scores 60 (for 60 correct answers).

The table shows that 60 is equivalent to a Mental Age of 216.

216 divided by 171 (age in months) is equal to 1.26.

Multiplying by 100 yields 126—so the boy has an I.Q. of 126.

An adult 46 years old scores 30 on the test (30 correct answers).

The table shows that 30 is equivalent to a Mental Age of 153.

153 divided by 186 is equal to .82.

Multiplying by 100 yields 82—so the adult has an I.Q. of 82.

Sample Questions

Each question is self-explaining. Here are some* SAMPLE *questions, with correct answers as you should write them.

1. MAN *is to* BOY *as* WOMAN *is to*
   (1) lad (2) kid (3) dame (4) girl (5) crowd . . . . (4)
2. In this series, what comes next?
   2, 4, 6, 8 . . . . (10)
3. These words can be arranged to form a sentence. If the sentence is true, write T. If false, write F.
   ARE NEVER TREES GREEN. . . . (*F*)
   (*The words can be arranged into the sentence* TREES ARE NEVER GREEN, *which is false.*)
4. In this group, which object does not belong?
   (1) pencil (2) pen (3) crayon (4) brush (5) club. . . . . (*5*)
   (*You can draw or write with pencil, pen, crayon or brush, but not with a club.*)

Here Is the Test

DIRECTIONS—In this test, work as fast as you can without sacrificing accuracy. Remember not to work too long on any one question; skip the hard ones and return to them later if you have time. Make sure to glance at a watch or clock occasionally; or better still, have someone time you. If you work longer than the time allowed, your score will be false. The correct answers to the 90 questions which follow appear on page 137, along with a table of mental ages, in months. When you have completed the test, check with the correct answers and the table to determine your score and your I.Q. TIME LIMIT: 45 MINUTES

1. TRUMPET *is to* PLAY *as* BOOK *is to*
   (1) fun (2) read (3) music (4) words (5) relax . . . . ( )
2. AUTOMOBILE *is to* WHEEL *as* HORSE *is to* (1) leg (2) tail (3) gallop (4) wagon (5) drive . . . . ( )
3. In this series, what number comes next?
   3, 9, 15, 21 . . . . ( )
4. COW *is to* BARN *as* MAN *is to*
   (1) stable (2) milk (3) house (4) farm (5) restaurant. . . . ( )
5. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16
   Which number is the seventh number after the number just before 6? . . . . ( )
6. These words can be arranged to form a sentence. If the sentence is true, write T. If the sentence is false, write F.
   BURN WOOD CAN'T DRY. . . . ( )
7. These words can be arranged to form a sentence. If the sentence is

(continued)

Take Your Own I.Q.

true, write T. If the sentence is false, write F.

ON FLOAT BOATS NEVER WATER ....( )

8. In this series, what number comes next?
   1, 3, 5, 7 ....( )

9. These words can be arranged to form a sentence. If the sentence is true, write T. If the sentence is false, write F.
   A BAT PLAYED WITH BASEBALL IS ....( )

10. NEGLIGENT means
    (1) careless (2) cautious (3) unimportant (4) careful ......( )

11. John has 10 cents. If he had 3 cents less he would have half as much as George. George has how much more money than John?
    (a) 7 cents (b) 4 cents (c) 2 cents (d) 13 cents ....( )

12. HE *is to* HIM *as* SHE *is to*
    (1) me (2) them (3) hers (4) her (5) his ....( )

13. In this group, which object does not belong?
    (1) radio (2) battery (3) boiler (4) telephone ....( )

14. In this group, which object does not belong?
    (1) saber (2) rapier (3) scimitar (4) lance (5) cutlass ....( )

15. Only birds have feathers, therefore which is true?
    (1) Birds shed in the spring.
    (2) All feathers are light.
    (3) Snakes have no feathers ( )

16. In this group, which word does not belong?
    (1) architect (2) builder (3) plumber (4) doctor ......( )

17. In this series, what number comes next?
    90, 85, 75, 60, 40 ....( )

18. In this series, what comes next?
    22, 33, 44, 55, 66 ....( )

19. BOTANIST *is to* SOCIOLOGIST *as* PLANT *is to*
    (1) women (2) problems (3) society (4) sociology ....( )

20. If a person is DISTRAUGHT, he is
    (1) ignorant (2) manic (3) shocked (4) bewildered ....( )

21. THREAD *is to* CLOTH *as* WIRE *is to*
    (1) stiff (2) radio (3) rope (4) mesh (5) metal ....( )

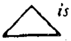
22. SANITATION makes for
    (1) water (2) health (3) porcelain (4) godliness ....( )

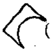
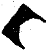
23. In this series, what letter is next?
    A C E G I ....( )

24. Which number is wrong in this series?
    1, 19, 8, 5, 145, 127 ....( )

25. Print the letter as far from the first letter of the alphabet as the second I is from the first I in INHARMONIOUS ....( )

26. Which letter does not belong in this series?
    Z Y X Q W V ....( )

27.  *is to* *as* *is to*

(a) (b) (c) (d)  (e)  .( )

28. These words can be arranged to form a sentence. If the sentence is true, write T. If the sentence is false, write F.
    DESTROY BOMBING CITIES CAN'T AND MEN ....( )

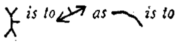
(continued)

Take Your Own I.Q.

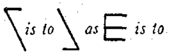
29. In this series, what number comes next?
18, 12, 15, 10, 12, 8........( )

30. If A and B are letters write C, unless 5 and 5 add up to 10, in which case don't write anything but D..........................( )

31. These words can be arranged to form a sentence. If the sentence is true, write T. If false, write F.
TEETH NOT ARE FALSE TRUE TEETH ....( )

32. 

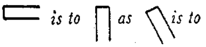
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e) ....( )

33. 

(a) (b) (c) (d) (e) ....( )

34. Which number is wrong in this series?
2, 6, 17, 54, 162..........( )

35. In this series, what letter comes next?
A C F J................( )

36. 

(a) (b) (c) (d) (e) ..( )

37. In this series, what number comes next?
21, 20, 18, 15, 11.........( )

38. SOUTH *is to* NORTHWEST *as* WEST *is to*
(1) north (2) southwest (3) northeast (4) southeast.........( )

39. In this series, which number does not belong?
2, 4, 100, 38, 20, 7........( )

40. In this group, which word does not belong?
(1) sadness (2) melancholy (3) sorrow (4) mourning......( )

41. In this series, what letter comes next?
A C B D F E G........( )

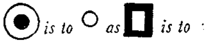
42. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
Print the number which comes as far before 14 in the series above as K comes after F in the alphabet................( )

43. If all men have coats, big men have
(1) big coats (2) fewer coats (3) coats (4) few coats...( )

44. In this series, what comes next?
18, 24, 21, 27, 24, 30......( )

45. Nazis PLUNDERED cities by
(1) guns (2) arson (3) destroying them (4) robbing them (5) knocking them down......( )

46. In this series, what number comes next?
66, 63, 57, 45............( )

47. 

(a) (b) (c) (d) (e) .....( )

48. In this series, what comes next?
2, 9, 6, 7, 18, 5...........( )

49. PLANE *is to* SOLID *as* LINE *is to*
(1) square (2) circle (3) angle (4) rectangle (5) plane....( )

50. How many miles can a dog run in 3 minutes if it runs half as fast as a car going 40 miles per hour?...( )

51. A canoe always has (1) paddles (2) canvas (3) water (4) paint (5) length.................( )

(continued)

Take Your Own I.Q.

52. In this series, what comes next?
65, 68, 72, 77, 83 . . . . ( )

53. How many letters in this line fall next to vowels but after K or R?
P A U L E G K A T L O I R Q O Z . . . . ( )

54. In this series, what number comes next?
2, A, 9, B, 6, C, 13, D . . . . . . ( )

55. How many letters in the line below come after K, but both before R and after T?
A A B K M X J T T V C R R P L . . . . ( )

56. 20 men can dig 40 holes in 60 days, so 10 men can dig 20 holes in how many days? . . . . ( )

57. How many letters in this series come just before an odd number and just after a number larger than 6?
Z, 1, 9, A, 4, B, 3, 14, 19, C, 8, 9, B, 5, D, 12, E, 17 . . . . ( )

58. Suppose Brooklyn leads the league and New York is fifth, while St. Louis is midway between them. If Boston is ahead of New York and Cincinnati is immediately behind St. Louis, which city is in second place?
(a) Cincinnati (b) New York (c) Boston (d) St. Louis (e) Brooklyn . . . . ( )

59. One series below is in opposite order to the other, except for a certain number. Write the number.
1, 2, 3   1, 3, 2 . . . . ( )

60. COMPREHENSIBLE advice is
(1) bad advice (2) comprehensive (3) understandable (4) good advice (5) reprehensible . . . . ( )

61. In this group, which word does not belong?
(1) the (2) this (3) an (4) it (5) a . . . . ( )

62. Which of these words comes closest in meaning to IS?
(1) to be (2) are (3) lives (4) exists (5) accrusticates . . . . ( )

63. A CHASSEUR is a (1) soldier (2) torso (3) detective (4) vase . . . ( )

64. BLEAK *is to* BLACK *as* LEAK *is to*
(1) white (2) back (3) leak (4) lack (5) water . . . . ( )

65. ADAMANT is the opposite of
(1) dull (2) unlike Adam (3) yielding (4) stubborn . . . . . ( )

66. Half a waiter's earnings, and a dollar besides, come from tips. If he earns 15 dollars, how many dollars come from tips? . . . . ( )

67. Which word below most nearly corresponds in meaning to OPULENT?
(1) exposed (2) precious stone (3) wealthy (4) exposed at one end (5) weeping . . . . ( )

68. If a train is running 3 minutes late and losing 3 seconds per minute, how many more minutes will it take for the train to be running an hour late? . . . . ( )

69. Which word below most nearly corresponds in meaning to DELETE?
(1) permit (2) erase (3) rent (4) tasty (5) neat . . . . ( )

70. Girls always have
(1) sweethearts (2) clothes (3) giggles (4) hair (5) figures . . . ( )

71. A train running 30 miles per hour is in front of a train running 50 miles per hour. How many

Take Your Own I.Q.

miles apart are the trains, if it will take 15 minutes for the faster train to catch the slower one? . . . . . . ( )

72. PIQUE is most similar in meaning to
    (1) choice (2) decoration (3) elf
    (4) resentment (5) sorrow . . . ( )

73. A train completes half a trip at 30 miles per hour, and the other half at 60 miles per hour. If the whole trip was 20 miles, how many minutes did the train take to complete the trip? . . . . ( )

74. Print your answer. A B D *is to* C B A *as* Q R T *is to* . . . . ( )

75. If 2 is A and 6 is C and 8 is D and 12 is F, how would you spell BEADED, using numbers instead of letters? . . . . ( )

76. When Aunt Carrie makes soup, she puts in 1 bean for each 2 peas. If her soup contains a total of 300 peas and beans, how many peas are there? . . . . ( )

77. No dog can sing, but some dogs can talk. If so, then
    (1) Some dogs can sing.
    (2) All dogs can't sing.
    (3) All dogs can't talk . . . . . ( )

78. No man is good, but some men are not bad. Therefore,
    (1) All men are not bad.
    (2) No man is not bad.
    (3) All men aren't good . . . ( )

79. The Potomac River and the Hudson River have a combined length of 850 miles, and the Hudson is 250 miles shorter than the Potomac. How many miles long is the Potomac? ( )

80. Smith and Jones went to the race track, where Smith lost 68 dollars on the first 2 races, losing 6 dollars more on the second race than he lost on the first one. But he lost 4 dollars less on the second race than Jones did. How much did Jones lose on the second race? . ( )

81. Stockings always have
    (1) sexy (2) seams (3) garters
    (4) weight (5) sheer . . . . . ( )

82. In this series, what comes next?
    9, 7, 8, 6, 7, 5, ... ( )

83. One bunch of bananas has one-third again as many bananas as a second bunch. If the second bunch has 3 less bananas than the first bunch, how many has the first bunch? . . . . ( )

84. *is to* *as* *is to*

(a) (b) (c) (d) (c) . ( )

85. Birds can only fly and hop, but worms can crawl. Therefore,
    (1) Birds eat worms.
    (2) Birds don't crawl.
    (3) Birds sometimes crawl . . ( )

86. Boxes always have (1) angles (2) shapes (3) wood (4) string . . . . ( )

87. What number is as much more than 10 as it is less than one-half of what 30 is 10 less than? . . . . ( )

88. Smith gets twice as large a share of the profits as any of his three partners gets. What fraction of the entire profits is his? . . . . ( )

89. BIRD *is to* FISH *as* AIRPLANE *is to*
    (1) boat (2) whale (3) dory
    (4) ship (5) submarine . . . . . ( )

90. These words can be arranged to form a sentence. If the sentence is true, write T. If false, write F.
    ONE IN IS NUMBER THAN MORE BOOKS BOOK . . . . ( )

Correct Answers

Give yourself 1 point for each correct answer.
Total number of points is your score.

1(2), 2(1), 3(27), 4(3), 5(12), 6(F), 7(F), 8(9), 9(T), 10(1), 11(b), 12(4), 13(3), 14(4), 15(3), 16(4), 17(15), 18(77), 19(3), 20(4).

21(4), 22(2), 23(K), 24(8), 25(I), 26(Q), 27(c), 28(F), 29(9), 30(D), 31(T), 32(d), 33(d), 34(17), 35(0), 36(c), 37(6), 38(3), 39(7), 40(4).

41(I), 42(9), 43(3), 44(27), 45(4), 46(21), 47(c), 48(54), 49(5), 50(1), 51(5), 52(90), 53(7), 54(10), 55(4), 56(60), 57(2), 58(c), 59(1), 60(3).

61(4), 62(4), 63(1), 64(4), 65(3), 66(8½), 67(3), 68(1140), 69(2), 70(5), 71(5), 72(4), 73(30), 74(SRQ).

75(4-10-2-8-10-8), 76(200), 77(2), 78(3), 79(550), 80(41), 81(4), 82(6), 83(12), 84(d), 85(2), 86(2), 87(15), 88(2/5), 89(5), 90(F).

Table of Mental Ages (in Months)

Your Score	Your Mental Age	Your Score	Your Mental Age	Your Score	Your Mental Age	Your Score	Your Mental Age
2	94	24	140	46	187	68	233
3	96	25	143	47	189	69	235
4	98	26	145	48	191	70	237
5	100	27	147	49	193	71	240
6	103	28	149	50	195	72	242
7	105	29	151	51	197	73	244
8	107	30	153	52	199	74	246
9	109	31	155	53	202	75	248
10	111	32	157	54	204	76	250
11	113	33	159	55	206	77	252
12	115	34	162	56	208	78	254
13	117	35	164	57	210	79	256
14	119	36	166	58	212	80	259
15	122	37	168	59	214	81	261
16	124	38	170	60	216	82	263
17	126	39	172	61	218	83	265
18	128	40	174	62	221	84	267
19	130	41	176	63	223	85	269
20	132	42	178	64	225	86	271
21	134	43	181	65	227	87	273
22	136	44	183	66	229	88	275
23	138	45	185	67	231	89	278

SUPERIOR (upper one per cent) Above 140
EXCELLENT (next three per cent) 131—140
GOOD (next twenty-six per cent) 111—130
NORMAL (next forty-two per cent) 91—110
DULL (next twenty-three per cent) 71— 90
INFERIOR (lowest four per cent) Below 71

Your I.Q. . . . .

Average I.Q.: 101

The LITTLE SHEPHERD of Big Lick

How one man's vision brought prosperity to a backwoods community

by CAROL HUGHES

THE PIONEER blood of Eugene Smathers beat faster as his battered Model-T Ford chugged over tortuous roads, around bends, up craggy mountainsides, around soaring peaks. His youthful dreams began to take shape as the old car sputtered into a blue-shirted, overalled, gingham-bonneted community known as Big Lick, Tennessee.

Perched like an eagle's nest atop a plateau in the Cumberland Mountains, Big Lick seemed to offer nothing more than backwoods isolation. But to Eugene Smathers it was promise of a spiritual home. And thus the community acquired a one-man religious revolution in the form of a lanky, lean young Kentuckian with a pious face and an unharnessed imagination.

Sitting beside Smathers in the old car, completely in sympathy with his dreams, was his beautiful young bride from the Ozarks. The couple had arrived in Big Lick during the pit of the Depression 15 years ago.

Distressingly forlorn, the little mountain community was 14 miles from any town, railroad or bus line; it had no church, doctor, minister, movie or telephone. Some 50 families lived there, comprising a population of about 250. As an old-timer put it: "The folks here just live, work, worship, sicken and perish."

This was the community chosen by Eugene Smathers and his bride, missionaries from the Board of National Missions, Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., for "rural work." The thrifty but povertyhounded people had built a home for their first resident minister with their own hands, from their own wood and stone. They had no money: the average family income was $75 *a year*. But in spite of hardship, they were a friendly and warm-hearted people.

Religious services were held in the schoolhouse when the Smathers arrived. The people wanted a real church, but they lacked the money even for a foundation. So the little minister began at once to draft a building program.

Soon, help as unexpected as it was wise arrived. A former executive of Procter & Gamble, James Wilson Brown, who had hunted near Big Lick for 40 years, had talked and listened to the local folk. He liked what he had heard. So he told the minister that if the people would furnish labor and materials, he would put up the cash.

Smathers, delighted, went to each house to spread news of the offer. Thirty-five of the 50 families agreed to build the church. That fall, men, women and children gathered with hammers, saws and wheelbarrows. Toiling and sweating, they brought stone for the building, hauling it over fields and hills in wheelbarrows. At night they often worked by lamplight.

Not all the families in the community were Presbyterian, but almost everybody became interested in the project. The native stone made a beautiful church. A floor was laid. Pews were designed of dark wood. A little pulpit was built and a bronze bell installed in the belfry. But the people didn't stop there. They went on to build a Sunday-School parish house alongside the church, large enough for social gatherings.

"Now, dad-gum-it," said an old grandfather, "our young folks got somewhere to go!"

THE HILLS WERE A GAY sight that Sunday morning in May, 1935, as the people came on foot, on horseback, in wagons to dedicate their new Calvary Church. The turnout was the greatest in the history of the Cumberland Mountains. But afterward, everyone agreed they were "kinda' sorry the buildin' was over." They would miss their "workings together." Of Brown's original contribution of $3,000, only 65 cents was left. But actually, their "workings" had just begun.

Strengthened by the rugged courage of his people, Pastor Smathers was already planning a medical center. There had been much sickness in Big Lick, yet it was 14 miles to the nearest doctor and a professional visit cost up to $25.

"People would take awful chances," Smathers recalls, "before they would call a doctor, because it often meant selling a cow or mortgaging the farm to pay the bill."

Big Lick was not large enough to afford a resident doctor, but Smathers reasoned that if they could have a clinic, with a resident nurse, it would mean much to his people. So he went back to them with his proposition. The response was astounding. And again, their benefactor Brown agreed to help, as did the National Mission Board.

The clinic had to have more rooms than the church, plus two bathrooms, a basement, steam heat and living quarters for the nurse. Brown boosted his second contribution to a total of $4,000, while he and his wife did most of the interior painting and decorating. The local folks were "a-bustin' with pride" when they dedicated the new center.

The lovely living room, the bedrooms and the small isolation wards with white beds and bathrooms were beyond belief. A mother-and-baby clinic was established; children came regularly for eye, tonsil and teeth examinations.

Said long-time resident Lafayette Rue: "This here is a kind of religion folks understand."

As the story of Big Lick spread, the town found itself chosen by the great Tennessee Valley Authority for soil-conservation demonstrations. Every farmer receives free fertilizers, providing he works on the land-use plan. In Big Lick, the changes were amazing. Farm land improved, houses were repaired, the people took heart.

INSTEAD OF RESTING on his laurels, Pastor Smathers was now ready to implement a philosophy that had long been a part of his religion—that of ministering to the whole man. He knows that "man cannot live by bread alone," but he says, "before the average man can have that which is 'beyond bread,' he must have bread, and helping him get it is a religious vocation."

The economic situation in Big Lick was further emphasized one day when he was talking to a church member. "Like I'm sayin' hit now," remarked the father, "the boys commence to talkin' about the furaway places, and afore long they'll walk down the hill and they won't be back."

That problem had long been dominant in the community. The farms of the fathers were never profitable enough for sons to marry and have children. So Smathers first formed study groups in which young men could learn the best farming methods from agricultural experts. Gradually they organized a Farmers Association and pooled livestock and machinery.

Eight farmers started with a grain drill and a membership fee of $10 each. Others soon came in. To the pool they added a tractor, plow, mowing machines, sawmill, hammer mill, lime-spreader, cordwood saw and a little TVA thresher. They rent the tools to themselves and use the money to buy other things. And they are prospering as never before.

This led to Smathers' most astonishing effort—a plan to keep the young men in Big Lick when they came home from the war. The mountain boys had never been able to afford higher education. When Smathers saw them heading for the cities, he knew that they would not come back. All about him was undeveloped land, but no money for the boys to buy or work it. Finally he hit upon a "simple" little plan which he called "the Calvary Church Homestead Project."

A local board of trustees was organized to purchase land and resell to homesteaders on a 30-year payment plan. Young men moved on the land as homesteaders, knowing that as soon as they made their farm pay, they would own it. Payments are one-thirtieth of the principal each year, plus three per cent taxes and interest. This enables the ex-serviceman to start farming without making a large down payment. Then he rents tools at low cost from the Farmers Association.

At present, the Homestead Project has the amazing sum of $23,000 in the fund, which revolves in the community. Since 1940, 26 families have bought homes and farms; 12 have already completed payments. And Big Lick has its boys back.

Accustomed to rough going throughout his life, Big Lick was no new experience for Eugene Smathers in the beginning. Born in Bath County, Kentucky, 39 years ago, he went to a one-room schoolhouse and then sold newspapers to pay his way through Transylvania College. From there he went to Louisville Theological Seminary, working summers in the Ozarks, where he met his wife.

There are two children now, Patricia, 13, and Michael, 6. Their life in the hills is not easy: they have only a wood stove for heating, the weather drops below zero, and the little girl has to be up at 6 A.M. to catch a school bus. But they would not change it.

Smathers, now approaching 40, makes friends at once. He is tall, thin, sandy-haired, and dresses like the hill people—in old overalls, faded shirt and leather jacket. The Smathers have a 23-acre farm on which they raise their food. No hell-and-damnation preacher, Smathers' native simplicity endears him to his people.

"But," he says, "they only remember I'm a preacher when I get in the pulpit on Sunday. Other times I'm just a neighbor."

Today, Big Lick has reached a peak of prosperity. You see painted houses, improved roads, high-grade livestock; you hear boys talk about their cattle clubs and girls about their chickens. There's music in the parish house at night, and games and simple folk dancing.

But Pastor Smathers is not yet done. His latest challenge is a Woodwork Shop as a bulwark against bad crop years and to supplement cash incomes. There the people could produce handcraft items to sell outside the mountains.

The former County Agent at near-by Crossville says: "Big Lick is setting a pattern for surrounding communities. I trust that you here will always consider this in your decisions, so others may look upon your work with confidence."

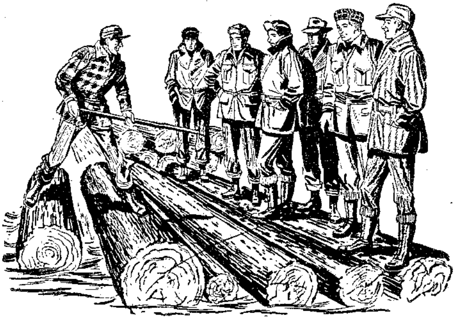
That has become a tradition, now that the local people understand each other and work together. They know that as long as Pastor Smathers is watching over their quiet sanctuary, God's in His Heaven and all's well with Big Lick.

Just Looking

Clerk: "Now see here, little girl, I can't spend the whole day showing you penny toys. Do you want the earth with a little red fence around it for one cent?"

Little Girl: "Let me see it." —Mrs. Elmer Hiers

Outdoor College *for* Outdoor Jobs



by **BILL DUCHAINE**

At a unique new school deep in the Michigan woods, former GIs with Paul Bunyan leanings are undergoing a short but intensive course of training to fit themselves for future careers in all branches of forestry.

"ALL HANDS OUT! The woods are on fire!"

From the dormitory of Paul Bunyan College, deep in the Michigan woods, a detachment of GI students came forth into the smoky dawn, armed to do battle with the Red Poacher that was threatening to wipe out the Ottawa National Forest.

For two days and a night in May of 1946, more than 600 grimy, ruddy-faced men fought flames that covered 1,200 acres in the Watersmeet area. For another week, they battled the conflagration as it burned 1,730 acres in the Camp Pori area.

Most of the fire fighters were men accustomed to emergencies of this sort—forest rangers, farmers, lumberjacks and unemployed miners, recruited for fire duty by the U. S. Forest Service. But for a score or more young men it was a different story.

These men were going to school! And that course—fire fighting—is only one of the outdoor studies at unique "Paul Bunyan College," where ex-GIs are obtaining practical training in forestry along with textbook courses.

Nicknamed for the legendary hero of old-time lumberjacks, the Practical Woods School is really a postwar addition to the Michigan College of Mining and Technology at Houghton, Michigan. Its campus is a former CCC camp in the heart of the Ottawa Forest, 52 miles south of Houghton and 35 miles east of Lake Superior.

Veterans who contracted malaria while serving in the Pacific and others who came back with service disabilities find in the backwoods school a splendid chance to regain their health. Better yet, graduates of the 33-week course are getting good jobs in the forests of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Paul Bunyan College was established by U. J. (Bert) Noblet, dean of Michigan Tech Forestry School, soon after ex-servicemen began enrolling under the GI bill in 1945. One of the first to apply was Einar A. Nordbeck, who had served with the Medical Corps in Alaska.

"I want to work outdoors, but I can't afford to go to school four years," Nordbeck explained. "I'm 38, and want to get back to work as soon as I can."

Other older veterans and some who were married also asked for a short forestry course that would qualify them for jobs with lumber companies and the government forestry service.

"We have a problem," Dean Noblet told Dr. Dillman, president of Tech. "These vets want something different from the regular four-year course. What we need is a practical course of not more than a year."

A suggestion by Dr. Dillman that lumbermen themselves might have some ideas on the subject resulted in Dean Noblet's calling a meeting of leaders in the industry. The lumbermen were enthusiastic, and with good reason. Early in 1945, the industry found itself still plagued by a manpower shortage in the face of a rising demand for forest products. Not only were nomadic lumberjacks hard to find, but loggers and mill operators were short of cruisers, scalers and other men qualified for semi-technical and supervisory work.

"I could use two lumber scalers in our yards and a cruiser in the woods right now," Noblet was told by Kenneth Hamar, then superintendent of the Lake Superior Lumber Corporation of Ontonagan. "Why don't you give a short course in cruising and scaling?"

"You should teach logging-camp bookkeeping," said another operator. Later he sent Noblet copies of his timekeeping, log-scaling and other forms, which are now used as guides for this part of the course.

Harry Theiler, still another operator, chimed in: "Bert, you can use my old logging camp for your school, if you like."

The offer was accepted, and Paul Bunyan College opened its doors there October 1. But larger quarters were needed after students began arriving, and Helmuth Steinhilb, full-time instructor, and his pupils moved to Camp Pori, an abandoned CCC establishment.

AT PORI, STUDENTS LIVE like lumberjacks. They wear plaid jackets, heavy socks and boots; they eat big meals, prepared by lumber-camp cooks. Lights go out early in the bunkhouse, and pupils are awakened at dawn by the familiar call, "Daylight in the swamp!"

Most studying is done outdoors—in the woods, at the landing where logs are scaled and loaded into trucks and railroad cars, and at the sawmill. On stormy days they stay indoors, where Steinhilb teaches the mathematical side of log and lumber measurements, timber cruising and forest mapping.

Old-time lumberjacks chuckled when the collegians first went into the woods. "I learned how to be a lumberjack first, *then* I went to school!" wisecracked one grizzled woodsman. But now the old-timers are helpful and good-natured. It tickles their vanity to show the ex-GIs how to file saws, how to fix axe handles so they won't break, how to fell a tree.

The cry of "Timber-r-r!" resounds through the woods with extra gusto when student lumberjacks get experience in tree cutting, for it is a cardinal rule of woods safety to sound the alarm for fellow workers when a monarch of the forest gets ready to crash down with a thunderous roar. Paul Bunyan College has found that teaching safety pays.

Bugaboo of lumberjacks is the "widow-maker"—a loose limb from a falling tree which lodges in the branches of another. John Pakkala and Arne Tapani were about to start notching a big hemlock when, looking upward as they had been taught in class, they spied a heavy branch hanging overhead.

Onlooking students were cautioned to remain at a safe distance while Pakkala and Tapani chopped the notch, preparatory to sawing. During the chopping, the widow-maker began to disentangle itself.

"Get out!" cried the watchers, and the pair scurried to safety.

During the 1946 spring term, Steinhilb drilled his charges indoors and out for a week in fire-fighting methods.

"All we need now is a real fire to make the training complete," joked Frederick Marsey of Jacobsville, now an assistant cruiser for a lumber company at Ironwood.

A few hours later, three Forest Service trucks rolled into Pori. A fire was raging not far away, and the entire student body was recruited. Veterans of New Guinea, North Africa and Normandy were itching for "the attack" as they piled into the trucks.

Arriving at the fire at 10 P.M., they grabbed their weapons—picks, shovels and squirt cans—and fought the flames until they were under control next afternoon.

TREE IDENTIFICATION, surveying and mapping, and timber estimating are the principal subjects covered during the first term. Determining the differences between hemlock, maple, birch, spruce, pine and other species is not difficult, since most students have spent much time in the woods, hunting and fishing.

During the winter term, they study logging methods, use of tractors and horses in building roads, skidding of logs, felling and bucking of trees. During the spring term, sawmilling, lumber grading, selective logging, reforestation and fire control are covered.

Hunting and fishing are favorite sports on Paul Bunyan campus. An ardent hunter himself, Dean Noblet decreed that November 15, first day of the deer season, would be a holiday at Pori. Before the breakfast bell rang, George Juranek came into camp with a 180-pound buck. Now a graduate, Juranek is employed with the Soil Conservation Service in Menominee County.

Champion trapper of the first year's class was Natale Coppo of Mohawk, Michigan, who caught $75 worth of muskrats and weasels. Coppo is now game and fire warden with the Michigan Conservation Department.

John Gasperich, who won wartime citations, was the school's gunsmith, and made extra money tying flies. A fishing tackle concern offered Gasperich a job, but he declined in favor of outdoors work.

Russell Demars of Lake Linden, who proved himself adept at tree identification and log-scaling, is now a veneer-log buyer with the Atlas Plywood Corporation.

Others too have realized a postwar dream of getting jobs in the healthful outdoors. Old-time lumberjacks may have laughed when the ex-GIs took axe and saw to cut a tree, but now the graduates of Paul Bunyan are doing themselves proud.

Only one thing is amiss on the Bunyan campus. Dean Noblet hasn't yet gotten around to awarding diplomas to the first class of graduates. He is having difficulty finding sheepskins large enough for Paul's mile-long signature.

"Thanks for the Chance to Earn Extra Money for Christmas!"

. . . writes Sammy Fanar
144 Hudson Street
Buffalo, New York

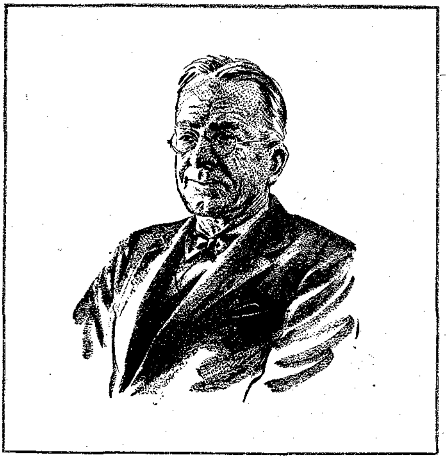
"I've already earned enough to buy a handsome accordion . . . and now, with the busy Christmas Gift Season just around the corner, I know I'll average between $3 and $5 for each spare-time hour I devote to selling subscriptions to Coronet and all other popular magazines!"

* * *

You, too, can add substantially to your immediate income by operating your own spare-time magazine subscription business in your community. It's a money-making, year-round venture—but now's the time to reap the biggest profits! No experience or capital required. Just send 25 cents in coin, along with your request, to: Coronet, Dept. 216, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois, and complete supplies and information will be mailed to you to help you start your own business immediately!

THORNTON BURGESS:

Peter Rabbit's Godfather



For almost 40 years, his delightful nature stories have enchanted readers in all parts of the world

by **Robert Froman**

On a Green Meadow beside a Laughing Brook amid the rolling hills of western Massachusetts lives an assemblage of world-famous characters. Among the very best known are Peter Rabbit, Happy Jack Squirrel, Sammy Jay—and Thornton W. Burgess.

With the magic touch of the born storyteller, Burgess for nearly 40 years has chronicled their daily doings in a way that has captivated children and adults alike.

Since 1910 he has written nearly 80 books and more than 11,500 newspaper columns, magazine stories and articles about his little friends. His total output of approximately 12,000,000 words makes him one of the most prolific authors in history. And the 6,000,000 purchasers of his books and the 1,500,000 readers of his daily column, which appears in nearly 100 newspapers, have also made him one of the most successful.

But the measure of success Burgess himself prefers is provided by the affection his readers bear him. Uncounted thousands have written to tell him how much his stories have meant to them, often addressing their letters simply to "Peter Rabbit's Godfather, The Old Briar Patch."

A blind St. Louis grandmother dictated this message to Burgess: "You have shown me again the green meadows and forests of my childhood."

"We've got so we call the wild folk by name up here," scribbled a farmer in Quebec.

An old sea captain wrote because he wanted Burgess to know that

"I've been following your stories religiously for 20 years."

And during the war a young GI on duty in the Pacific wrote that he could "see and hear and smell and feel home whenever I read one of your stories."

Burgess' big grandfatherly figure, tousled silver hair and twinkling gray-blue eyes fit in perfectly with his readers' idea of what he should look like. He has the weather-beaten face of a man who loves the outdoors, and his twangy Cape Codder's voice is just right for telling stories. Now approaching 74, he can still gather an enthralled group of neighbors' children by merely crooking his finger.

At "Laughing Brook," his 26-acre home near Hampden, Massachusetts, he always keeps plenty of time free for doing just that, often finding that his hearers represent the second or third generation of the same family. When he isn't telling stories to the children or to his battered old typewriter, he can usually be found watching the activities of his animal friends who share the estate with him and his wife. Most of them know him well, and even Jimmy Skunk acknowledges his friendship.

THE SECRET OF BURGESS' success as a storyteller is easily discerned in the story of how he began making up his little tales about animals. In 1906 his first wife died, leaving him with an infant son. Fond of wildlife since his own childhood, Burgess began telling the boy animal tales at bedtime each night.

When Thornton, Jr., went to visit his grandmother, his father put the tales in writing and sent him one each day. Eventually a friend in the advertising business insisted that they be shown to a publisher. Burgess, working on the editorial staff of a magazine at the time, was dubious about the idea but finally agreed. The first publishing house to see them—Little, Brown & Company of Boston—snapped them up and in 1910 brought out the first group of 16 stories as *Old Mother West Wind.*

The book created no sensation, but it did sell well enough for the publisher to ask for a second volume. Burgess demurred with one of the most self-deprecating statements ever recorded: "I haven't another one in me."

But soon afterward his magazine job came to an end, and in casting around for something to do he found that what he liked more than anything else was writing his nature stories. He also discovered that he had an inexhaustible source of material — the animals themselves. They have never let him down.

Today, whenever he needs inspiration, Burgess has only to spend an hour or so at his study window or strolling through the near-by woods. Recently he sat down before his typewriter, then discarded the idea he had planned to use. Glancing outside, he noticed Happy Jack Squirrel burying a nut. Nothing unusual in that. But Burgess' trained eye roved on, and in a near-by tree spotted Sammy Jay, silently watching Happy Jack.

As soon as he had finished burying the nut, Happy Jack went blithely about his business. Down swooped Sammy, out came the nut and away flew the thief. The incident furnished Burgess with three columns of entertaining observation.

Unlike most writers, who enjoy making a mystery of their work, Burgess is quite articulate about the recipe which makes his stories sound as simple as baking a cake.

Ingredients: "One fact, a liberal amount of imagination, a full measure of truth, a moral lesson, adventure or lively dialogue, a dash of humor or pathos as preferred, and a reasonable amount of simple English."

Directions: "These may best be compounded on paper by means of a typewriter, preferably one old in service. Use the fact as the foundation. Stir in the imagination freely until blended with the truth, being careful that the latter is never dissolved by the former. Spice highly with action, adventure or dialogue, whichever best suits your purpose. Add a dash of humor or pathos and pour the whole over the moral lesson. Serve at bedtime in short, snappy sentences, composed of simple words and employing a judicious amount of repetition."

The only trouble with this is that it leaves out one vital, hard-to-duplicate ingredient — namely, Thornton W. Burgess. He has numerous imitators who meticulously follow the recipe, but none has ever succeeded in challenging his standing with the public.

BURGESS HASN'T MISSED a single day since he began writing his newspaper column. Often he turns out a week's supply of six columns in two days. He probably set some sort of record when he once wrote an 800-word story in 12 minutes.

Another time his publishers mislaid 12 columns when he was on a trip, and frantically wired him at his hotel. Since he had written the stories several weeks previously, Burgess was unable to remember their content. But he calmly hired a public stenographer and dictated 12 brand-new stories in a single afternoon and evening.

Usually he gets up at 6:30 A.M., Sundays and holidays included, and turns to his typewriter immediately after breakfast. If the columns need no attention, he works on a book, still turning out at least two a year. Or he may spend the day answering his voluminous mail, since he tries to reply to every letter.

Burgess would never dream of hiring a ghost writer, and can't even see the need for a stenographer. His writing is a labor of love, since he long ago earned more money than he can possibly spend.

From personal experience, he knows that his stories are instruments of good in the lives of child readers. For instance, there was the typical case of the little girl in Pennsylvania who was terrified of the dark. Along came a Burgess story about Whitefoot the Woodmouse, one of the shyest of animals. It explained that Whitefoot went out only at night because there was less to be afraid of then. The child's father wrote Burgess, thanking him for helping to cure the fear.

Burgess knows why his little moral lessons work so well. "In the old-fashioned stories, such as Aesop's," he explains, "the moral was pointed at the reader. But modern children hate being lectured. So instead, I point my moral lessons at the animals. Even the youngest child feels instinctively that he is superior to the animal characters, no matter how much he loves them. He doesn't mind the animal being taught a little lesson, and often he will accept it almost unconsciously as a hint for himself."

But Burgess never twists facts about animal life to make his moral points. He has a passion for accuracy. Over the years he has become an expert naturalist, building up a large library of wildlife lore in which he can check everything he writes.

In one story, Burgess told of how Chatterer the Red Squirrel stole corn from a crib. An Ohio farmer wrote to say there were many red squirrels on his place and that they never stole corn. Burgess asked him for more details.

"Just as I thought," he says, "his weren't red squirrels at all but a kind of fox squirrel which resembles the red ones."

People come to him from far and near for information and advice. When his doorbell or phone rings, it may be a stranger wanting to know where to put up a birdhouse or how to tame a chipmunk. One of the most frequent questions is how to eject a skunk from under the house.

His advice is simple: wait till nightfall, when Jimmy is out foraging, then block up the entrance hole he uses. But Burgess himself likes skunks, keeps several around as pets and has never found their behavior anything but gentlemanly.

Except for championing underdog Jimmy, Burgess doesn't play favorites among his characters. He feels for them all an affection that goes back to his Cape Cod boyhood. Born there in 1874, he had to help his widowed mother support the family from boyhood. The only amusements he could afford were the outdoors kind—fishing, tramping the fields, studying birds and animals.

When he finished high school, he went to work as a shoe salesman, bookkeeper, anything he could get. Slowly he formed the ambition to be a writer. After landing a $5-a-week job as office boy for a magazine in Springfield, Massachusetts, on the side he wrote feverishly of the things he knew. In a few years he had worked himself up to an editorial chair, and might still be there had not the magazine been sold, leaving him without a job and turning him to nature stories.

Now that children and grandchildren have grown up, Burgess and his second wife—he remarried in 1911—live alone in the simplest style, doing all their own housework and gardening.

Burgess' chief pride is that he has been able to render important aid to wildlife conservation. For him, conservation is no abstract "good idea" but, partly as a result of an experience in 1931, a vivid and urgent necessity. In that year he visited Martha's Vineyard, an island off the Massachusetts coast, with a naturalist friend. Tramping over the moorland, they made a startling discovery—a heath hen.

In colonial days these birds were one of the Continent's commonest species. But the hen Burgess saw that day on Martha's Vineyard was the last known survivor. Today, the species is extinct.

Conservationists give Burgess much credit for the success of the bird-sanctuary movement. By pointing out to his readers the importance of birds as insect destroyers, he has helped to create more than 10,000 privately owned sanctuaries (farms on which all hunting is forbidden) in this country and Canada. They now cover some 8,000,000 acres.

Occasionally, his stories have proved almost too effective. One evening when he was lecturing in a small town, a rueful father came to the platform after the speech. He explained that he had always enjoyed hunting, but now Burgess had ruined it for him. Coming home from the field a few days previously, he had proudly shown his small daughter his bag of game.

Instead of praising him, the little girl had burst into tears. "Daddy," the child sobbed, "you've killed Peter Rabbit!"

"Now my hunting days are over," the father told Burgess. "I couldn't bear to have her look at me that way again."

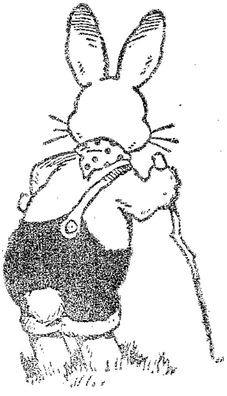
Actually, Burgess is not a fanatic and has no objection to sportsmanlike hunting. He does no shooting himself, but has always been an enthusiastic fisherman.

Today, in spite of his humility about his work, its fame is spreading farther than ever before. Many of his stories have been translated into Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, German, French and even Chinese. Jimmy Skunk, Sammy Jay and all the others are becoming a part of international folklore.

One Japanese boy wrote to tell Burgess that Blacky the Crow speaks the same language in Japan as he does in this country. Another recent letter set some sort of record in internationalism. It came from a Danish seaman on a French ship in a Persian port and inquired where the writer could order Burgess' books so that his wife in Argentina could use them to teach their son English in preparation for moving to Australia.

Perhaps the best summation of Thornton Burgess' achievements as a writer and a naturalist was made by the late Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Society, on the occasion when Burgess was presented the gold medal of the Permanent Wildlife Protection Fund. Dr. Hornaday said:

"Any man who can find his way over legitimate roads into the hearts of a million children is a genius. If he carries with him a message of truth, light and permanent value, he is a benefactor. Thornton W. Burgess is both these things."



© 1947 by T. W. Burgess

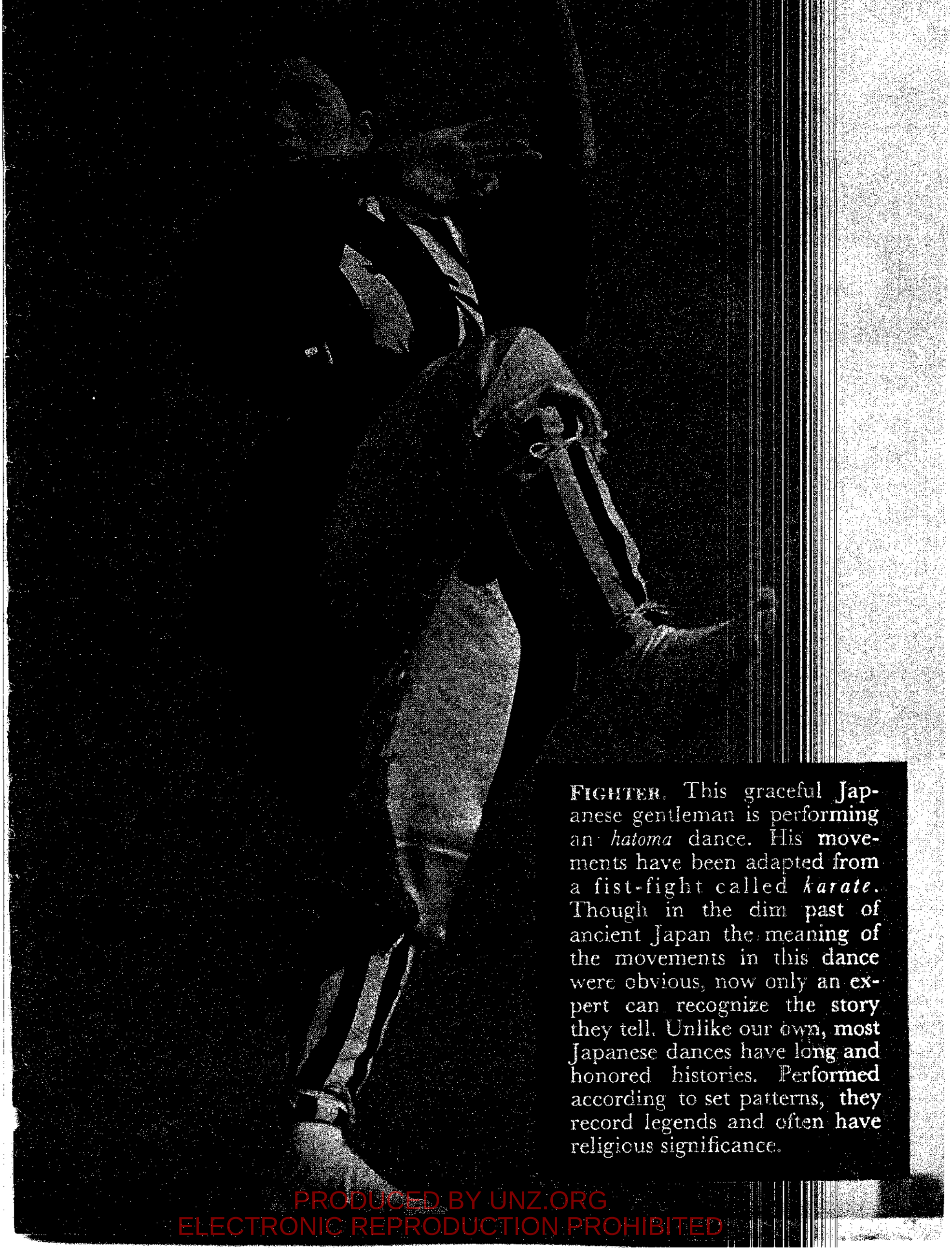
Philosophy Footnote

War does not determine who is right—only who is left.

—Duncan Caldwell

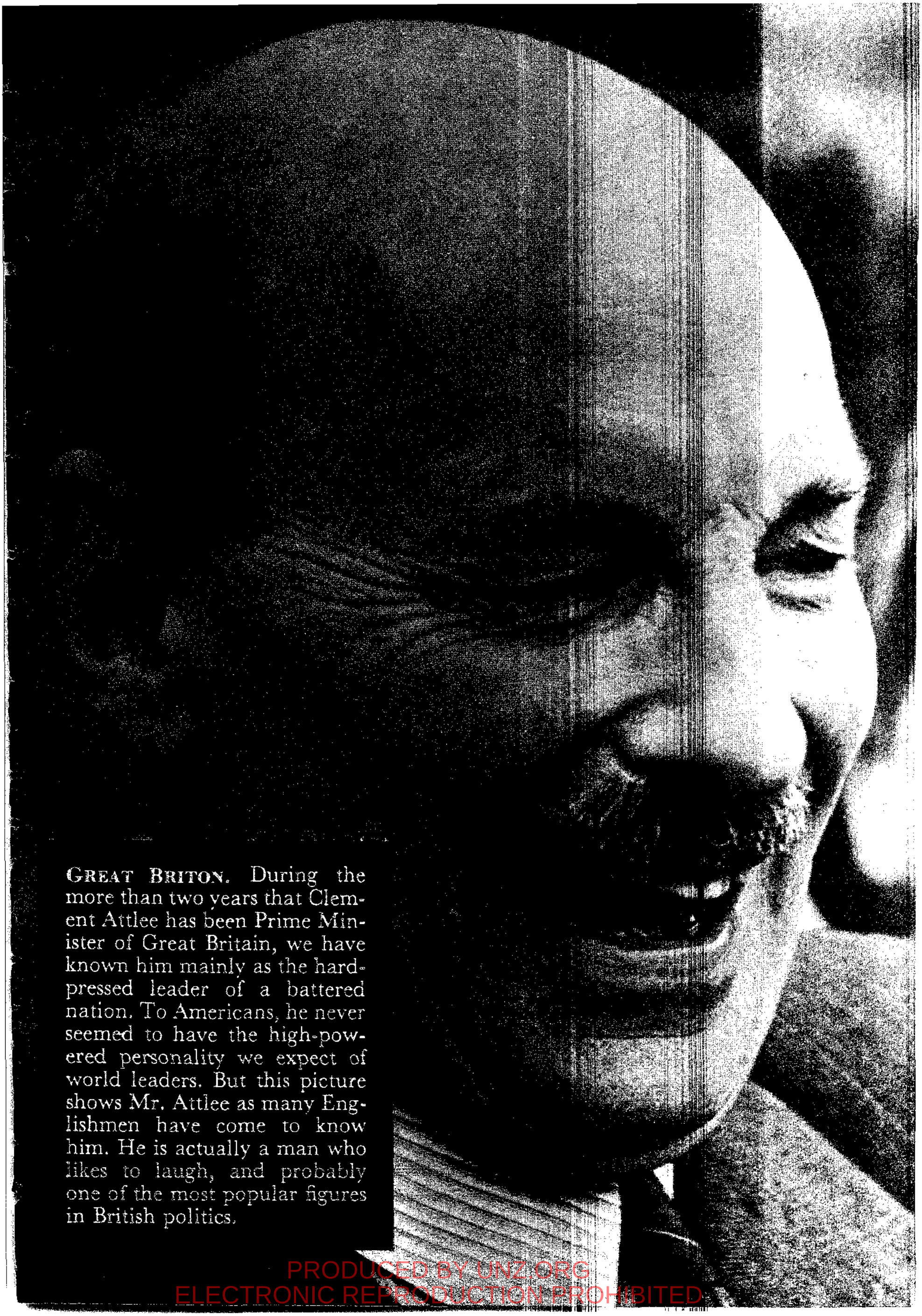
THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT
BROWNSVILLE

Around the World in Pictures

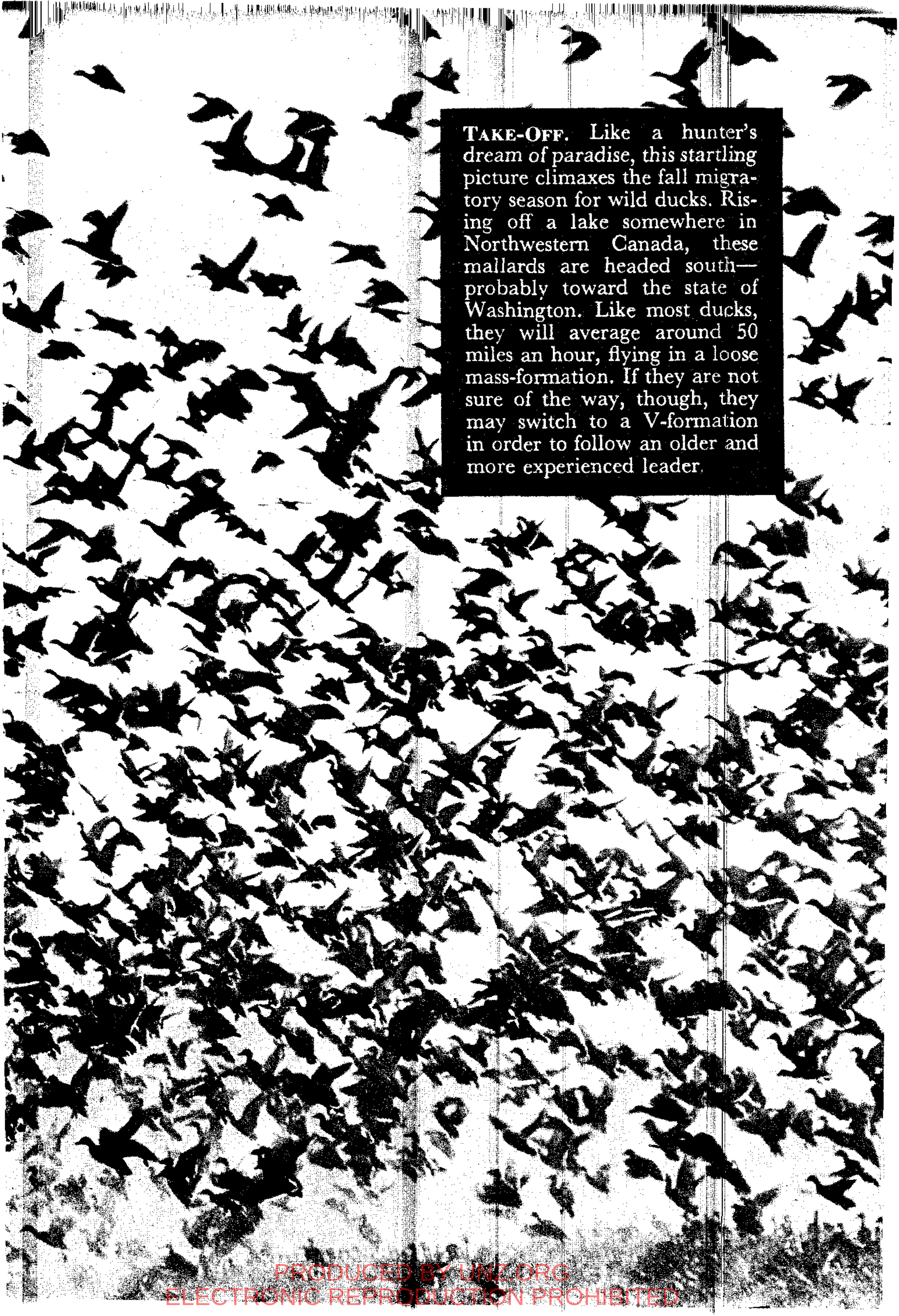


FIGHTER. This graceful Japanese gentleman is performing an *hatoma* dance. His movements have been adapted from a fist-fight called *karate*. Though in the dim past of ancient Japan the meaning of the movements in this dance were obvious, now only an expert can recognize the story they tell. Unlike our own, most Japanese dances have long and honored histories. Performed according to set patterns, they record legends and often have religious significance.

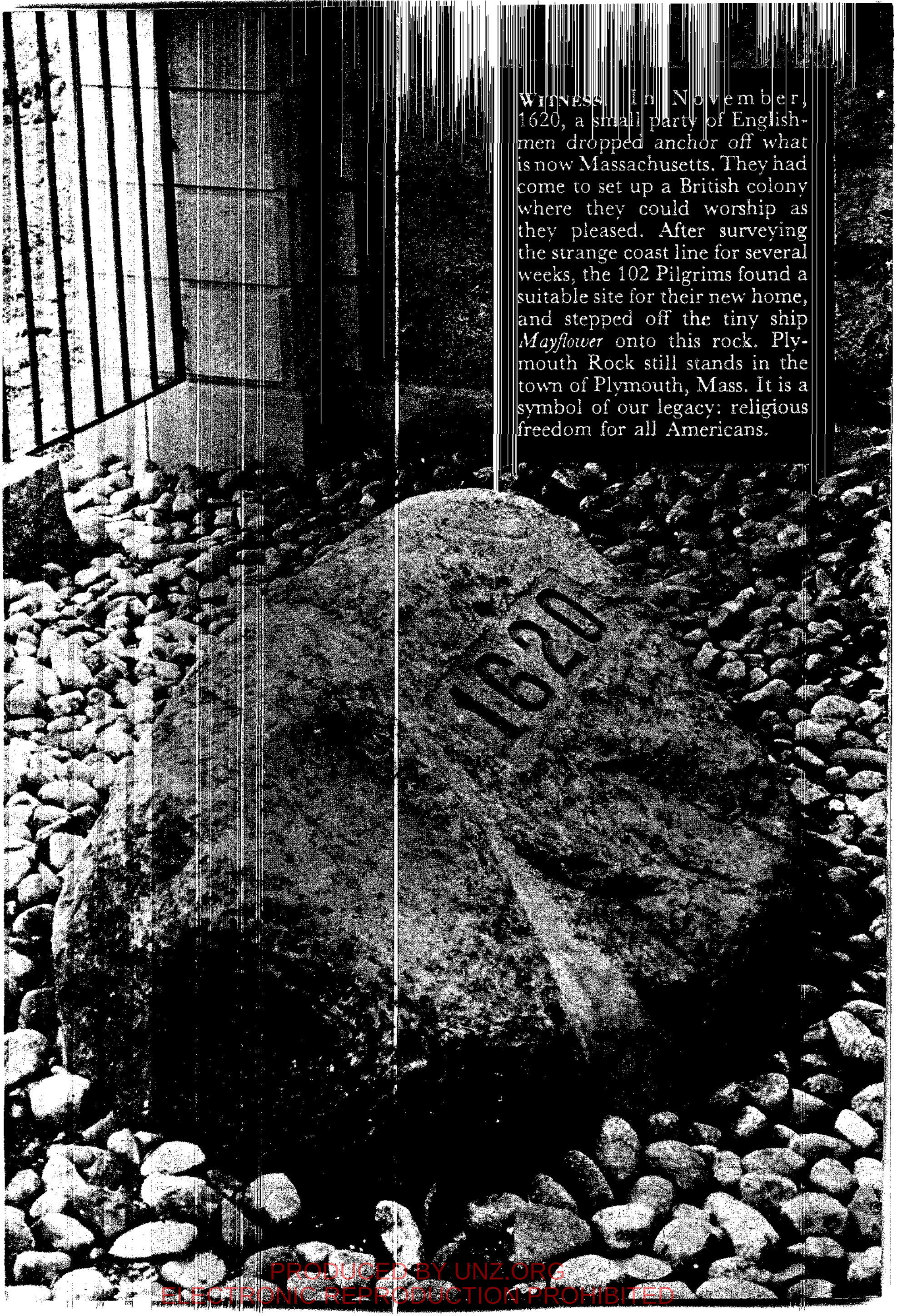
Winter's Tale. When bleak winter nights close over the tiny village of Teelin in Donegal, Ireland, fishermen and their wives sit spellbound around the fire in the house of Mary Donnegan (above) to hear ghostly tales of old Ireland. As a *shanachie*, or storyteller, this 76-year-old woman is carrying on one of Ireland's great traditions—the preservation of the legends, fairy tales and romances of the early Celts.



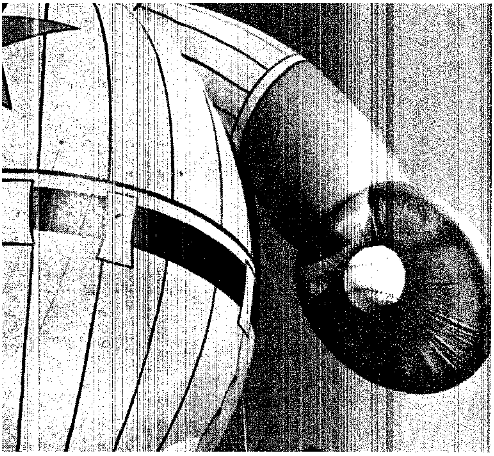
Great Briton. During the more than two years that Clement Attlee has been Prime Minister of Great Britain, we have known him mainly as the hard-pressed leader of a battered nation. To Americans, he never seemed to have the high-powered personality we expect of world leaders. But this picture shows Mr. Attlee as many Englishmen have come to know him. He is actually a man who likes to laugh, and probably one of the most popular figures in British politics.



TAKE-OFF. Like a hunter's dream of paradise, this startling picture climaxes the fall migratory season for wild ducks. Rising off a lake somewhere in Northwestern Canada, these mallards are headed south—probably toward the state of Washington. Like most ducks, they will average around 50 miles an hour, flying in a loose mass-formation. If they are not sure of the way, though, they may switch to a V-formation in order to follow an older and more experienced leader.



WITNESS. In November, 1620, a small party of Englishmen dropped anchor off what is now Massachusetts. They had come to set up a British colony where they could worship as they pleased. After surveying the strange coast line for several weeks, the 102 Pilgrims found a suitable site for their new home, and stepped off the tiny ship *Mayflower* onto this rock. Plymouth Rock still stands in the town of Plymouth, Mass. It is a symbol of our legacy: religious freedom for all Americans.



Good Times Ahead...

(SEE FOLLOWING PAGE)

Yes, There are MANY Good Times Ahead

. . . for your friends when you give Coronet subscriptions for Christmas, because when you give CORONET—*you give solid entertainment for a solid year!*

LET THEM "SHARE THE FUN"

Your friends will find—as *you* have found—that Coronet fits snugly into their reading plans in a way no other ONE magazine can. Whatever the season or time of day—whatever their tastes may be—the door to entertainment is always open when Coronet is on hand.

AN ARMCHAIR ADVENTURE FROM COVER TO COVER

Dull hours become bright as Coronet's colorful pages transport your friends on thrilling tours to the far corners of the globe—invite them to intimate chats with the world's great personalities—and lay open the doors to the laboratories where the future is now in the making.

A GIFT FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

As a gift to individual friends or to entire families, Coronet's endless variety in stories and pictures—endorsed by millions of readers everywhere—is your assurance that your gift will please everyone. Entertainment, Coronet-style, knows no age limit. Each colorful new issue is awaited eagerly by young and old alike—a ready passport to pleasure in convenient pocket-size.

A REAL SATISFACTION TO GIVE

What's more—from your *own* viewpoint—Coronet is easy and satisfying to give. Your friend's first gift copy is preceded just at Christmastime by an attractive, framable gift card announcing to the recipients that Coronet will come to them every month throughout 1948 with your compliments. This year Coronet's gift card will bear an exquisite full-color Kodachrome illustration of a *Lockhart* winter scene . . . with your name hand-penned inside for a personal touch.

USE THE CONVENIENT ORDER FORM ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES TO ORDER YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Here's how to make your Gift Dollars Stretch this year

SEND GIFTS OF **Coronet** AT THIS SPECIAL REDUCED CHRISTMAS RATE

only $2.50 for each subscription

SEND YOUR ORDER NOW
PAYMENT DATE . . . JANUARY '48

Yes, you actually save 50 cents over the regular $3 yearly rate on each gift you give—and *on your own subscription as well!* Thus you can order SIX subscriptions for the usual price of only FIVE.

Why not "steal a march" on Christmas this year. By ordering now before the Christmas rush begins, you make sure your order receives prompt attention in our gift department. And, best of all, there's no need to send any money now. Your payment date . . . January '48!

Gift Order Form

Coronet CORONET BUILDING • CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

name of person sending order ______________________________ **(please print)**

address ______________________________

city ______________ **zone** ______ **state** ______________

☐ **Include my own subscription at the $2.50 rate.**

☐ **NEW** ☐ **RENEWAL**

☐ **$** ________ **remittance enclosed** ☐ **Bill me in Jan. '48.**

1st Gift

send to ______________________________ **(please print)**

address ______________________________

city ______________ **zone** ______ **state** ______________

gift card to read from ______________________________

2nd Gift

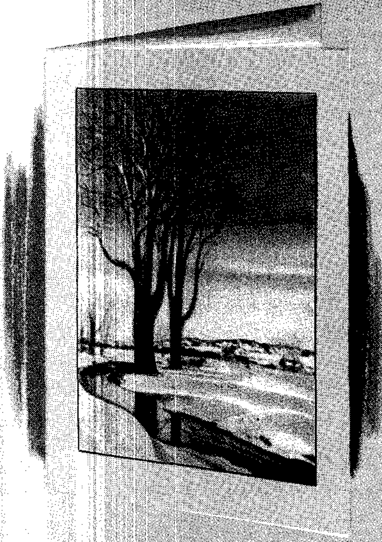
send to ______________________________ **(please print)**

address ______________________________

city ______________ **zone** ______ **state** ______________

gift card to read from ______________________________

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION AND SPACES FOR GIFTS ON FOLLOWING PAGE . . .



A BEAUTIFUL FULL-COLOR

Christmas Card

TO ANNOUNCE YOUR GIFT...

This year Coronet has chosen a handsome winter scene by *Lockhart* for the cover of the card that will announce the good news of your gift to your friends. Inside, your name will be hand-penned to an appropriate Christmas greeting. Printed in full natural color on a white background, this card sounds the keynote of the good things to come.

CONTINUE LISTING YOUR GIFTS BELOW (SEE REDUCED CHRISTMAS RATE INSIDE)

3rd Gift

send to ____________________ (please print)
address ____________________
city ____________ zone ____ state ____________
gift card to read from ____________________

4th Gift

send to ____________________ (please print)
address ____________________
city ____________ zone ____ state ____________
gift card to read from ____________________

5th Gift

send to ____________________ (please print)
address ____________________
city ____________ zone ____ state ____________
gift card to read from ____________________

There's Money in It—

With ingenuity and initiative, anyone can turn a good idea into a profitable business; here's evidence to prove it

On a farm about 70 miles from New York City, Bonnie Brown found fame and fortune in spinning yarn on an old-fashioned Colonial flax-spinning wheel.

It all started seven years ago when Bonnie's husband brought home a couple of Easter bunnies. Their two little girls soon tired of feeding and caring for the little white angoras, so Bonnie took over.

She read up on rabbits, attended shows, and learned to clip and pluck them. Then a friend taught her to spin. Bonnie bought a spinning wheel and started turning the angora wool into yarn.

A dollar and ten cents will buy 25 yards of it. Or Bonnie will knit a lady's sweater for $45 to $65. A baby set—sweater, hat, bootees and mitts—sells for $29.50. But Bonnie's profits don't stop there. She'll teach you to spin, and sell you a spinning wheel from her collection.

With orders coming in from all over the country, Bonnie's Bunnyland has become a full-time occupation for Bonnie and takes up every minute her two daughters, now 14 and 17, can spare from their schoolwork. —Hazel Haug

* * *

When you travel on the highway you need no longer pull off the road to enjoy a snack or a tasty meal. "Meals-on-Wheels" of Ridgefield, Connecticut, has come to the rescue of hungry motorists with mobile restaurants which operate out of Outpost Inn on Route 7.

"Meals-on-Wheels" are one-man units which carry sandwiches, baked goods, ice cream, milk, coffee and even complete meals. Foods are packaged and sealed at the Inn.

Though only a few units are now in operation, Laurence I. Graham, president of "Meals-on-Wheels," plans to cover the country with mobile restaurants. He sees no limit to where and when this service can be put to use.

* * *

The photographer has long been a standard fixture at American weddings, but Nathan Hart of Newark, New Jersey, offers a new service to brides and grooms. He makes phonograph records of the actual wedding ceremony.

Like thousands of other Americans, Hart made home recordings as a hobby. But when the war plant where he worked closed down, he decided to specialize in recording weddings, and asked some friends to let him try out the idea. Soon he had all the business he could handle.

About an hour before the ceremony begins, he and his assistant set up their recording apparatus at the church or home where the wedding will take place. They conceal the microphones in flowers and scatter a few in the pews to pick up some of the guests' remarks. When the ceremony starts, Hart and his assistant are seated at the control box in another room, prepared to record the wedding from the opening strains of the wedding march to the minister's final "I now pronounce you man and wife."

Hart uses unbreakable disks for the recordings. And 50 years from now, to celebrate golden-wedding anniversaries, many Newark couples may still be playing the records Hart has made. —Margaret O'Rourke

* * *

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, radio engineer L. W. Larson of Coral Gables, Florida, looking for a novel advertising scheme for his radio-repair shop, hit upon the idea of giving away street maps of the city. Checking up, he found that no maps of Coral Gables had been made since 1928, yet the need for an accurate, up-to-date map was great, for Coral Gables is a popular resort city.

Larson got busy and came up with a map showing all points of interest, even indicating where mailboxes, traffic lights, bridle paths and golf courses were located.

Other merchants, hearing of the project, bought advertising space on the cover and around the borders of the map. And when the maps were published, demand was so great that Larson began printing extra editions (minus the advertising) to sell for ten cents each.

Today, Larson's map-making "side line" brings in almost as much income as his radio-repair shop. When his sons, now in high school, are of college age, Larson plans to turn the maps over to them. As businessmen in their own right, they will be able to put themselves through school. —L. W. Larson

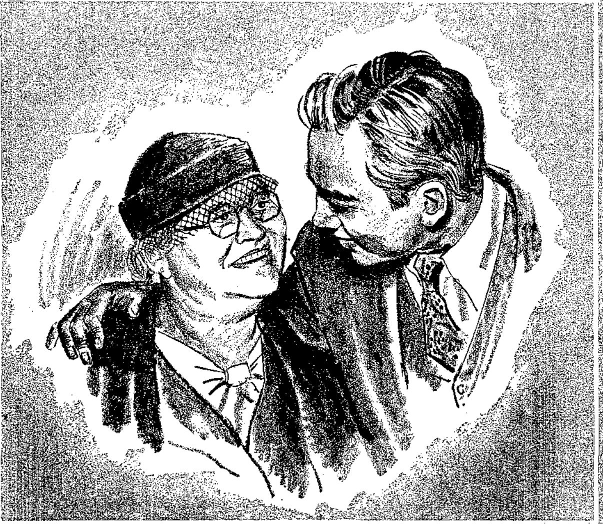
* * *

ELEANOR SADOWSKY AND Ruth Butler of New York noticed that art lovers grew tired of looking at the same painting on the wall for years. Contrariwise, they reasoned that there were thousands who could not afford even a single canvas.

This gave the ladies an idea. Why not start a circulating art library? So the two sisters, who use their married names, set up the New York Circulating Library of Paintings. For a rental based on the value of the picture, you can enjoy a new canvas each month and the cost is as low as $3.

Applications are investigated within 48 hours, and the unusual library, which numbers 1,400 items, is now renting paintings to people outside of New York, too.

Do you know someone who has turned a good idea into a profitable occupation? Coronet invites contributions for "There's Money in It," and will pay $25 for each accepted item, upon publication. No contributions can be acknowledged or returned. Send your entries to "There's Money in It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



God Was in My Corner

The Story of My Greatest Fight

by **Barney Ross**

Here, written especially for Coronet, is a ring champion's frank and straightforward account of the toughest foe he ever fought: dope! It took courage to win the fight; and it took even greater courage to write about it with complete candor. In this unforgettable feature, you will learn things you never knew before about Barney Ross as a fighter, a war hero, and a man.

God Was in My Corner

The Story of My Greatest Fight

by **Barney Ross**

I WAS FLYING WEST to Lexington, Kentucky, on a warm September afternoon. In a few hours, in a 6-by-10 room, I would begin the toughest fight of my life.

There would be no referee, no seconds, no managers—not even another fighter. I, Barney Ross, was going to be my own toughest opponent.

But I didn't sound pessimistic as I talked to my friend and boss, Milton Blackstone, who was coming along with me. Over the roar of the plane motors I kept saying:

"It's nothing at all. I'll be out in six weeks, better than ever."

Inside, I wasn't so cocky. After all, I was a confirmed drug addict of three years' standing.

In a little while, the pilot pointed ahead. We were coming into Lexington airport. Now it was time for me to make the last break with the past three years.

Blackstone watched wide-eyed as I took out the hypodermic. It was all set for the last shot I was ever going to give myself. I jabbed it into my arm and pulled the needle out. Then Blackstone took it and bent it into an "L"!

I looked at the bent needle—the needle that had been keeping me from almost unbearable migraine headaches and the aftermath of malaria. But the trouble was, it was the same needle that had helped to make me a drug addict.

I kissed the needle and said, "Well, that's the last one." Then Milton threw it out over the airport.

At the hotel were reporters, alerted by the wire services. "Are you Barney Ross?" they asked.

"Wrong party," I told them. "The name's Barnet Rasofsky. But if you come back in four months or so, maybe Ross'll be around."

It wasn't a gag. There just wasn't anything more to say. If I was going to take the decision in this fight, I had to go out and fight. Giving tough statements to the press wouldn't help.

The guy who was going to enter the grim walls of the U.S. Public

Health Service Hospital for drug addicts wasn't Barney Ross, the ex-champ who had once held two major titles. He was Barnet David Rasofsky, a tough kid who had grown up in the slums of New York and Chicago to become a prize fighter.

The kid from the slums had come a long way. Through the years, he had learned a lot about life and living and himself. The ex-champ part of him was better left in the memory of fight fans. The big fight coming up was no place for Marquis of Queensbury rules.

My life started with a fight—a fight just to live. My parents, Isadore and Sarah Rasofsky, had come to America in 1905 to get away from Russian pogroms and poverty, and had settled in New York's East Side ghetto. They had brought my oldest brother, Ben, with them. The rest of us were born here. There were ten in all, but four died before I came along.

When I was born in 1909 on Rivington Street, my father, who had been a Talmudic scholar in the old country, had managed to work up a tiny pushcart business. Then, by careful saving and 18-hour working days, he finally managed to buy a store of his own—a grocery in Chicago's ghetto. We moved there in 1911.

The store was on the corner of Bunker and Clinton and we lived in a couple of rooms in the rear. It was more than just a tough neighborhood: it probably sent more youngsters to reformatories and penitentiaries than any other Chicago area. Gang battles took place daily and the weapons almost never changed: broken bottles and rocks.

Every now and then I come across a book about life in the slums. The writer usually makes it seem like great fun. But anybody who thinks slums are a good place for kids to grow up is crazy. Some of us came through all right, but a lot didn't. The odds were tough to beat when you grew up around Bunker and Clinton.

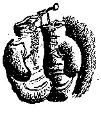
My parents worked 20 hours a day in the store. My father, a strapping six-footer, would get up at 5, pray half an hour, and open the store at 6.

In slum neighborhoods, kids go out in the street and learn for themselves. When we wanted a nickel—we never heard of an "allowance"—we would steal. Junk from some yard, lead pipe from an empty building. We would get a nickel for it and the junk man would get $2.

Gang wars were rough and unending. One day a Polish boy smacked my left arm with a crowbar and left a mark that I still carry. Arthritis set in and the arm required a lot of attention before each of my fights. Years later, in a hospital tent on Guadalcanal, a wounded Marine in the next cot turned to me with a grin.

"How's the arm, Barney?"

I looked long at him—and remembered. He was the kid with the crowbar. When I told him the arm still bothered me, he apologized.



WHEN THINGS GOT a little better in Chicago, the family took a larger store on Jefferson Street and moved into a flat across the street. By 1923, the big Chicago gang wars were breaking out and a lot of mobsters used to be put on the spot in our neighborhood. After a while I could tell at a glance whether a guy was merely winged or really plugged. When he really had it, there was a little trickle of blood out of his mouth.

One cold morning approaching Christmas, my older brother, Morrie, and I were roughhousing in our bedroom. Ma called to cut it out and get to the store for carfare and beat it to school. Just then a pal of mine came in, white-faced.

"Hey, Barney, you better get to the store. Your father's hurt bad."

There was already a crowd there when Morrie and I arrived. Pop was crumpled on the floor. Two men were raising him and I heard him gasp to Morrie, "It's not bad. Keep Mama from coming!"

I closed my eyes. They had seen too much already. Out of the corner of Pop's mouth a thin, bright ribbon of blood was trickling.

It was a crazy thing, this murder. Two poorly dressed men had come into the store and asked if they could warm themselves at the big stove. Pop said sure. Then a customer came in, an old Jewish woman who had known Pop for years. She eyed the men, became suspicious and warned my father in Yiddish. He told her not to worry.

When she left, the catch on the door clicked and the two men became panicky, figuring she had locked the door in order to call the police. They jumped from the stove and one of the would-be robbers pulled a gun on Pop and fired. Then they ran, without even trying to get money out of the register.

Mama broke down after we buried Pop, so we arranged to send her to the farm of Pop's sister in Connecticut. It was the same farm where I had spent a year in 1919 to cure asthma. It was also the place where I had first seen a cow.

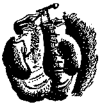
We closed the store. There was practically no insurance, and suddenly we found we were one of those broken families that Mama used to read about tearfully in the *Jewish Daily Forward*. But now there was no time for tears. There was only one thing left to do.

My two younger brothers, Sammy and George, and my sister Ida had to be placed in a Chicago orphanage. It was snowing the day we took them there and the skies were dismal. We all cried, and inside myself I made a promise that the first thing I must do was to get the three of them back into our family again.

I was 14. Some of my favorite reading had been the Alger books. So I got the idea that if the Alger boys could make good in such a terrific way, I could too. Besides, I figured I was smarter and tougher.

That summer I got my first real job, working in a smelly enameling factory at $11 a week. Then, after finishing the two-year commercial course at Medill High School—I did best in bookkeeping—I decided it was enough school. The Alger kids, I remembered, didn't spend too much time in school either.

I was then living with Morrie in a cousin's apartment on the West Side. Ben had his own family by this time, but he was still looking after his brothers and sister as if he were our father. He got me a job in an auto-supply shop where he worked, and I started as a stockroom clerk at $12 a week. The first week, I figured out how many years —at $12 a week—it would take me to save enough money to get the kids out of the orphanage. Every time it came out 15 years.



I KEPT ON SEEING my old neighborhood gang and we'd usually wander over to a local gym to watch small-time fighters train. One night a friend, Harry Warner, said to me: "Barney, I think you could go in there and knock the hell out of those punks."

So we checked a little and discovered that even amateurs didn't have to fight just for glory. There was $5 expense money, plus a medal that could be pawned for $3. True, the Alger pluck-and-luckers always seemed to make their start polishing shoes or selling papers, but maybe in those days amateurs weren't getting $5 expense money.

I started day-dreaming fast. Five fights a week and I'd be rolling in money, and Ida and Sammy and Georgie could say good-bye to the home. But I'd never worn a boxing glove in my life. It was a clumsy luxury for gang fights.

During lunch hours I'd run down to Kid Howard's gym and try to persuade him to get me an amateur bout. "Beat it," he'd say. Then one day a fighter overheard me. He was Dave Shade, a middleweight.

He looked me over—a skinny, grinning, nervous kid. "Wanna fight, eh?" He whispered to Kid Howard and the latter nodded.

"Tell you what we'll do, kid," Shade told me. "Let's see how long it takes you to knock this cigar out of my mouth."

We got in the ring and I tried. I felt like a clown. He was able to dodge my swings so easily that I could see that unless I was awful lucky or he just got tired, I could go on swinging for years.

But next day I was smarter. I started watching his moves, seeing if I could guess where he'd move when I swung a right jab. The third day it worked. The cigar flew out of his mouth. He was surprised, and Kid Howard said: "Okay, kid, come around tomorrow night to the Morrison Hotel. We got a nice, tough fighter for you."

At the Morrison I ran into my old friend, Harry Warner, who was also scheduled to fight that night. "Some punk," he told me.

"You're lucky," I said, "I drew a tough guy."

When I got in the ring, Harry was in the opposite corner. We both did a double-take. This was terrible! Fight my best friend? But we knew we had to make it look good if we wanted to go on fighting amateur bouts.

It was a wild fight. Harry knew practically nothing about boxing and I knew less. So we both went in and punched ourselves crazy after four rounds—the kind of punching you catch in a big fight for maybe 30 seconds—the kind of punching fans love to watch. The bout was called a draw and we both got medals.

The crowd had given us a good hand, and after that the bouts came often. Also, I changed the name to Ross. It was easier to remember. Soon my lunch hours away from the auto-supply shop started stretching out more and more as I took more and more workouts at the gym. Finally my boss did the only thing he could do: he fired me.

By this time, it was an open secret in the family that I was putting in two or three amateur bouts a week. Even the three kids in the orphan asylum heard about it, but all of us conspired to keep it from Mama. She had just gotten over her breakdown and we didn't want to give her another one.

I was saving a few dollars each week for the family fund, and Ben wangled another job for me as an order-picker at Sears, Roebuck, so that I worked with my brother Morrie, who had a similar job there. But after about 50 fights, it dawned on me that I was learning boxing tricks strictly the hard way. So I asked a couple of professional boxers at the gym to give me pointers, paying them with my $5 expense money. It put a stop to the savings account but I figured it would pay off in the end.

My name was getting around and I was persuaded to enter the Golden Gloves Tournament—the best-known amateur boxing event in the country, run jointly by a New York and a Chicago newspaper. I fought under the mantle of the Edmille Health Club and took the featherweight title in Chicago. The Chicago team went on to New York where I also won the inter-city and the international featherweight title. I got a big silver cup and lots of experience, and for the first time I came under the shrewd eyes of some of the leading boxing writers in the country.

Back in Chicago, I took stock of myself. I could see that amateur boxing was a fine thing for amateurs with other incomes or for college kids, but for me it was an awfully slow road to saving enough money to get the kids out of the orphanage.

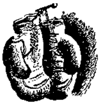
The Golden Gloves fights also showed me something else—crowds liked the way I boxed, liked the way I took it and gave it. Just boxing isn't enough. There are lots of other factors that have nothing to do with a man's ability to push 16-ounce gloves around, and these determine whether a fighter is going to be popular with a crowd or not.

Turning professional was a serious business and I gave it a lot of thought. It meant Mama would have to know about my fighting. It meant making boxing my eating, living and sleeping. And I had seen enough of banged-up fighters to know that it might mean my ending up as a human wreck. But it also meant a chance to pick up more money than I ever could as an order-picker at Sears.

I asked around for advice. One of the men I turned to was an old neighborhood associate, Jackie Finkelstein, who was fighting as a pro welterweight under the name of Jackie Fields. Jackie introduced me to his manager, Gig Rooney, who gave me the dark side of boxing.

"Believe me," he said, "in spite of what you read in the papers, there are a whole lot easier ways of making a living." I think my answer was that $17 a week wasn't a living either.

Finally he let me train with Jackie in Chicago and Detroit in preparation for the latter's welterweight title bout. Gig also agreed to be my manager and arranged a first fight for me with a Filipino named Raymond Lugo.



By this time Mama knew about my fighting. Actually she had known about it long before this, but she didn't say anything. Later we found out that she had gone to my father's grave before my amateur fights and prayed for me to come through safely.

I knew her feelings about the whole business of fighting were mixed. On the one hand she connected boxing with violence, and violence she could only associate with the murder of my father. But in time I convinced her that I just wasn't cut out to be a businessman like my brother Ben. Knowing also that I intended to use my first fight money to get the three kids out of the orphanage probably helped to convince her.

I took the decision over Lugo. It was a six-round bout and my end of it was $150. Almost for the first time I realized that I liked to box. I liked the crowd. I liked the whole business. The $150 and savings from Morrie's steady job went to set up a nicer apartment for Mama, Morrie and myself. This one had real steam heat.

Gig Rooney got me a few fights "underneath," as they call the preliminaries, but he had all he could handle just with Jackie and he felt it wasn't fair to be giving me spare-time attention.

I began looking around and soon I found the managers I wanted. They had been in the game a long time, were managing a good stable of fighters and had a remarkably clean record.

Sam Pian was Jewish but looked Italian. Art Winch was Italian but looked Jewish. I was lucky getting them, for I had a good idea even then that it wasn't just a fighter's ability that pushed him up as much as it was the management behind him. Without a good, honest manager, a fighter can easily get lost in the shuffle.

The first fight under their management was early in 1931, when I took a six-round decision in Detroit. After my third fight, Pian and Winch decided I was all right and we agreed on an arrangement whereby the expenses would come off the top and they'd get one-third and I'd get two-thirds of our take. And they didn't want anything for those first three fights.

"Just a free sample, Barney," said Art Winch, and then he invited me to his home for a big spaghetti dinner.

The fights came on and during '31 I built up a pretty good record with eight knockouts, ten decisions and one lost decision. Little items were beginning to appear about me on the Chicago sports pages. When I'd visit the kids at the orphan asylum, you'd think the world champ was coming.

They gave me such an advance build-up that I'm sure the other kids must have been disappointed. A five-foot, six-and-a-half-inch fighter weighing about 130 pounds isn't too impressive in clothes. But the three of them were dying to see me fight and I finally wangled permission for them to attend Friday-night bouts.

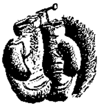
Mama, too, had decided I was in earnest about fighting, and she met me halfway. She would have a tiny mezuzah—a bit of parchment containing passages from the Old Testament and rolled into a tiny metal tube—blessed by a rabbi and sewn into my boxing trunks.

Also, she started to attend some of my fights. But when they'd fall on a Friday night and take place anywhere in Chicago, she had a real problem. Orthodox Jews are forbidden to ride on the Sabbath. As a result she would walk miles to the arena, followed by a small army of young fight fans.

By 1932, the year of my first $1,000 fight, I had really started moving up. I took a ten-round decision from Bat Battalino and, for the first time, clips started coming in from out-of-town papers. But much more important than making the New York sportswriters take notice was the fact that the day after the fight, I was able to go to the orphanage and bring Ida home to live with us. I promised George and Sammy that a couple more fights would see them out, too.

They both came out early in 1933. The family settled in a nice apartment on Independence Boulevard and for the first time since 1924 we were all together again. But coming together brought some minor problems.

Both Sammy and George decided that they were going to follow in my footsteps. After Mama and Ben tried in vain to talk them out of a fighting career, I arranged for them to get boxing lessons at the gym and to enter the Golden Gloves. Sam went out fast. After taking his first fight, he lost out in the second one. George showed a lot of promise but for Mama's sake I finally talked him out of boxing.



By now, I was in the big time and Pian and Winch wangled a crack at the lightweight title held by Tony Canzoneri, to be staged in New York. Training for such an important bout had to be serious, so they found a camp for me at Loretta, Wisconsin. Actually, it was a shack near a logging town.

Pian and Winch set up a small organization, for I was becoming a valuable property, as they say in Hollywood. There was Doc O'Connell, who would be my physician, and his brother, Harry O'Connell, a tall handsome Irishman who was on the Chicago police force and would act as my bodyguard in his furlough time.

There was Soldier Farr, originally Meyer Farr, our press contact man and camp manager. And there was Ben. Ben was the only one who could take time off from business to follow me around, and he fell into a mixed role of financial adviser and home-contact man.

I was always serious about training, much as I hated to begin. It's the toughest part of a fighter's life. He lives according to an iron-bound schedule and cuts himself off completely from all minor and major vices. In many camps, the process of bringing the fighter to his peak makes everyone pretty miserable before the ordeal is over. One way we avoided this was to put a time limit on fight and training talk. After the day's work was done, we made it a rule not to talk shop in any form.

What also helped was my determination to be a champ. I had been living, breathing and talking boxing since I decided to turn pro. To get to the top wouldn't be easy. If I wasn't ready to go through eight weeks of grueling training, I might as well get out of the business.

The Canzoneri fight in 1933 was really the turning point. Up until then I wasn't well known outside Chicago and the odds were against me. Tony was fast. He could punch and he could box—an awfully dangerous combination—and his title was at stake. But I took the decision after ten rounds. I was the new lightweight champ—and suddenly I was in a new world.

In the first place, there was more money than I had ever had. But I quickly discovered that I could never share Ben's attitude toward money. He kept after me to invest it or save it. But I just couldn't see money as something to be put in a bank. It was something you did things with. I suppose it's hard to be sober about money when you're only 24 and a champion.

Harry O'Connell was a wonderful bodyguard. But even a dozen Harrys couldn't have kept away the hundreds of people who came flocking around for handouts. One day O'Connell said to me:

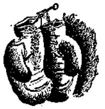
"Barney, if we put a million dollars in your pocket in the morning, I bet you wouldn't have a cent left by suppertime."

Worse than the handouts were the ponies and the ball games. Gambling became a sort of outlet for me, a means of letting off steam and emotion. After a while I did most of my betting on ball games, and it wasn't unusual for me to drop three or four thousand dollars on a single game.

Whatever was left after the handouts and the betting, Ben managed to put aside for me. But it was pretty much a losing fight for him all the way. After a while he started coming to me with pleas for all sorts of charities. Much later, I discovered that the charities were strictly for, by and from Barney Ross.

Later in '33 there was a return bout with Canzoneri, my first 15-rounder. I took the decision again and had undisputed control of the title. It was a big year for me. Starting out as a young unknown, I had run up to the top in the lightweight division.

There were other fights, but in between I managed to lead the good life. I always made and kept friends. There was an old Hebrew proverb my father used to quote: "A man without friends is like the left hand without the right." Nothing a friend asked was impossible and I think that my friends felt the same way towards me.



BY 1934, I HAD STARTED putting on a little weight. I was definitely out of the lightweight class and with just a few more pounds I would be eligible for welterweight fighting. Some New York fight promoters got to thinking the same thing at the same time, so they sent up a trial balloon about me having a crack at the welterweight title which was then held by baby-faced Jimmy McLarnin.

Sam Pian didn't think I was ready for McLarnin. But after hours of arguing in New York, I persuaded him to sign the contract. Next morning our New York contact man, Sol Gold, came to us with an interesting deal.

A New York advertising man had run into Sol and asked him if he would like to get an unusual training camp for me at Grossinger's, an expensive Catskill resort that he represented. Grossinger's was a favorite summer spot for stage and screen stars. Sol and Pian thought it was a good deal, and so a well-known fighter took his training at a well-known resort.

The resort owners liked it because it gave their place publicity; my manager liked it because it cut expenses; the sportswriters loved it because it gave them a chance to get out of the confining atmosphere of the usual training camp. At Grossinger's they built a fine cottage for me and the staff. It's still called the Barney Ross cottage.

I was pretty cocky about my chances against McLarnin because I had studied his style for a long time. McLarnin enjoyed a great reputation as a steady boxer and a powerful hitter, but I told Doc O'Connell: "I've got it all figured out. McLarnin won most of his fights in the dressing room. Most of the guys who came up against him were scared to death before they entered the ring. I'm not afraid and I know the way to lick him."

I did, but not before he knocked me down in the ninth round. I was able to get up before the referee started counting, but it was the first time I had hit the canvas in a professional fight. Mama came to New York to watch and later told me that her heart skipped a few beats when she saw me go down.

A great deal besides the passing of the welterweight title took place that May night in the Madison Square Garden Bowl in Long Island City. I had become the first fighter to hold the lightweight and welterweight championships at the same time. So when I returned to Chicago I got a hero's welcome. The Governor, the Mayor, a 30-piece band, thousands of Chicago fight fans and Mama were at the station. There was a terrific parade to City Hall. Old Man Alger would have been very proud of me, I'm sure.

As a rule, managers don't like to risk their fighters' titles very often, but I couldn't see it that way. A title had to be defended—as often as necessary. So when McLarnin asked for a return bout in September, it suited me.

WE MET AT THE Polo Grounds and it was Mac's night. He took the decision and I took a shellacking. I was badly cut up around the eyes and Doc O'Connell had a real night's work after the fight. Between rounds they had put a styptic solution over the abrasions. Back at the hotel, all this had to be cut out with surgical shears, bit by bit. Doc was always after me to take a local anesthetic for the repair work, but I always held out against it. When I could no longer take the repairs awake, I'd quit fighting.

A few months later I won the

welterweight title back from McLarnin. Meanwhile a new contender had come up on the West Coast—Ceferino Garcia, a tough Filipino. The Pian-Winch party went out to the Coast.

In the first round something happened to me that I suppose has happened at least once to every fighter. Towards the end of the round I remember getting a terrific clout on the head. The next thing I knew, Art Winch was saying, "What's my name, Barney?"

"It's Art, of course," I answered. "What's up?"

"Well, it's the end of the fifth round, that's all."

Later I got the story. The head blow had knocked me out but the bell saved me. When I got back to my corner, Art held a lighted match to my back; when I didn't feel it, he knew I was out. But he remembered that I insisted he was never to throw in the towel without my okay. So he let me go on fighting.

For four rounds I fought, even though medically I could have been considered unconscious. I fought instinctively, I guess, and hard enough to win the decision. After that, Art began calling me Zombie.

Garcia wanted a second try, and we arranged it for Chicago. Jimmy Mullen, the promoter, had posters put up all over Chicago advertising the fight. The trouble was he used a picture of me on the canvas, taking the count in the first round of the Garcia fight. Mama gave Mullen a terrific bawling out.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" she demanded. "The one time my boy is knocked out all the neighborhood must know!"

Mullen could see she was serious, so he called up a few schools and got a hundred kids to go all over town, pulling down the posters. Just to make sure they were down, Mama walked dozens of miles all over Chicago. When she'd find one the kids had missed, she'd call Mullen and tell him to send someone over right away. The new posters showed Garcia and myself banging away at each other. I won the bout.

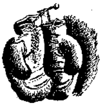
In 1937, Garcia asked for a third try. Just before going into training again, I had met a nice New York girl, Pearl Siegel, and started thinking of marriage. After all, I was 27 and Mama was beginning to despair of my ever marrying.

Courting Pearl was out of the question during training, so I let Soldier Farr act as my representative. Soldier took her dancing, Soldier sat with her in the dining room, Soldier went swimming with her. By the time training was over, everyone thought Soldier was the prospective bridegroom.

In a sparring match two days before the bout, I broke my left hand. Pian and Winch were all for calling the fight off. But with colossal confidence, I told them the fight was going on as scheduled and I'd work on Garcia only with my right, using my left as a guard. They thought I was crazy but worked like beavers to get the swelling down in my hand so it would pass inspection by the Boxing Commission's medical examiner.

Garcia, knowing that this was his last chance at the title, gave me everything he had. But I took the decision. We didn't say anything about my hand: there was no sense in inviting trouble from the Boxing Commission.

After the fight Pearl Siegel and I were married. We rented an apartment in New York and I took to married life quickly.



THE PAPERS WERE ballyhooing a young Negro fighter from the West Coast named Henry Armstrong. King of the featherweight division, he was ambitious to move up into the heavier classes. He wanted a crack at my title, so Mike Jacobs arranged a bout for the Madison Square Garden Bowl. I was 28 years old but other fighters had gone on to some of their toughest fights in their early thirties.

There were 30,000 people in the Bowl that May night in 1938 and I was a 7-5 favorite, even though Armstrong had won 35 of his 37 fights by knockouts. After the fourth round, it was Henry's fight. In the 11th round I could see that Sam Pian was ready to throw in the towel. Before the 12th came up I told him: "Sam, you throw that towel in and I'll never talk to you again. I'm going to finish this fight standing up!"

By then my right eye was closed, my nose was battered and my lips were bloody. I didn't look like the champ, but I knew I had to fight until they counted me out. Somehow I managed to stay on my feet through 15 rounds, but Armstrong's victory was never in doubt.

In the dressing room it was like a funeral. Art Winch spoke first: "You've had your last fight, Barney," he told me.

In the movies, I would have shouted him down and announced that I was going to get a return match and lick Armstrong. But I knew Art was right. I was finished. At 28 I was through with professional boxing. At 28, I was ready for retirement—unless I wanted to become a stumble bum.

When the reporters came in, I said, "Yes, that was my last fight. I've been around a long time and I've been on top most of that and now I'll have to step down. . . . Henry Armstrong is a great fighter."

It was all over. Ben wouldn't have to talk himself blue in the face trying to persuade me to quit the "crazy fighting business." He called Mama and told her I was through with fighting. She put on her hat, left the house and at Dad's grave said her prayers of thanks.

I soon found out how little an ex-fighter can do to earn a living. Everyone has plans for you, but none of them are ever quite right.

The manager of the Morrison Hotel in Chicago, where I had fought my first amateur bout, invited me to manage their Men's Bar. It worked out all right: a lot of people came up to say hello. Soon some friends urged me to open my own place and I asked the Morrison manager what he thought.

"It's a good idea, Barney."

So I opened a cocktail lounge across the street from the Morrison. It was successful from the start, but the hours I had to keep, even with Ben and Morrie pitching in to help, were murderous and I seldom got home before 4 A.M. Naturally, this began to tell on my marriage. There were other incompatibilities, too, so Pearl and I agreed to separate and she returned to New York to file a divorce suit.

Early in 1942, I took stock of myself. I was 33 and my hair was beginning to gray. I had led a full life, and now I was settling down to routine as a restaurant owner. There was a war on and I wanted to get in—in the Marines, preferably. But when I tried to enlist, I realized for the first time that, for some things, 33 was much too old.

Finally an age waiver was arranged and I was shipped to San Diego to take boot training. I was easily the oldest man in the outfit. Ben and Morrie, both past draft age, took over the cocktail lounge.

Boot training was rough. I had allowed myself to get out of condition since '38, but after a few months I was back in prime condition—for an old man of 33, anyway. On my occasional week-end passes, I was able to see a wonderful girl I had met in Chicago, after my divorce from Pearl. Cathy had a daughter, Noreen, from a previous marriage and the little girl and I hit it off from the start.

Cathy had a show engagement in San Diego and I was able to spend my free time with her and the child. After I finished boot training in June, 1942, we were married, but we had only a few weeks together. I went overseas in August.

We hit Samoa first, to be toughened further and accustomed to tropical conditions. Promptly we discovered that many Samoans were fight fans, and they soon knew all about me from my fellow Marines. One day a party of Samoans came to our camp, accompanied by one of the huskiest men I've ever seen, just under six feet and weighing about 215 pounds.

"Our champ," said the party leader. "Our champ will fight your champ."

The Marines got after me. "How about it, Barney?" I tried to laugh it off. I didn't want to fight for fun any more. I had gone through tough boot training to fight an enemy thousands of miles away.

The trouble was the natives had also brought $2,000 in American money to bet on their champ. In less than ten minutes the money was covered by Marines. After that, of course, I had to fight.

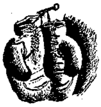
The native champ wanted to fight bare-fisted, but someone got hold of some gloves and I told the champ that was how we had to do it. Impressed, he put them on.

The referee turned out to be a Samoan, a friend of the Big One but apparently honest enough. He collected the stakes and gave them to another Samoan to hold. Naturally, the Marines put an informal guard over the stakeholder.

The fight was to be three rounds to a decision. Gloves felt a little funny on my hands: it had been four years since I last had had them on. But I had to stop thinking of the past when the local champ showed why he was champ.

He had a whole collection of murderous haymakers. Any one of those punches, if they had landed, would have knocked me cold. That big, bronzed boy nearly paralyzed my forearms when he clubbed them while I was protecting myself.

In the third round, I started going for his head and after a rough one to the jaw he went down. The referee didn't even bother to announce the decision. He just went to the native with the $2,000, took the money and stuffed it into the hands of the Marines. That night, we staged a great party.



WE HIT GUADALCANAL on November 4. The first Marines had come in August but there still weren't very many around. As a rifleman and a Private First Class, I was proud to be one of them.

The terrible night was November 19. The action to push the Japs from the Matanikau River had started a few days before and on that afternoon my company was occupying broken terrain inland from the beach. Suddenly the Marine on my left began firing.

"What's the matter, Porky?" I asked. "You seeing things?"

"Yeah," he said, "Japs!"

Finally the rest of us spotted some Japs 20 yards away. Just ahead of us was a kid named Whitey. I saw the Japs get him with a bullet through the chest. I stopped firing. So did Dick "Heavy" Atkins, a 225-pound Marine who used to be a golf pro. Both of us crawled toward Whitey and pulled him to cover.

We stayed there until late afternoon, when the Army began moving up. Atkins and I and two other Marines, Monak and Freeman, made a stretcher of our coats and got ready to take Whitey back with us. We had moved about two yards when the Japs let us have it with a machine gun. Whitey was hit again and killed. Atkins, Monak and Freeman were all wounded. I wasn't scratched.

Freeman and Atkins rolled into a depression while I jumped into a shell crater, pulling Monak with me. Two soldiers who had just moved up crawled into the hole with us. It was the first time the two GIs had been under fire and they were scared. I was more scared than ever before in my life, but there was no sense telling them that. Instead I showed them how to dig in and defend our foxhole.

Only one man at a time could fire from the rim, so I fired the 80 rounds I had left and then fired 200 rounds from the GIs' Garand rifles. After we ran out of ammunition, I kept the Japs at a distance with the 21 grenades we had between us. When I tossed the twentieth, I fixed the bayonets and told the boys to pray. I did a little praying of my own too—in Hebrew.

The long night started. Mortar fire fell all around us. Fragments hit me in the right arm and left hand, but these were only scratches. Then a slug smacked my left foot.

At dawn, we made a stretcher and got Atkins and the other Marine from the shell hole. Then, half-crawling and half-walking, we started back. Bullets were still coming a mile a minute.

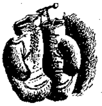
When we reached the rear lines, Captain Leblanc, my CO, told me I was a corporal, "As of now." Actually, the words came to me from a great distance. I was pretty sick with shakes and chills. Malaria had already begun to take hold of me. I didn't know it then, but they said I had killed 22 Japs with the ammunition in our foxhole.

I was sent to a hospital to recover from the malaria and get the assorted shrapnel out of my arms and legs. Three days later I was back in the front. But the chills and shakes returned—with a new complication: a terrific earache and migraine headaches. They took me back to the hospital.

A Catholic chaplain, Father Frederick Gehring, looked in on me one day when I was feeling awful low. The 35 letters I had sent to Cathy care of General Delivery in Hollywood had been returned, marked "Not called for." But Father Gehring also had his problems. He needed an organ player and when I told him I could play, he was almost as pleased as he was surprised. I promised I'd play for his services as soon as I could get up.

Hundreds of well-wishers and Marines who had seen me in the prize ring came to wish me a fast recovery. I was particularly glad to see Al Landis, an old friend from New York. He already knew Chaplain Gehring and helped build a chapel for him. With the organ played by one Jewish boy and the chapel built by another, Father Fred managed to hold his services.

Meanwhile my malaria, migraine and earaches weren't improving. In fact, I was beginning to lose hearing in my right ear. When the combined pain got too bad, one of the medical corpsmen would give me a syrette of morphine.



For Christmas Eve, Father Fred arranged big doings. He asked me to play carols, and hundreds of Marines of all faiths turned out. The organ music was punctuated by the sound of bursting shells. After the Mass and the carols, Father Gehring called on me to speak. I remember saying:

"This is the first Christmas away from home for most of us. And I think most of you fellows, like myself, are probably thinking of your mother. There is an old Jewish song I'd like to sing. It's called 'A Yiddische Mama.'"

I sang it, crying a little, in Yiddish. Then I translated. Most of them cried, too. It's a very moving ballad—in any language.

After New Year's, word came that I was to be transferred to the base hospital in the New Hebrides. When I got there, well-meaning corpsmen kept giving me morphine to kill the pain. Finally, it was decided to send me back to the States.

The trip back was miserable. Deprived of morphine, the headaches, earaches and chills all came back and for the first time I got scared about my dependence on drugs. The pain and the lack of news about Cathy really put me in the dumps. Then I ran into a guy I had known back in the old Chicago neighborhood, who was now assigned to this transport. He had seen Cathy in Hollywood where she was dancing in a night club, and the reason she hadn't received my mail was that it had been misdirected to Los Angeles General Delivery.

We got back to San Diego in February, 1943. After a medical checkup the reporters pounced on me and I could see that there was going to be hero trouble. The ship that had brought me was loaded with Purple Hearts and Bronze Stars and Silver Stars. But, unfortunately, mine was the only name among them that meant anything to a City Editor.

Even before we landed I had a hunch it might happen, so I talked to a few Marines about it. They assured me the other Marines would understand. I hope they did.

Cathy and I had a grand reunion, although she cried over the thick streaks of gray I had acquired on the island. Just when my furlough was ended I got news that thrilled me more than any fight I had ever won. The Boxing Writers Association had awarded me the Edward J. Neil Memorial Plaque as "the representative of boxing who did the most through 1942 to advance the ring sport."

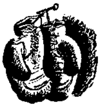
Meanwhile I had been transferred to the Navy's Industrial Incentive Division and was visiting hundreds of war plants to tell the men how their weapons were helping us whip the Japs.

Because the old aches were recurring, Cathy accompanied me. The drugs became an increasingly tougher problem. I had to persuade private physicians in the cities where we stopped to let me have something to kill the pain. But the drug-taking had to be hidden from Cathy and everybody else.

When we reached Chicago the whole family came to the airport. Mama had bought a new hat for the occasion; Ben, Morrie, Sam and George were there, and so was Mayor Kelly. It was a little like the triumphant return after the McLarnin fight, only I didn't feel so triumphant. I walked with a pronounced limp, and the earache never left me.

It was a wonderful homecoming, but the timing seemed cockeyed. Here I was a conquering hero when millions of other men were just beginning to fight. I explained how I felt to a Naval officer who had come with us. "Forget it," he said. "Stop thinking of yourself as Barney Ross. You're only a symbol of all those men fighting in the Pacific. Your job is to talk for them."

And I did talk for them at the plants we visited. Sometimes when the headaches got too tough, Cathy would spell me, and she turned out to be a fine ad-lib talker. In November, 1943, word came that I was getting a citation from President Roosevelt for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action," accompanied by the Silver Star.



AFTER CHECKUPS AT NAVAL hospitals early in 1944, it was decided to give me a medical discharge. The Navy said I was a sick man, but I didn't dare tell anyone how sick I really was. Slowly and reluctantly I had to admit a horrible fact: I was a drug addict.

My father had a favorite Hebrew saying: "Truth is heavy; therefore few can bear the burden of it." I knew the truth about myself but the burden of carrying it was getting me down.

After my Navy discharge, Cathy and I returned to the Coast, where she wanted to get minor movie roles. When Father Gehring visited us, I hoped I would have courage to tell him everything, but I didn't. Not even after he witnessed a malarial spell that was so bad I had to leave the room and take a shot.

I was getting fed up with Hollywood, but Cathy liked it. This, plus the occasionally weird conduct of a dope addict, put our marriage on a teeter-board. But I still couldn't tell Cathy what had come over me, and before long she started divorce proceedings.

Then, in May, 1946, Milton Blackstone offered me a job in New York doing labor-relations work; I grabbed it. I stopped off in Chicago to see the family, and finally got up enough courage to talk about my drug addiction to Ben, who took it wonderfully. He urged me to go quietly to a private sanitarium and take the cure. It sounded like a good idea, but I wanted to think it over.

In my new job, there was one phase that I enjoyed particularly. Milton was still operating a small shipyard that he and his brother had run during the war. I got to know the 125 men employed there on a first-name basis and headed off minor grievances as they came up. Labor relations is the fancy name for it, but to Milton and me it means dealing with men as human beings instead of "labor units."

I loved the job but the drug dosage kept growing larger and I felt that my symptoms—glassy look, nervousness, tendency to fall asleep at meetings—gave the show away to everyone. Yet somehow it didn't. In my spare time I did research in libraries on drug addiction and private sanitariums but it wasn't encouraging. Then a doctor told me about the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, specifically designed for addicts who had come in conflict with the Harrison Narcotics Act, although the hospital also accepted volunteer patients at a dollar a day as token payment.

In September, 1946, I struggled to make up my mind. I had two choices: to keep my reputation intact in a private sanitarium, or to announce my addiction publicly and go to Lexington.

How would my friends take it? How would the thousands of fans who used to follow me—the Champ—take it? How would my employer take it? Cathy? Father Gehring? Mama? Sure, it would be a field day for the newspapers—but that might even help. I had always done my best fighting when there were people watching.

Next day I took the plunge. I went to the offices of U.S. Attorney John P. McGahey and Supt. of Narcotics Harrison Williams. I told my story and asked to be sent to Lexington. Then I talked to the newspapermen and they rushed off to their phones. I was instructed to report at Lexington within a few days as a voluntary, paying patient.

I went back to the Blackstone office. The AP had just called Milton to check the story. It was the first he knew about it. But he reacted fine and arranged the plane trip to Lexington.

When Milton and I entered the hospital gates, my heart sank. I had been building up a rosy picture of what it would look like—ivy-covered cottages and no guards. Instead, it looked like a state institution. For the first time I was scared of what I had done. But I said goodbye to Milton and went in. Then the big gates closed behind me.

They took all my clothes, examined me closely and filed a brief history. Then Dr. Victor Vogel, director, talked to me.

"There are some things you ought to know, Ross," he said. "Foremost, keep in mind that you are a drug addict, exactly like the other 1,000 here.

"We try to give volunteer patients a little better treatment, but the volunteers are looked on with scorn by other patients, most of whom are prisoners. You're a special case and they're going to watch you for any evidence of acting superior.

"Don't flaunt extra spending money or ask for special privileges. And, above all, remember that we know best when you are really cured. Trust our judgment."

It was Grade A advice—advice that I was going to be extremely grateful for later.

Incoming patients are immediately assigned to the withdrawal ward. Dr. Herbert Wieder, a New York physician who had seen me box a few times, was in charge. "Here's where we help you kick the habit," he explained. "It's the toughest part of the cure."

I soon learned where the expression, "Kicking the habit," came from. In the withdrawal ward you could see it happening. When the drug intake is cut down in a patient, one result is muscular spasm in the arms and legs. The legs actually seem to be kicking.

That was mild. The other symptoms of withdrawal are the ones the addict is really afraid of. If he is withdrawn too fast he starts sneezing, his eyes water, he swims in sweat, he aches in every fiber and his bones pain him to the marrow. Also, his mind is in a perpetual nightmare. When he goes through all this, he wishes he were dead.

Even under the gradual withdrawal perfected at Lexington, miseries afflict the addict the first few days. It's the loneliest feeling in the world. No one can help. Nothing except more drugs can quiet the awful uproar taking place all over your body. And more drugs is the one thing you can't have.

I've always believed in prayer. I sincerely believe the power of prayer helped to carry me through my fights and Guadalcanal. But those first few days in Lexington I felt so miserable and weak that I couldn't even pray.

The first day involved the use of the weaker morphine instead of the dilaudid I had been taking. Four times that day I was given one-fourth of a grain of morphine. I had grown used to one grain of dilaudid a day. The second day, two of the four shots were reduced to one-eighth of a grain. The third day, all the shots were reduced to an eighth and for the first time I got a grip on myself. I was able to pray.

From four shots a day you are reduced to two: one morphine and one of weaker codeine. Then, on the eighth day, there was only a single shot, and on the ninth none at all. That day, September 27, I'll never forget: for me it was a private Independence Day—independence from the needle.

Gradually you begin to observe the men around you. All of them had been swell to me, going out of their way to cheer me up, to tell me how encouraged they would be if I could make a successful stand against drugs. Some of them had been in for the cure six, seven or eight times. One had been back 18 times.

I soon learned about the 25 men who had a separate dining room and sat in the balcony with the women patients when we had movies in the auditorium. They were addicts who had informed on many of the inmates at Lexington and were kept apart for their own protection. Women patients, about 100 of them, were lodged in a separate building.

I think doctors and nurses were among the biggest single groups of voluntary patients, a fact that surprised me until I got the explanation. Many of them were overworked and, in order to keep going, they had to resort to drink or drugs. Drink was too dangerous because it was too obvious. So they started on the drug route.

Before going to Lexington, I had thought addicts were dangerous criminals. But I learned that most of them are just sick people who take to drugs because there's something wrong in their make-up: they are unhappy, maladjusted. Drugs make everything rosy for them.

The reason they fall into a life of petty crime is their dependence on the stuff. They steal to get money to get drugs. When they take their shots, they don't feel like murdering or shooting up the town. They just want to sit around and do nothing.

Real crooks and gangsters won't have anything to do with an addict. They consider him dangerous because, when he's deprived of the stuff, he talks too easily.

After leaving the withdrawal ward I was assigned to a regular room—ES 210. It was my home for three months. It had a white hospital bed, a hard chair, a chest, and measured ten by six feet. I know. I paced it often enough.

After six weeks at Lexington I decided I was cured, but Dr. John M. Anderson, a psychiatrist from Georgia who handled my case, just smiled. "Let me show you something, Barney."

In his office he had charts covering the fate of most patients who had gone through the hospital. He explained: "Curing an addict is a tough business. I could give you statistics from here to tomorrow, but what it all adds up to is that if you do remain for the full cure, your odds of staying off drugs are eight times better than if you leave prematurely. Another ten weeks here will give you a much better chance of beating this thing."

He convinced me.

Actually, the extra weeks weren't too hard to take. They play a big part in the cure. The patients learn regular eating habits; they work on schedule and get plenty of sleep. All these things are important in helping an addict readjust to the world.

Ben and Father Gehring came down to cheer me. And there were hundreds of letters, telegrams and packages. That helped greatly in my cure. Taking daily workouts and giving boxing lessons to patients got me back into shape.

On January 12, 1947, Dr. Vogel called me to his office. "You look pretty good, Barney," he said. "We're going to let you go for two months. Then you'll come back for a checkup. If you're still okay, we'll mark you officially cured."

I just sat in the chair and smiled weakly. The news had to be absorbed slowly. The referee was holding up my hand. It was my fight!

I left on the 14th, and flew to Chicago to see the family. Everybody cried and it was a wonderful reunion. Then I flew to the Coast to see Cathy and Noreen. I still hoped for a reunion, I suppose, even though Cathy's divorce decree was coming through in a few months. But the old differences were still there. We did arrange, though, for Noreen to spend her vacation in the East with me, for I had become deeply attached to the child.

During my last week at Lexington I wrote the lyrics of a song—a song to Cathy. Out on the coast I ran into Jay Chernis, the composer. He liked the lyrics and composed a swell tune for them. We called it *Crying*. I still get a kick out of hearing the song, particularly Perry Como's wonderful record of it.

Back in New York, I swung into work again. Then checkup time came, and I flew to Lexington. But it was different this time. As far as the doctors and I were concerned, it was a formality: if I had fallen back on drugs I wouldn't have dared to return.

Their tests for addiction are thorough. They look for dilated pupils, twitches, yawning, gooseflesh, a running nose—all the traditional giveaways of the addict.

The tests were over in two days, and I was officially cured. The toughest fight of my life had ended. *And I had won!* . . .

Today, I know there are other fights ahead for me—without gloves. The shipyard where I work is as challenging as any arena I ever entered. The little misunderstandings that crop up between labor and management, the racial tension that sometimes flares between worker and worker—these are the things I'm slowly learning to beat.

But I can't use my fists. Instead, I'm learning new ways to fight. Of course, I'm still a little clumsy at it. But wherever people misunderstand one another, wherever one guy goes at another because of color, religion or race, I'll be coming out of my corner fighting.

These will be tough fights, I know, yet I have a hunch that they'll do me more good than any of the fights I won on the long road to becoming champ.

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This Month's Cover: The "old grad" on Coronet's November cover is artist Howard Forsberg's composite version of all the "old grads" who for a short time—at their annual Homecoming—recapture the thrills and excitement of undergraduate days. At the big football game, a red-letter event on any Homecoming program, they cheer as lustily as any collegian, though, like the foresighted gentleman on the cover, they may come prepared for any vagaries of the weather. For a man who skipped college to go directly from high school to art school, Forsberg has succeeded remarkably in capturing the spirit of the big Homecoming game.